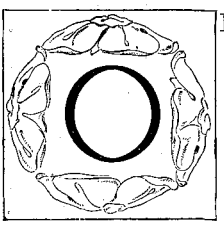
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. OCTOBER, 1891. No. 4.

THE CORSO OF ROME.

By W. W. Story.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETTORE TITO.



F all the historic streets the great cities of the world possess, none can surpass, if indeed any can vie with, the so-called Corso of Rome. Shorn as it is now of its ancient and mediæval glories, it is haunted by trains of memories which consecrate it to every student. In our own times, even in Rome, upstart rivals, of modern growth—and one in particular, the Via Nazionale—assume to compare with it. It exceeds it in length and in breadth; it has many modern arts and graces and conveniences that the narrow and dear old Corso lacks. Larger and newer buildings are ranged along its sides. Broader paths for foot-passengers have there been constructed. Gayer shops, with larger windows, flaunt their goods and invite the world of purchasers. Tramways have there been laid down, and the sound of the trumpet from the tramway omnibuses warns the carriages and foot-passengers to clear the road. All is new, modern, and the birth of to-day. But there are no memories there, no gleams and visions of old days and customs and persons such as cling about the narrow length of the old and world-famous street. There are no haunting spirits, no historic reminiscences, no legends of the old, no figures of the past. There is all the difference between these two streets that there is between the gay young girl just entering into life, full of thoughtless gayety and looking forward into the future, and the staid old matron, in her serene age, who lives more in the past than in the present, and who has delightful stories of the times gone by, and the glories and splendors of her youth. Could the Corso be incarnated, with what delight should we hang upon her lips and listen to her old-world tales, and live over with her the long-vanished past!

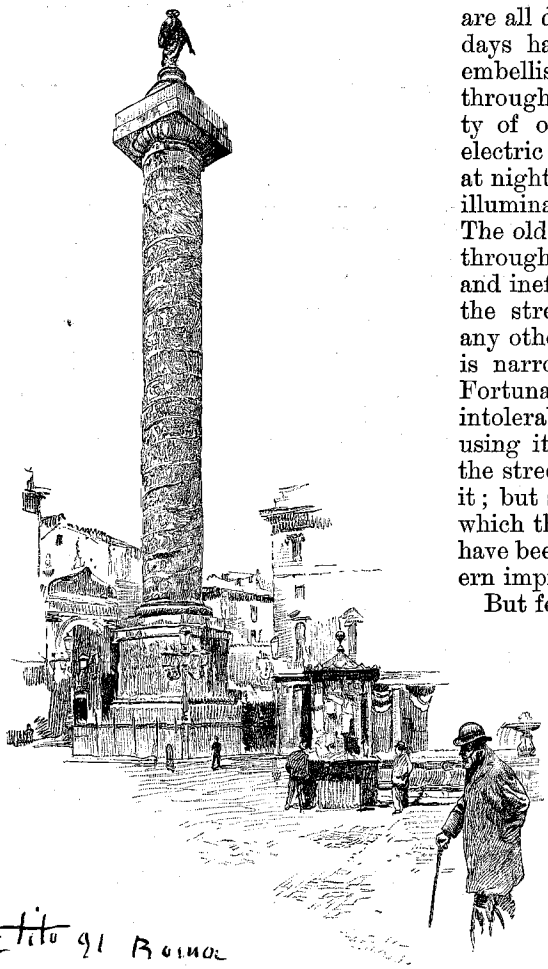
Even within our own days, and the memories of many now living, a great change has come over the Corso. Not so much practically, though many changes and improvements have been made, as in respect to the customs and usages of a half-century ago, many of which have now vanished. The thump of the tamborello and the jingle of its little cymbals that used once to beat and ring everywhere, while gay girls in costume circled about the little piazze and in all the nooks and corners of the city, dancing the saltarello, are seen and heard no more. The very costumes they wore are gone. The pretty and characteristic songs and ballads, and "rispetti" and serenades which once echoed through the streets by day, as well as by night, are over. So are all the little ritornelli. We hear no more such little songs as this,

"*Fior di ginestra.*
La vostra mamma non vi marita apposta
Per non levar quel fior dalla finestra."

Copyright, 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ah no! This belongs to the "days that are no more." We have grown wise and dull of late, the glad abandonment to whim and unreasoning jollity has given way to sad, serious cares, and the world is less happy and more anxious, and duller.



Piazza Colonna, along the Corso.

The Corso, prosaically considered, is a very narrow street of about a mile in length, extending from the Porta del Popolo to the Palazzo de Venezia. Except for its palaces, monuments, various churches, the post-office, and a few other large buildings which have lately been erected, it is for the most part a low line of unimportant and irregular houses, crowded with balconies jutting upon the street, but of no special note, beauty, or interest, saving for the memories attached to some of them, as having been occupied by men and women of distinction in ancient and modern times. The lower stories of these houses are all devoted to shops—which of late days have been greatly enlarged and embellished—with plate-glass windows through which may be seen a vast variety of objects of all kinds. Gas and electric lights flare through them, and at night the whole street is brilliantly illuminated and thronged by crowds. The old candles and oil lamps, that once through dusky panes shed but a feeble and inefficient light, are of the past, and the street has become very much like any other in a great city, except that it is narrow and haunted by memories. Fortunately, the intolerable tramway—intolerable at least to all who are not using it—has not been laid down, for the street is not wide enough to permit it; but sidewalks for foot-passengers, of which there were none in the old days, have been made, and many another modern improvement has been introduced.

But few of the great palaces of Rome, and still fewer remains of antiquity, are found along the Corso. Among the palaces which abut upon it, however, are the Palazzo Ruspoli, in which is a great café and a Roman club, frequented by the Italian nobility, where much money is lost, won, and many a game of billiards is played; the Palazzo Sciarra, where many interesting pictures are to be seen by distinguished masters, among which may be mentioned, in passing, the "Vanity and Modesty" of Leonardo da Vinci; a splendid portrait by Titian; Raffaelle's "Violin-Player," and landscapes by Claude; the Palazzo Bonaparte, formerly the property of Madame Mère, the mother of Napoleon; the Palazzo Torlonia, where, in a cabinet by itself, stands Canova's famous group of Hercules throwing Lycas into the sea; the Palazzo Doria Pamphili, interesting to all English visitors; and the huge, battlemented and castellated Palazzo di Ven-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWN BY E. TITO.

Piazza del Popolo, at the Entrance to the Corso.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ezia, where the Austrian ambassador resides.

The Palazzo Ruspoli was built on the site of the old Ruccellai Gardens, and has passed through various hands. After the Ruccellai family it became the property of the Gaetani, and was, while in their possession, the scene of a tragedy in which a member of this house was killed at the main entrance by one

The King's Guardsman.

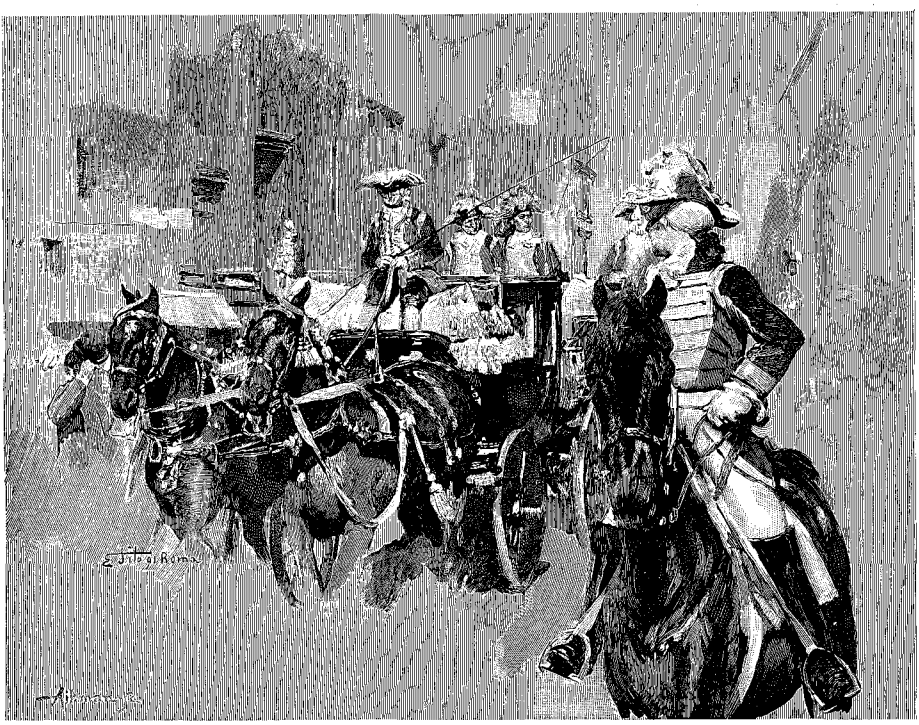
of the Orsini, since which event that door has been closed. It was lost at the gaming-table by the then owner, and won by the banker Ruspoli, in whose family it still remains.

Other palaces also adorn the Corso, as for instance the Palazzo Chigi, built by Giacomo della Porta, and completed by Carlo Maderno ; the Palazzo Bernini, with its strange statue of "Calumny" by Bernini, and its still more strange inscription by that artist, inveighing against the world, and speaking of his sufferings from its slanders ; the Palazzo Piombino, the Palazzo Ferraioli, the Palazzi Salviati, Fiano, Verospi, and Theodoli, which are of little consequence or interest to strangers, but which form a feature of the street.

In the good old times—and by the good old times we all of us mean the days that are passed and are no more ; the days of our youth, which we remember with a sad pleasure, and the joys of which we exaggerate perhaps, while the pains we forget—the Carnival in the Corso, which, alas ! is now almost a thing of the past, was a spectacle and an experience full of delight. On that week of saturnalia the old sights and sounds, the old hubbub and gayety and licence was renewed, every folly was indulged in, and a careless gladness animated the world. Every window and balcony was draped with carpets, tapestries, and flowers ; gay faces looked out everywhere, and glad laughter filled the air. There were masks and harlequins and punchinelli and masquerading and strange costumes and singing and mock gallantry and cries of joy on all sides. It was the duty of everyone to be gay. The god Momus reigned. All the world flocked in from the country, and the old dresses and costumes which in every town in the vicinity of Rome were then worn daily, were to be seen. Now those costumes have for the most part utterly disappeared, and are only to be seen now and then, or on the persons of the models who pose for the artists. They were very gay, very various, and it was a pleasure to see them. Now they have given way to the commonplace and shabby dresses of to-day. But in the old Carnival they were everywhere to be seen. Improvised balconies and stagings were erected all along the Corso, and these were filled with country girls in their costumes. Up and down the street, in double files, slowly, and at snail's pace, throngs of open carriages followed each other, filled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with flowers which the occupants scattered right and left, laughing the while they pursued their slow way through the dense crowds that filled the streets. Flowers and confetti showered upon them as they passed, and there was a general hubbub of jollity and confusion and madness, as if old Rome's descendants were still alive and shouting in triumph. In the midst of all this riot and gayety, as the shadows of nightfall drew near, a trumpet sounded. The mounted gendarmes, who all day had been stationed at the corners of the streets to preserve a certain decency of order in all this disorder, advanced, and all the carriages were turned out of the Corso.



State Carriage of the Queen of Italy.

Then daily came the races, from which the Corso takes its name. The prize for the winner of these was formerly a rich piece of velvet, a mantle, a "Pallio," or Pallium. From this fact these races were commonly called the Pallio Races. As soon as the street was cleared of carriages these took place. Covered with spangles, and with dangling spurs that beat against their sides and drove them madly forward, came rushing on, unmounted, at full gallop, and cheered loudly as they passed by the crowd that lined the sides of the street, the wild horses called the *Barberi*. They ran from the Piazza del Popolo to the end of the Corso, where the street is narrowed by a wing of the Venetian Palace. There, at a street called the Ripresa dei Barberi, they were generally stopped by a large sheet spread across it, so that they might not dash themselves against the wall, but find only a yielding obstacle to bar their further progress, and thus they were caught and restrained.

The week of Carnival was ended by the so-called Moccoletti, when, as night came on, thousands of little wax tapers were lighted and danced about everywhere, like fire-flies, and everybody was shouting and striving to put out his neighbor's light. *Moccolo, moccolo, moccolo,* all cried, as they held up their tapers, and strove to keep them out of the reach of extinction; and equally everywhere was heard the cry of *Senza*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moccolo, senza moccolo, and shrieks of laughter as any lights were extinguished. It was all very foolish, if you please, but it was immensely diverting. The wise man knows the charm of jollity, and of all things nothing is so foolish as not to recognize the necessity of sometimes being foolish. A laugh is the best clearer of the brain and the best aid to digestion. Man was made to laugh, so *evviva* absurdity and gayety! and *evviva carnevale,* which swept away, at least for a time, the sad worries of daily life and the exasperating cares of what is called business. An attempt is now talked of to renew the old customs of the carnival, and large preparations are to be made to re-establish it in all its characteristic features. The races of the Barberi are not to be allowed, on account of the supposed danger attending them. They were prohibited, indeed, several years ago on account of a serious accident involving the life of several persons, the horses in their fright having deviated from the street and rushed into the crowd. In their stead, races are proposed to be made in cars, and the populace are to be defended by a railing along the street. Whether in the revival of this festival, it will be carried on with the old spirit, remains to be seen; *Speriamo!*

A Book-stall on the Corso.

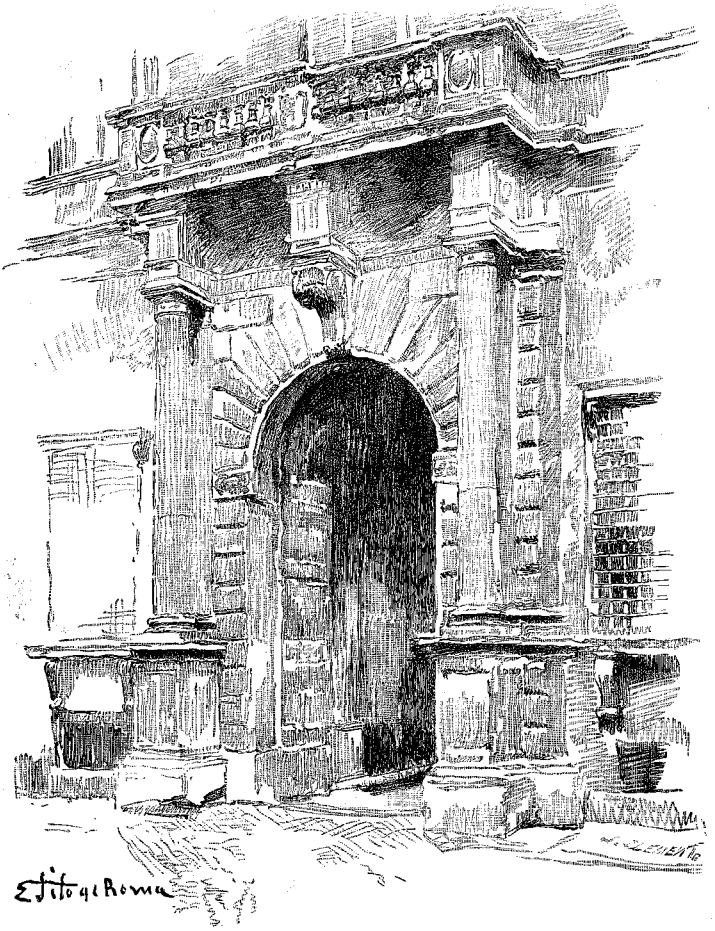
At the Palazzo di Venezia the Corso, properly so called, ends, but formerly it probably was continued to the Capitol, and it fitly should thus be continued. The name of Corso is of comparatively late date, and was given to it on account of the races of unmounted horses, which take place during the Carnival. Formerly it was called the Via Flaminia or the Via Lata, and was a continuation of the great Flaminian way, built in 533–534 B.C. by the Consul Flaminius, who fell in the battle of Thrasymene, and extending far beyond the gates of Rome. Augustus, subsequently, had the grand idea—for the Romans at that time had grand ideas—of continuing it as far as Fano and beyond, on both sides of Rome, so as to make it practicable from one sea to the other, across the whole continent; thus marrying the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. In this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWN BY E. TITO. The Busiest Part of the Corso. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he simply followed the scheme of the great Cæsar, who, to use his own words cited by Suetonius, designed "Viam munire a mare supero per Apennini dorsum ad Tiberim usque." It was not until the comparatively late day of Pope Paul II., who built the apostolic palace of St. Mark at the beginning of this street, that the Pallio Races, so called in the Corso, were instituted, and then it was that the name of Corso was first given to this street, in view of this enough, in this appellation it but anticipated the great street of New York), was in all probability given to it on account of its magnificent breadth and dimensions; and over it went in ancient days the grand processions and triumphs of Rome, with all their splendor and pomp —entering the Flaminian gate, which, if it did not occupy the same exact position as the present Porta del Popolo, was very near to it, and proceeding through the full length of it to the Capitol.



Entrance of the Palazzo Sciarra.

fact. Up to this time it had, as has been said before, the name of Via Lata, and this name is still preserved in the Church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata. The name of Via Lata, which translated is simply the Broadway (for, singularly

A great change has come over the Corso since those old days. Ruin and desolation have for centuries effaced the great features of the city and of the Via Lata; and now the old name of Via Lata, or Broadway, would be most inappropri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ate to the narrow street which is its successor. But looking back with historic eyes into the past, one can easily summon up the splendid processions of triumph that once entered the city at this gate and passed along this great way—the Via Lata.

Morning on the Corso.

The victor to whom the honor of a triumph was accorded was obliged to stand at the gate until a deputation was sent to him to grant him permission to enter. There at the rising of the sun, clad in his purple embroidered robes, and crowned with laurel, he waited, and when the permission was granted, mounted on a magnificent car drawn by four white horses, and sometimes even by elephants, he made his triumphal progress, preceded by the senate, and accompanied by an immense crowd of citizens all dressed in white robes. The air was rent by the blowing of trumpets and horns and flutes and every kind of instrument then known. Flags and standards flouted the air. Cars laden with the spoils of war rattled along the pavement, and behind them, with shaven heads and fetters on their hands and feet, came the chiefs of the enemies whom the victor had conquered. These were followed by the oxen and other beasts which were to be immolated in honor of the occasion; their gilded horns crowned with flowers, and conducted by their executioners, who were naked to the waist and bore on their shoulders the expiatory axes. The car on which the victor stood was of ivory, with rich chisellings and reliefs of gold, and behind it walked the slave or other person who, from time to time, uttered these warning words: "Remember that you are a man"—"Respiciens post te hominem memento te." Then came the phalanxes of soldiers in military dress, crowned with laurel and singing, and shouting "Io triumphe," and indulging in the broadest satires and jests; for all things were permitted to them on this occasion, as afterward in our days in the crowds at Carnival.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the Capitol when the victor arrived two white bulls were sacrificed to Jove, and the victor took from his head his laurel wreath and placed it on the statue of the god.

The Carnival of later days in some respects is a singular travesty of this. There is the same licence accorded to the crowd, and until within late days the Carnival was also opened by a sacrifice. In the Piazza del Popolo, on the first day, if there were any person under sentence of death in Rome, he was then executed and decapitated, as a warning to all who were about to indulge in the festivities of the coming week to restrain their passions, and remember that the axe of justice and retribution was waiting to punish crime.

The Romans, under the popes, were not behind their imperial ancestors in their love of pomp and processions and festivals; and the solemn and splendid processions which were made in the mediæval times were nearly, if not quite, as splendid as the ancient triumphs. The Corso of those days was the scene of many of these triumphal celebrations, upon the entrance through the gate of some returning pope or some distinguished king or prince. When, for instance, Cardinal Chiaramonti was elected to the papal chair (to mention one of these instances), his reception at his entrance into the city was as magnificent almost as an ancient triumph. Rome had then suffered under many political afflictions, and the election of Pius VII. was hailed by the whole people with

Loungers on the Steps of the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exultation and unrepressed joy, and it was through the gate of the Piazza del Popolo and along the Corso that this pageant awaited him, on July 3, 1799. The scene that then took place, and the arrangements and decorations of the streets, are fully described by Cancellieri in his history, and were celebrated by the striking of a medal in honor of the event, with the effigy of the pope on one side and a triumphal arch on the other. The nobility, senate, and people were unanimous in their rejoicing, and by their order was erected, at the opening of the Corso from the Piazza del Popolo, a great triumphal arch spanning the street and joining together the two churches of the Madonna dei Miracoli and Sta. Maria di Monte Santo, which flank on either side the entrance of the Corso. Upon this were placed colossal statues, and it was decorated with inscriptions and emblems and elaborate ornaments. In the Piazza itself were erected two long lines of stagings and seats for the accommodation of the people, and also for four orchestras, and ranged along it were long lines of Neapolitan soldiers. The streets were all hung with rich draperies and tapestries, and nothing was spared to make the reception of the pope as splendid as possible. General Bourchard, with a *cortége* of officers and five hundred men, went out as far as the Ponte Molle to meet the incoming pope. There he assumed his grand papal robes and mounted into a magnificent gilt coach drawn by six horses. Such was the enthusiasm of the people that they begged to be allowed to draw the carriage themselves, but this the pope declined—and escorted by crowds of rejoicing Romans, and long lines of cavalry and foot-soldiers, the pope entered the city. All the bells of all the churches clanged their welcome for an hour and a half. From the Castle St. Angelo, where the pontifical standards were displayed, the peals of cannon were constant, and the bands never ceased playing; and thus Pius VII. first entered Rome as pope.

The Flower-sellers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Again, on his return from Paris, where he went to crown Napoleon in 1805, his reception was equally splendid, and accompanied by all the cardinals, prelates,

A Procession of Seminarists.

and priests in full dress, and by all the carriages of the nobility, and large bodies of infantry and cavalry, and the mounted Noble Guard, and crowds of the shouting and cheering populace, he again made his entrance into the city, passing over the same streets and going first to St. Peter's, where he was received by the Sacred College and all the Roman court and senators. There he recited the "Te Deum." Then mounting again into his carriage, the Cardinal York opening the door, he was borne on to the Quirinal, where he was again received by the palatine cardinals and the Roman princes and nobility. When the shadows of night came on there was a general illumination of the city, and the cupola of St. Peter's blazed with light, and the gorgeous girandoles sprang into the air, and showered like a fountain of stars over the Castle of St. Angelo.

Nor did this suffice. For a third time, on May 29, 1814, a still more magnificent and imposing reception awaited him on his return to Rome after five years of exile. Again he entered the city through the Porta del Popolo and passed through the Corso. Arches of triumph were erected along the streets that he passed. All the houses were richly adorned with hangings and tapestries, and flowers and ornaments of every kind, and the streets themselves were strewn with laurel and myrtle. Every window was crowded by eager spectators, who threw flowers upon him as he passed. Arches were also erected all the way outside the city from Papa Giulio, so called, to the gate, decorated with statues of Rome and Religion, and adorned with the pontifical arms and flowers and wreaths and inscriptions of welcome and honor. A colonnade was also built leading from the Porta del Popolo to the Corso. In the Piazza de Venezia a most elaborate and costly arch of the Doric order was erect-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed by the mercanti di Campagna, with groups of statues and emblems and inscriptions; and among those who lent their services to this was Thorwaldsen. And thus again, for the third time, the pope, accompanied by crowds of the people, the nobility, the papal court, the bands playing, the bells ringing, the cannon pealing from St. Angelo, and the crowd cheering, made his triumphal entrance into Rome.

It is useless to recount more of these great processions and triumphs of the Corso, though they might be continued almost indefinitely. Even within our own days whenever Pope Pius IX. passed, it was a little triumph. Seated in a gilt carriage drawn by four horses, with outriders in brilliant livery, and accompanied by the Noble Guard on horseback, in full dress, the beneficent face and figure of the kindly old man might often be seen in the Corso, smiling upon the crowd through which he passed, and holding out his hand with three fingers spread (on one of which was the great papal ring), in benediction of the people, who, as he went by, prostrated themselves before him. This is now, alas! a thing of the past. For many a year no papal carriage has passed through the Corso, or elsewhere in the city, and not even a gilded coach of any cardinal, such as used, in the times gone by, so often to be seen. The farce of prisoner in the Vatican is still going on, and yet—and yet, if the Pope were now to reappear in the Corso and along the streets of Rome as he was once wont, and as he is free as air to do, if he so wills, the people would again prostrate themselves before him and ask his benediction; for though times have changed, politics have changed, and royalty reigns, and the people are loyal to their king, and satisfied with his rule, they are still Catholics, and the papal power reigns, at least, in their religion; and even the king and queen and the whole court would, as he passed, bow down before him as the representative of a power above this world.

Now, instead of Pope and Cardinals, one often sees the King, in a simple equipage, driving or driven, and accompanied by some gentleman of the Court, bowing constantly and lifting his hat in response to the salutations of the world of Rome—or the Queen, with her outriders, smiling graciously, and looking, as she is, sweet, gentle, kind, and ex-

Tramontana—the Cold Wind of Rome.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tremely intelligent; and it may be added that she is, as she deserves to be, adored by her people.

The Little Flower-girl.

Other spectacles I have seen in this old street of the Corso, the reverse of triumph, within our own days; it was the custom, when a thief was taken and convicted, to lead him publicly through this street with an iron-spiked gorget on his neck to prevent him from bending down his head and hiding his face, so that the whole world might see him and know him. Two men with a drum and fife, which they constantly beat and played upon to attract attention, accompanied him. This custom has now gone out of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use ; but I am doubtful whether it was not as efficient, and perhaps even more so, in deterring persons from the crime of theft than a simple imprisonment for a few weeks ; for, after all, the sense of shame is in the human heart as strong in its effect, if not stronger, than punishment or imprisonment.

Still other scenes here occasionally meet the eyes. It may be, perhaps, a baptism, or a wedding, or a funeral procession. If it is a baptism, in the first carriage, triumphant, dressed in costume, with her long ear-rings in her ears, her gold chain on her neck, her filigree pin in her hair, sits the nurse, the commander of the occasion, with the infant in her arms swaddled in white. You may know if it be a girl or a boy by the color of the ribbon that is attached to its dress, which the nurse takes proud care shall be full in sight. If it is a boy, the ribbon is red—if a girl, it is blue, for that is the color which belongs specially to the Madonna. You are not left in the condition of the man who has to guess the sex. "You have had a child born to you this morning—what is it, a girl or a boy?" once said an Irishman, rather a foolish one, be it confessed, to his friend. "Guess," was the answer. "It is a boy." "No, guess again." "It is a girl." "Ah! somebody tauld you," was the reply. This ribbon saves you the guessing and proclaims the truth to the world. At the side of the nurse, somewhat obliterated, and playing, as a rule, a most secondary part, sits the "commare," or godmother, and two of the nearest female relatives of the infant. After this carriage comes another, in which sit the male relations, who are, of course, relegated to the second plane, as of far less consequence on this grand occasion. The crowd in the street stops at the church door as this party descend and enter the sacred precincts, when the holy water is sprinkled on the child ; and if startled by this operation it cries out, it is a good sign, for it shows that the innate devil which is always born in us has been driven away by the sacramental blessing.

Sometimes, again, it is a marriage, more or less ceremonious according to the rank of the parties — the bride dressed in white, and the bridegroom more sadly in black, as if he were giving himself away. A long train of carriages follows, with all the friends and relations.

Sometimes, again, it is a funeral, and the pomp and ceremony of this depends also on the rank of those who are to be buried. Among the middle and poorer classes—indeed, generally, unless the rank is high—the coffin is borne on the shoulders of *facchini* hired for the occasion, who are clad in a long, black, shabby sort of gown, that comes nearly down to the feet ; but it is not so long as not to show the soiled trousers below it. Their heads and faces are covered with a black hood of the same material, so that they cannot be recognized. The parish priest precedes the procession in his official and sacred robes, holding on high a tall crucifix, and after the coffin—as well as before it, slowly marches a long line of priests, or Capuchins, or members of some religious community, each carrying a lighted torch or candle—for this is an essential part of the ceremony, and is not omitted even by the poorest classes. As they move along they chant, in a low, monotonous tone, the prayers and responses appropriate to the occasion, and with, it must be confessed, apparently little or no sense of their meaning. After bearing the body to the church they leave it there. Their function is fulfilled, and when night has cast its shadow over the world, it is borne away by the *facchini* to its final resting-place, and buried without pomp, prayer, or ceremony.

Sometimes long lines of some confraternity of monks may be seen marching along, in monkish dresses and cowls, or one of the begging community of Franciscans or Capuchins passes by, carrying a basket on his arm and holding in his hand a little tin box, with a crucifix on one side and a picture of the Madonna on the other. This he shakes in your face as he passes, and the copper coins in it jingle as he craves alms, either of money or of kind. If you prefer to give money, you drop a little copper into the slit in the tin box. But he not only begs of the passers on the street, but enters many a shop and shakes the tin box there, where he often

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

receives alms of kind—as fruit, or vegetables, or anything else—which is placed in his basket and thankfully accepted, whatever it is.

Occasionally, too, may be seen a figure in a white monastic dress and cowl, covering his entire person — head and face—so as to render him utterly unrecognizable, and with two small holes in front of his cowl through which you may, if near him, see two sharp black eyes peering forth. He also carries a similar tin box which he shakes as he passes for alms. Who he is you cannot divine, but you cannot be sure that he is not some Roman friend or nobleman, whom you last met at some gay reunion, or ball, or party, and who is now doing penance by carrying about publicly the beggar's tin box; for there are penitents, so called, who may belong to the highest of the nobility in Rome.

Then, again, you will, especially in the month of May, which is dedicated to the Madonna, meet long trains of little girls dressed in white, with garlands, and accompanied by some nun or conventual sister, who are celebrating some festival in the Madonna's honor; or, again, long lines of little school-boys, in black dress-coats and tall hats, under the guidance of their priestly tutor, and taking their walk solemnly and with little fun, except what they find in their childish chatter.

But let us, too, make our entrance, not triumphantly, indeed, but with the curiosity of strangers, through the gate of the Piazza del Popolo, and open our eyes to what is to be there seen. This is one of the principal gates of Rome, and is one of the most imposing. Until the railway was built, which now lands all travellers at the Piazza dei Termini, near the vast remains and ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, this was the chief entrance into the city for all who came from the north of Italy. Here passports were examined, for none could enter Rome without them, and here the luggage was overhauled, to make it sure that no contraband goods were concealed. The annoyance of all this was very great, and this, thank God and the new government, is now over, and one of the things of the past not to be regretted.

The gate itself is said to have been designed by Michel Angelo; but inasmuch as Michel Angelo is, by popular belief, supposed to have designed nearly everything, little credence can be given to this statement. But whether it was originally designed by him or not, nothing of his work now remains, for it was rebuilt by Barozzi da Vignola, in 1564, and since then has suffered many a change, all the interior façade having been made by Bernini.

This gate has also revolutionary memories, for it was fortified, barricaded, armed with cannon, and was attacked and defended during the French invasion of 1849, and it was through it that General Oudinot entered with the French troops—an entrance which, so far, at least, as the republican party and the Triumvirate of Rome were concerned, certainly did not correspond to the inscription which accompanied the various ornaments and devices placed over it by Alexander VII., in 1655, on the occasion of the grand entry of Queen Christina of Sweden—"Felici faustoque ornata ingressui."

Entering this gate you find yourself in the large and noble Piazza del Popolo, in the centre of which, surrounded by living fountains, stands the old obelisk of Egypt, that has looked down upon so many generations, and which was erected by Rhamses I., in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and which may have thrown its shadow over Moses himself. The piazza itself is like the nave of a wheel, from which radiate, like spokes, the three streets of the Babbuino, the Ripetta, and the Corso, which is the central one, and which is flanked on either side by the twin churches of Sta. Maria in Monte Santo, and Sta. Maria dei Miracoli. Above it, on the left, rises the Pincio, and looks down upon it from its terraces. These charming walks were once the old Domitian Gardens, and here, in or close beside the Piazza del Popolo, the restless, cruel, cowardly, violent, and luxurious lover and murderer of Poppæa, and son of the imperious Agrippina, the half-madman, artist, and musician, Nero, cowardly even in his death, was finally laid to rest; for he was one of the Domitian family. The church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, close

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the gate, is said, according to the traditions of the Church, to have been the site of his tomb. Whether this is founded in fact is questionable, but it is certain that, if not exactly there, it was in its close vicinity. No fragment of it now remains, however, for Pasquale II., urged by the prayers of the Roman people, effaced even the last fragments of it, yielding to the then universal superstition that the tomb was haunted by evil spirits and demons, who assailed everyone who passed near it. These malignant spirits were supposed to dwell in the branches of a great nut-tree which grew out of the top of this tomb; and this, together with the tomb, Pope Pasquale II., in 1099, utterly destroyed after a fast and prayers of three days, leaving not a vestige of it, throwing the ashes of Nero into the Tiber, sanctifying the spot, and building thereon the church which still stands there. Alexander VI., the Borgian Pope, was affected by the same superstition, and, centuries after, he decorated the church, and, among other things, caused a representation in stucco to be made of the tomb of Nero and the nut-tree, and the evil spirits that dwelt therein, and there it still may be seen.

While at this end of the Corso there is this sad tradition, at the other end is another tradition, as dear to the Christian world as this is detestable. The Church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata, which stands by the side of the Doria Palace, is supposed to have been built on the site of the house where St. Paul lodged with the centurion, and in the subterranean church is a spring of water, miraculous in its origin, and which, is traditionally supposed to have suddenly burst forth to enable St. Paul to baptize his disciples.

Besides the obelisk of Rhamses I. there is another remnant of the ancient world in the Corso, which is still in admirable preservation. This is the column of Antonine, so called—which was formerly supposed to be that of Antoninus Pius—but now is known properly to be that of one of the purest and best of all the royal race whose lives history has recorded; of the emperor and philosopher Marcus Aurelius, whose "Meditations" are inspired by the noblest sentiments of honor, justice, and truth, and of an abnegation of self which is supposed to be only Christian. Here, too, among the bas-reliefs on its sides which figure the conquests of the Marcomannic wars, is one which represents what was supposed to be a miracle effected by the prayers of the Christian legion. Jupiter is here seen, with water falling from his outspread arms, in answer to the prayers for water which this legion were requested to make at a time when the army was greatly distressed for want of it. The tradition is founded upon a passage in Eusebius, and a letter of Justin Martyr, and though great suspicion attaches to the authenticity of the last, the Church has accepted it as true, and historians have constantly repeated it. Why the Christians should pray to Jupiter—and why Jupiter should answer—is not explained, but miracles are rarely explicable.

What we are in the habit of seeing daily soon ceases to make a deep or sharp impression on the mind, and to many of the Romans, even of the better class, who are ignorant of history and have no literary training, the very names of the relics and remains of antiquity, which so deeply impress the stranger, are often unknown. An odd instance of this occurred on the first visit of the Queen of Italy to Rome. As she passed for the first time through the Corso and caught a glimpse in passing of this column of Aurelius, she eagerly turned to the gentleman who accompanied her (who was one of the gentlemen of the court) and asked, "What is that column?" "Ah, that," hesitatingly replied the person addressed, "that—oh! that is the colonna of Piazza Colonna."

There is also another reminiscence of Marcus near the Via della Vita, and this is an inscription on the wall recording the fact that here once stood the triumphal arch of this great emperor, which was entirely destroyed by order of Pope Alexander VI.; and this inscription, strangely enough, recording his barbarous act, was placed there by the pope himself, as if it had been a glory not a shame.

The arch of Claudius was near the Piazza Sciarra, to the right of the church

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Cara Vita, which belongs to the Jesuits. There is no vestige of it now

A Boy Flower-seller.

remaining, nor of the other arches of Domitian, Claudius, and Gordian, which once spanned the Corso; but the church of the Cara Vita, which stands on or near the spot where once stood the arch of Claudius, is perhaps in some respects as characteristic of modern times and the Catholic Church, as were these triumphal arches of ancient days of the Roman Empire. The church is small, and of no special interest in itself, but during Lent an extraordinary penitence takes place there, which, however it may conflict with our notions of a kind and beneficent God of mercy and love, is at least singular and interesting. Here, when the shadows of night come on and darken entirely the whole church, so that nothing definite can be seen, an exhortation from the priest is heard coming out of the silence, imploring those who have been guilty of sins of commission and omission to repent and expiate them by self-flagellation. A bell is then rung, and these words in Italian are heard in the darkness: "Show your penance; show your sense of Christ's sacrifice; show it with the whip." After which, for some fifteen minutes, the penitents, stripped naked to the waist, scourge themselves with strings of knotted whipcord, crying out, "Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us." The severer the scourging the greater the expiation, and the bleeding backs of the penitents attest their faith in this strange and melancholy mode of pacifying an angry God, or at least a God who is pleased by the sufferings self-inflicted of his creatures.

Among the other churches in the Corso may be mentioned that of the St. Giacomo degli Incurabili, of the Augustine church of Gesù e Maria, and St. Lorenzo in Lucina. This church is interesting as being the burial-place of Nicholas Poussin, and as containing a remarkable picture by Guido representing the Crucifixion, which is thus spoken of by Mr. Browning, in "The Ring and the Book," as the piece

> "Of Master Guido Reni, Christ on cross,
> Second to naught observable in Rome."

And again:

> "This San Lorenzo seems
> My own particular place. I always say
> I used to wonder, when I stood scarce high
> As the bed here, what the marble lion meant,
> Eating the figure of a prostrate man."

But here there is neither time nor space to linger much longer among those churches. Still there is one more, that of Sta. Maria del Popolo in the Piazza, into which a glance at least must be given at some of the interesting things it contains. Here, then, are noble pictures by Pinturicchio, and a chapel built by Giovanni delle Rovere, and decorated by the same artist, and an Assumption by Carlo Maratta, and a chapel designed by Raffaelle, in which he manifests himself in the triple char-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acter of architect, painter, and sculptor —for the design of the mosaic on the ceiling, as well as the architecture, is by him—and also a marble group below of Jonah sitting on a whale. Here, too, is a work by Sebastian del Piombo, who is buried in this church. And there are other things of interest which we must now pass by.

Close by this church is the Augustine Convent belonging to it, in which Luther made his home while he was in the Eternal City. Here he celebrated mass. Here he prostrated himself, and cried out, "Hail, sacred Rome, thrice sacred for the blood of the martyrs shed here." But before he left Rome his opinion changed, his Catholic faith was sapped, and from being a devoted ally he became, as all the world knows, the most determined opponent of the Church.

Here we must take leave of the Corso, with its obelisks and fountains and palaces and shops; its remains of antiquity and its modern sights; its ancient triumphs and its modern processions; of its living populace and its equally living ghosts that haunt it, and whisper to the memory and imagination. At all these visions of the dead and of the living we can but cast here a hurried glance, for, fully to record them, would far exceed the limits of a paper like this.

THE VOICES OF EARTH.

By Archibald Lampman.

We have not heard the music of the spheres,
  The song of star to star; but there are sounds
More deep than human joy or human tears,
  That nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
  The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
  That falls by minutes in the summer night.
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
  Uttering the mystery from which she came
To him who hears them grief beyond control,
  Or joy inscrutable without a name
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there, impearled
Before the birth and making of the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER VII.

IRONS IN THE FIRE.

Opes Strepitumque.

THE food of the body differs not so greatly for the fool or the sage, the elephant or the cock-sparrow; and similar chemical elements, variously disguised, support all mortals. A brief study of Pinkerton in his new setting convinced me of a kindred truth about that other and mental digestion, by which we extract what is called "fun for our money" out of life. In the same spirit as a schoolboy, deep in Mayne Reid, handles a dummy gun and crawls among imaginary forests, Pinkerton sped through Kearney Street upon his daily business, representing to himself a highly colored part in life's performance, and happy for hours if he should have chanced to brush against a millionaire. Reality was his romance; he gloried to be thus engaged; he wallowed in his business. Suppose a man to dig up a galleon on the Coromandel coast, his rakish schooner keeping the while an offing under easy sail, and he, by the blaze of a great fire of wreckwood, to measure ingots by the bucketful on the uproarious beach: such an one might realize a greater material spoil; he should have no more profit of romance than Pinkerton when he cast up his weekly balance-sheet in a bald office. Every dollar gained was like something brought ashore from a mysterious deep; every venture made was like a diver's plunge; and as he thrust his bold hand into the plexus of the money-market, he was delightedly aware of how he shook the pillars of existence, turned out men (as at a battle-cry) to labor in far countries, and set the gold twitching in the drawers of millionaires.

I could never fathom the full extent of his speculations; but there were five separate businesses which he avowed and carried like a banner. The *Thirteen Star Golden State Brandy, Warranted Entire* (a very flagrant distillation) filled a great part of his thoughts and was kept before the public in an eloquent but misleading treatise: *Why drink French Brandy? A Word to the Wise.* He kept an office for advertisers, counselling, designing, acting as middleman with printers and bill-stickers, for the inexperienced or the uninspired: the dull haberdasher came to him for ideas, the smart theatrical agent for his local knowledge; and one and all departed with a copy of his pamphlet: *How, When, and Where; or, the Advertiser's Vade-Mecum.* He had a tug chartered every Saturday afternoon and night, carried people outside the Heads, and provided them with lines and bait for six hours' fishing, at the rate of five dollars a person. I am told that some of them (doubtless adroit anglers) made a profit on the transaction. Occasionally he bought wrecks and condemned vessels; these latter (I cannot tell you how) found their way to sea again under aliases, and continued to stem the waves triumphantly enough under the colors of Bolivia or Nicaragua. Lastly, there was a certain agricultural engine, glorying in a great deal of vermilion and blue paint, and filling (it appeared) a

Copyright, 1891, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"long-felt want," in which his interest was something like a tenth.

This for the face or front of his concerns. "On the outside," as he phrased it, he was variously and mysteriously engaged. No dollar slept in his possession; rather he kept all simultaneously flying like a conjurer with oranges. My own earnings, when I began to have a share, he would but show me for a moment, and disperse again, like those illusive money gifts which are flashed in the eyes of childhood only to be entombed in the missionary box. And he would come down radiant from a weekly balance-sheet, clap me on the shoulder, declare himself a winner by Gargantuan figures, and prove destitute of a quarter for a drink.

"What on earth have you done with it?" I would ask.

"Into the mill again; all re-invested!" he would cry, with infinite delight. Investment was ever his word. He could not bear what he called gambling. "Never touch stocks, Loudon," he would say; "nothing but legitimate business." And yet, Heaven knows, many an indurated gambler might have drawn back appalled at the first hint of some of Pinkerton's investments! One, which I succeeded in tracking home, and instance for a specimen, was a seventh share in the charter of a certain ill-starred schooner bound for Mexico, to smuggle weapons on the one trip, and cigars upon the other. The latter end of this enterprise, involving (as it did) shipwreck, confiscation, and a lawsuit with the underwriters, was too painful to be dwelt upon at length. "It's proved a disappointment," was as far as my friend would go with me in words; but I knew, from observation, that the fabric of his fortunes tottered. For the rest, it was only by accident I got wind of the transaction; for Pinkerton, after a time, was shy of introducing me to his arcana: the reason you are to hear presently.

The office which was (or should have been) the point of rest for so many evolving dollars stood in the heart of the city: a high and spacious room, with many plate-glass windows. A glazed cabinet of polished redwood offered to the eye a regiment of some two hundred bottles, conspicuously labelled. These were all charged with Pinkerton's Thirteen Star, although from across the room it would have required an expert to distinguish them from the same number of bottles of Courvoisier. I used to twit my friend with this resemblance, and propose a new edition of the pamphlet, with the title thus improved: *Why Drink French Brandy, when we give you the same labels?* The doors of the cabinet revolved all day upon their hinges; and if there entered any one who was a stranger to the merits of the brand, he departed laden with a bottle. When I used to protest at this extravagance, "My dear Loudon," Pinkerton would cry, "you don't seem to catch on to business principles! The prime cost of the spirit is literally nothing. I couldn't find a cheaper advertisement if I tried." Against the side post of the cabinet there leaned a gaudy umbrella, preserved there as a relic. It appears that when Pinkerton was about to place Thirteen Star upon the market, the rainy season was at hand. He lay dark, almost in penury, awaiting the first shower, at which, as upon a signal, the main thoroughfares became dotted with his agents, vendors of advertisements; and the whole world of San Francisco, from the business man fleeing for the ferry-boat, to the lady waiting at the corner for her car, sheltered itself under umbrellas with this strange device: *Are you Wet? Try Thirteen Star.* "It was a mammoth boom," said Pinkerton, with a sigh of delighted recollection. "There wasn't another umbrella to be seen. I stood at this window, Loudon, feasting my eyes; and I declare, I felt like Vanderbilt." And it was to this neat application of the local climate that he owed, not only much of the sale of Thirteen Star, but the whole business of his advertising agency.

The large desk (to resume our survey of the office) stood about the middle, knee-deep in stacks of handbills and posters, of *Why Drink French Brandy?* and *The Advertiser's Vade-Mecum.* It was flanked upon the one hand by two female type-writers, who rested not between the hours of nine and four, and upon the other by a model of the agricultural machine. The walls, where they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were not broken by telephone boxes and a couple of photographs—one representing the wreck of the *James L. Moody* on a bold and broken coast, the other the Saturday tug alive with amateur fishers—almost disappeared under oil-paintings gaudily framed. Many of these were relics of the Latin Quarter, and I must do Pinkerton the justice to say that none of them were bad, and some had remarkable merit. They went off slowly but for handsome figures; and their places were progressively supplied with the work of local artists. These last it was one of my first duties to review and criticise. Some of them were villainous, yet all were salable. I said so; and the next moment saw myself, the figure of a miserable renegade, bearing arms in the wrong camp. I was to look at pictures thenceforward, not with the eye of the artist, but the dealer; and I saw the stream widen that divided me from all I loved.

"Now, Loudon," Pinkerton had said, the morning after the lecture, "now, Loudon, we can go at it shoulder to shoulder. This is what I have longed for; I wanted two heads and four arms; and now I have 'em. You'll find it's just the same as art — all observation and imagination; only more movement. Just wait till you begin to feel the charm!"

I might have waited long. Perhaps I lack a sense; for our whole existence seemed to me one dreary bustle, and the place we bustled in fitly to be called the Place of Yawning. I slept in a little den behind the office; Pinkerton, in the office itself, stretched on a patent sofa which sometimes collapsed, his slumbers still further menaced by an imminent clock with an alarm. Roused by this diabolical contrivance, we rose early, went forth early to breakfast, and returned by nine to what Pinkerton called work, and I distraction. Masses of letters must be opened, read, and answered; some by me at a subsidiary desk which had been introduced on the morning of my arrival; others by my bright-eyed friend, pacing the room like a caged lion as he dictated to the tinkling typewriters. Masses of wet proof had to be overhauled and scrawled upon with a blue pencil—"rustic"—"six-inch caps"—"bold spacing here"—or sometimes terms more fervid, as for instance this, which I remember Pinkerton to have spirted on the margin of an advertisement of Soothing Syrup: "Throw this all down. Have you never printed an advertisement? I'll be round in half an hour." The ledger and sale-book, besides, we had always with us. Such was the backbone of our occupation, and tolerable enough; but the far greater proportion of our time was consumed by visitors, whole-souled, grand fellows no doubt, and as sharp as a needle, but to me unfortunately not diverting. Some were apparently half-witted, and must be talked over by the hour before they could reach the humblest decision, which they only left the office to return again (ten minutes later) and rescind. Others came with a vast show of hurry and despatch, but I observed it to be principally show. The agricultural model for instance, which was practicable, proved a kind of flypaper for these busybodies. I have seen them blankly turn the crank of it for five minutes at a time, simulating (to nobody's deception) business interest: "Good thing this, Pinkerton? Sell much of it? Ha! Couldn't use it, I suppose, as a medium of advertisement for my article?"—which was perhaps toilet soap. Others (a still worse variety) carried us to neighboring saloons to dice for cocktails and (after the cocktails were paid) for dollars on a corner of the counter. The attraction of dice for all these people was indeed extraordinary: at a certain club, were I once dined in the character of "my partner, Mr. Dodd," the dice-box came on the table with the wine, an artless substitute for after-dinner wit.

Of all our visitors, I believe I preferred Emperor Norton; the very mention of whose name reminds me I am doing scanty justice to the folks of San Francisco. In what other city would a harmless madman who supposed himself emperor of the two Americas have been so fostered and encouraged? Where else would even the people of the streets have respected the poor soul's illusion? Where else would bankers and merchants have received his visits, cashed his cheques, and sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mitted to his small assessments? Where else would he have been suffered to attend and address the exhibition days of schools and colleges? Where else, in God's green earth, have taken his pick of restaurants, ransacked the bill of fare, and departed scathless? They tell me he was even an exacting patron, threatening to withdraw his custom when dissatisfied; and I can believe it, for his face wore an expression distinctly gastronomical. Pinkerton had received from this monarch a cabinet appointment; I have seen the brevet, wondering mainly at the good nature of the printer who had executed the forms, and I think my friend was at the head either of foreign affairs or education: it mattered, indeed, nothing, the prestation being in all offices identical. It was at a comparatively early date that I saw Jim in the exercise of his public functions. His Majesty entered the office—a portly, rather flabby man, with the face of a gentleman, rendered unspeakably pathetic and absurd by the great sabre at his side and the peacock's feather in his hat.

"I have called to remind you, Mr. Pinkerton, that you are somewhat in arrear of taxes," he said, with old-fashioned, stately courtesy.

"Well, Your Majesty, what is the amount?" asked Jim; and when the figure was named (it was generally two or three dollars), paid upon the nail and offered a bonus in the shape of Thirteen Star.

"I am always delighted to patronize native industries," said Norton the First. "San Francisco is public-spirited in what concerns its Emperor; and indeed, sir, of all my domains, it is my favorite city."

"Come," said I, when he was gone, "I prefer that customer to the lot."

"It's really rather a distinction," Jim admitted. "I think it must have been the umbrella racket that attracted him."

We were distinguished under the rose by the notice of other and greater men. There were days when Jim wore an air of unusual capacity and resolve, spoke with more brevity like one pressed for time, and took often on his tongue such phrases as "Longhurst told me so this morning," or "I had it straight from Longhurst himself." It was no wonder, I used to think, that Pinkerton was called to council with such Titans; for the creature's quickness and resource were beyond praise. In the early days when he consulted me without reserve, pacing the room, projecting, ciphering, extending hypothetical interests, trebling imaginary capital, his "engine" (to renew an excellent old word) laboring full steam ahead, I could never decide whether my sense of respect or entertainment were the stronger. But these good hours were destined to curtailment.

"Yes, it's smart enough," I once observed. "But, Pinkerton, do you think it's honest?"

"You don't think it's honest!" he wailed. "O dear me, that ever I should have heard such an expression on your lips!"

At sight of his distress, I plagiarized unblushingly from Myner. "You seem to think honesty as simple as Blind Man's Buff," said I. "It's a more delicate affair than that: delicate as any art."

"O well! at that rate!" he exclaimed, with complete relief. "That's casuistry."

"I am perfectly certain of one thing: that what you propose is dishonest," I returned.

"Well, say no more about it. That's settled," he replied.

Thus, almost at a word, my point was carried. But the trouble was that such differences continued to recur, until we began to regard each other with alarm. If there were one thing Pinkerton valued himself upon, it was his honesty; if there were one thing he clung to, it was my good opinion; and when both were involved, as was the case in these commercial cruces, the man was on the rack. My own position, if you consider how much I owed him, how hateful is the trade of fault-finder, and that yet I lived and fattened on these questionable operations, was perhaps equally distressing. If I had been more sterling or more combative things might have gone extremely far. But, in truth, I was just base enough to profit by what was not forced on my attention, rather than seek scenes: Pinkerton quite cunning enough to avail himself of my weakness; and it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a relief to both when he began to involve his proceedings in a decent mystery.

Our last dispute, which had a most unlooked-for consequence, turned on the refitting of condemned ships. He had bought a miserable hulk, and came, rubbing his hands, to inform me she was already on the slip, under a new name, to be repaired. When first I had heard of this industry I suppose I scarcely comprehended; but much discussion had sharpened my faculties, and now my brow became heavy.

"I can be no party to that, Pinkerton," said I.

He leaped like a man shot. "What next?" he cried. "What ails you, anyway? You seem to me to dislike everything that's profitable."

"This ship has been condemned by Lloyd's agent," said I.

"But I tell you it's a deal. The ship's in splendid condition; there's next to nothing wrong with her but the garboard streak and the sternpost. I tell you Lloyd's is a ring like everybody else; only it's an English ring, and that's what deceives you. If it was American, you would be crying it down all day. It's Anglomania, common Anglomania," he cried, with growing irritation.

"I will not make money by risking men's lives," was my ultimatum.

"Great Cæsar! isn't all speculation a risk? Isn't the fairest kind of shipowning to risk men's lives? And mining — how's that for risk? And look at the elevator business—there's danger, if you like! Didn't I take my risk when I bought her? She might have been too far gone; and where would I have been? Loudon," he cried, "I tell you the truth: you're too full of refinement for this world!"

"I condemn you out of your own lips," I replied. "'The fairest kind of shipowning,' says you. If you please, let us only do the fairest kind of business."

The shot told, the Irrepressible was silenced; and I profited by the chance, to pour in a broadside of another sort. He was all sunk in money getting, I pointed out; he never dreamed of any thing but dollars. Where were all his generous, progressive sentiments? Where was his culture? I asked. And where was the American Type?

"It's true, Loudon," he cried, striding up and down the room, and wildly scouring at his hair. "You're perfectly right. I'm becoming materialized. O, what a thing to have to say, what a confession to make! Materialized! Me! Loudon, this must go on no longer. You've been a loyal friend to me once more; give me your hand!—you've saved me again. I must do something to rouse the spiritual side: something desperate; study something, something dry and tough. What shall it be? Theology? Algebra? What's Algebra?"

"It's dry and tough enough," said I; "$a^2+2ab+b^2$."

"It's stimulating, though?" he inquired.

I told him I believed so, and that it was considered fortifying to Types.

"Then, that's the thing for me. I'll study Algebra," he concluded.

The next day, by application to one of his type-writing women, he got word of a young lady, one Miss Mamie McBride, who was willing and able to conduct him in these bloomless meadows; and, her circumstances being lean, and terms consequently moderate, he and Mamie were soon in agreement for two lessons in the week. He took fire with unexampled rapidity; he seemed unable to tear himself away from the symbolic art; an hour's lesson occupied the whole evening; and the original two was soon increased to four, and then to five. I bade him beware of female blandishments. "The first thing you know, you'll be falling in love with the algebraist," said I.

"Don't say it even in jest," he cried. "She's a lady I revere. I could no more lay a hand upon her than I could upon a spirit. Loudon, I don't believe God ever made a purer-minded woman."

Which appeared to me too fervent to be reassuring.

Meanwhile I had been long expostulating with my friend upon a different matter. "I'm the fifth wheel," I kept telling him. "For any use I am, I might as well be in Senegambia. The letters you give me to attend to might

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be answered by a sucking child. And I tell you what it is, Pinkerton: either you've got to find me some employment, or I'll have to start in and find it for myself."

This I said with a corner of my eye in the usual quarter, toward the arts, little dreaming what destiny was to provide.

"I've got it, Loudon," Pinkerton at last replied. "Got the idea on the Potrero cars. Found I hadn't a pencil, borrowed one from the conductor, and figured on it roughly all the way in town. I saw it was the thing at last; gives you a real show. All your talents and accomplishments come in. Here's a sketch advertisement. Just run your eye over it. '*Sun, Ozone, and Music!* PINKERTON'S HEBDOMADARY PICNICS!' (That's a good, catching phrase, 'hebdomadary,' though it's hard to say. I made a note of it when I was looking in the dictionary how to spell *hectagonal*. 'Well, you're a boss word,' I said. 'Before you're very much older, I'll have you in type as long as yourself.' And here it is, you see.) '*Five dollars a head, and ladies free.* MONSTER OLIO OF ATTRACTIONS.' (How does that strike you?) '*Free luncheon under the greenwood tree. Dance on the elastic sward. Home again in the Bright Evening Hours. Manager and Honorary Steward, H. Loudon Dodd, Esq., the well-known connoisseur.*'"

Singular how a man runs from Scylla to Charybdis! I was so intent on securing the disappearance of a single epithet that I accepted the rest of the advertisement and all that it involved without discussion. So it befell that the words, "well-known connoisseur" were deleted; but that H. Loudon Dodd became manager and honorary steward of Pinkerton's Hebdomadary Picnics, soon shortened, by popular consent, to the Dromedary.

By eight o'clock, any Sunday morning, I was to be observed by an admiring public on the wharf. The garb and attributes of sacrifice consisted of a black frock coat, rosetted, its pockets bulging with sweetmeats and inferior cigars, trousers of light blue, a silk hat like a reflector, and a varnished wand. A goodly steamer guarded my one flank, panting and throbbing, flags fluttering fore and aft of her, illustrative of the Dromedary and patriotism. My other flank was covered by the ticket-office, strongly held by a trusty character of the Scots persuasion, rosetted like his superior and smoking a cigar to mark the occasion festive. At half-past, having assured myself that all was well with the free luncheons, I lit a cigar myself, and awaited the strains of the "Pioneer Band." I had never to wait long—they were German and punctual—and by a few minutes after the half-hour, I would hear them booming down street with a long military roll of drums, some score of gratuitous asses prancing at the head in bearskin hats and buckskin aprons, and conspicuous with resplendent axes. The band, of course, we paid for; but so strong is the San Franciscan passion for public masquerade, that the asses (as I say) were all gratuitous, pranced for the love of it, and cost us nothing but their luncheon.

The musicians formed up in the bows of my steamer, and struck into a skittish polka; the asses mounted guard upon the gangway and the ticket-office; and presently after, in family parties of father, mother, and children, in the form of duplicate lovers or in that of solitary youth, the public began to descend upon us by the carful at a time; four to six hundred, perhaps, with a strong German flavor, and all merry as children. When these had been shepherded on board, and the inevitable belated two or three had gained the deck amidst the cheering of the public, the hawser was cast off and we plunged into the bay.

And now behold the honorary steward in the hour of duty and glory: see me circulate amid the crowd, radiating affability and laughter, liberal with my sweetmeats and cigars. I say unblushing things to hobbledehoy girls, tell shy young persons this is the married peoples' boat, roguishly ask the abstracted if they are thinking of their sweethearts, offer Paterfamilias a cigar, am struck with the beauty and grow curious about the age of mamma's youngest, who (I assure her gayly) will be a man before his mother; or perhaps it may occur to me, from the sensible expression of her face, that she is a person of good counsel, and I ask her earn-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

estly if she knows any particularly pleasant place on the Saucelito or San Rafael coast; for the scene of our picnic is always supposed to be uncertain. The next moment I am back at my giddy badinage with the young ladies, wakening laughter as I go, and leaving in my wake applausive comments of "Isn't Mr. Dodd a funny gentleman?" and "O, I think he's just too nice!"

An hour having passed in this airy manner, I start upon my rounds afresh, with a bag full of colored tickets, all with pins attached, and all with legible inscriptions: "Old Germany," "California," "True Love," "Old Fogies," "La Belle France," "Green Erin," "The Land of Cakes," "Washington," "Blue Jay," "Robin Red-Breast"—twenty of each denomination; for when it comes to the luncheon, we sit down by twenties. These are distributed with anxious tact—for indeed this is the most delicate part of my functions—but outwardly with reckless unconcern, amidst the gayest flutter and confusion; and are immediately after sported upon hats and bonnets, to the extreme diffusion of cordiality, total strangers hailing each other by "the number of their mess"—so we humorously name it—and the deck ringing with the cries of, "Here, all Blue Jays to the rescue!" or, "I say, am I alone in this blame' ship? Ain't there no more Californians?"

By this time we are drawing near to the appointed spot. I mount upon the bridge, the observed of all observers.

"Captain," I say, in clear, emphatic tones, heard far and wide, "the majority of the company appear to be in favor of the little cove beyond One Tree Point."

"All right, Mr. Dodd," responds the captain, heartily; "all one to me. I am not exactly sure of the place you mean; but just you stay here and pilot me."

I do, pointing with my wand. I do pilot him, to the inexpressible entertainment of the picnic; for I am (why should I deny it?) the popular man. We slow down off the mouth of a grassy valley, watered by a brook, and set in pines and redwoods. The anchor is let go; the boats are lowered, two of them already packed with the materials of an impromptu bar; and the Pioneer Band, accompanied by the resplendent asses, fill the other, and move shoreward to the inviting strains of *Buffalo Gals, won't you come out to-night?* It is a part of our programme that one of the asses shall, from sheer clumsiness, in the course of this embarkation, drop a dummy axe into the water: whereupon the mirth of the picnic can hardly be assuaged. Upon one occasion, the dummy axe floated, and the laugh turned rather the wrong way.

In from ten to twenty minutes the boats are alongside again, the messes are marshalled separately on the deck, and the picnic goes ashore, to find the band and the impromptu bar awaiting them. Then come the hampers, which are piled upon the beach, and surrounded by a stern guard of stalwart asses, axe on shoulder. It is here I take my place, note-book in hand, under a banner bearing the legend, "Come here for hampers." Each hamper contains a complete outfit for a separate twenty, cold provender, plates, glasses, knives, forks, and spoons; an agonized printed appeal from the fevered pen of Pinkerton, pasted on the inside of the lid, beseeches that care be taken of the glass and silver. Beer, wine, and lemonade are flowing already from the bar, and the various clans of twenty file away into the woods, with bottles under their arms, and the hampers strung upon a stick. Till one they feast there, in a very moderate seclusion, all being within earshot of the band, From one till four, dancing takes place upon the grass; the bar does a roaring business, and the honorary steward, who has already exhausted himself to bring life into the dullest of the messes, must now indefatigably dance with the plainest of the women. At four a bugle-call is sounded; and by half-past behold us on board again, pioneers, corrugated iron bar, empty bottles, and all; while the honorary steward, free at last, subsides into the captain's cabin over a brandy and soda and a book. Free at last, I say, yet there remains before him the frantic leave-takings at the pier, and a sober journey up to Pinkerton's office with two policemen and the day's takings in a bag.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What I have here sketched was the routine. But we appealed to the taste of San Francisco more distinctly in particular fêtes. "Ye Olde Time Pycke-Nycke," largely advertised in hand-bills beginning "Oyez, Oyez!" and largely frequented by knights, monks, and cavaliers, was drowned out by unseasonable rain, and returned to the city one of the saddest spectacles I ever remember to have witnessed. In pleasing contrast, and certainly our chief success, was "The Gathering of the Clans," or Scottish picnic. So many milk-white knees were never before simultaneously exhibited in public, and to judge by the prevalence of "Royal Stewart" and the number of eagle's feathers, we were a high-born company. I threw forward the Scottish flank of my own ancestry, and passed muster as a clansman with applause. There was, indeed, but one small cloud on this red-letter day. I had laid in a large supply of the national beverage, in the shape of *The "Rob Roy McGregor O" Blend, Warranted Old and Vatted;* and this must certainly have been a generous spirit, for I had some anxious work between four and half-past, conveying on board the inanimate forms of chieftains.

To one of our ordinary festivities, where he was the life and soul of his own mess, Pinkerton himself came incognito, bringing the algebraist on his arm. Miss Mamie proved to be a well-enough-looking mouse, with a large, limpid eye, very good manners, and a flow of the most correct expressions I have ever heard upon the human lip. As Pinkerton's incognito was strict, I had little opportunity to cultivate the lady's acquaintance; but I was informed afterwards that she considered me "the wittiest gentleman she had ever met." "The Lord mend your taste in wit!" thought I; but I cannot conceal that such was the general impression. One of my pleasantries even went the round of San Francisco, and I have heard it (myself all unknown) bandied in saloons. To be unknown began at last to be a rare experience: a bustle woke upon my passage; above all in humble neighborhoods. "Who's that?" one would ask, and the other would cry, "That! Why, Dromedary Dodd!" or with withering scorn, "Not know Mr. Dodd of the Picnics? Well!" and indeed I think it marked a rather barren destiny; for our picnics, if a trifle vulgar, were as gay and innocent as the age of gold; I am sure no people divert themselves so easily and so well: and even with the cares of my stewardship, I was often happy to be there.

Indeed, there were but two drawbacks in the least considerable. The first was my terror of the hobbledehoy girls, to whom (from the demands of my situation) I was obliged to lay myself so open. The other, if less momentous, was more mortifying. In early days, at my mother's knee, as a man may say, I had acquired the unenviable accomplishment (which I have never since been able to lose) of singing *Just before the Battle.* I have what the French call a fillet of voice, my best notes scarce audible about a dinner-table, and the upper register rather to be regarded as a higher power of silence: experts tell me besides that I sing flat; nor, if I were the best singer in the world, does *Just before the Battle* occur to my mature taste as the song that I would choose to sing. In spite of all which considerations, at one picnic, memorably dull, and after I had exhausted every other art of pleasing, I gave, in desperation, my one song. From that hour my doom was gone forth. Either we had a chronic passenger (though I could never detect him), or the very wood and iron of the steamer must have retained the tradition. At every successive picnic word went round that Mr. Dodd was a singer; that Mr. Dodd sang *Just before the Battle,* and finally that now was the time when Mr. Dodd sang *Just before the Battle;* so that the thing became a fixture like the dropping of the dummy axe, and you are to conceive me, Sunday after Sunday, piping up my lamentable ditty and covered, when it was done, with gratuitous applause. It is a beautiful trait in human nature that I was invariably offered an encore.

I was well paid, however, even to sing. Pinkerton and I, after an average Sunday, had five hundred dollars to divide. Nay, and the picnics were the means, although indirectly, of bringing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me a singular windfall. This was at the end of the season, after the "Grand Farewell Fancy Dress Gala." Many of the hampers had suffered severely; and it was judged wiser to save storage, dispose of them, and lay in a fresh stock when the campaign re-opened. Among my purchasers was a workingman of the name of Speedy, to whose house, after several unavailing letters, I must proceed in person, wondering to find myself once again on the wrong side, and playing creditor to some one else's debtor. Speedy was in the belligerent stage of fear. He could not pay. It appeared he had already resold the hampers, and he defied me to do my worst. I did not like to lose my own money; I hated to lose Pinkerton's; and the bearing of my creditor incensed me.

"Do you know, Mr. Speedy, that I can send you to the penitentiary?" said I, willing to read him a lesson.

The dire expression was overheard in the next room. A large, fresh, motherly Irishwoman ran forth upon the instant, and fell to besiege me with caresses and appeals. "Sure now, and ye couldn't have the heart to ut, Mr. Dodd, you, that's so well known to be a pleasant gentleman; and it's a pleasant face ye have, and the picture of me own brother that's dead and gone. It's a truth that he's been drinking. Ye can smell it off of him, more blame to him. But, indade, and there's nothing in the house beyont the furnicher, and Thim Stock. It's the stock that ye'll be taking, dear. A sore penny it has cost me, first and last, and by all tales, not worth an owld tobacco pipe." Thus adjured, and somewhat embarrassed by the stern attitude I had adopted, I suffered myself to be invested with a considerable quantity of what is called wild-cat stock, in which this excellent if illogical female had been squandering her hard-earned gold. It could scarce be said to better my position, but the step quieted the woman; and, on the other hand, I could not think I was taking much risk, for the shares in question (they were those of what I will call the Catamount Silver Mine) had fallen some time before to the bed-rock quotation, and now lay perfectly inert, or were only kicked (like other waste paper) about the kennel of the exchange by bankrupt speculators.

Yet the next morning, I perceived by the stock-list that Catamount had taken a bound; before afternoon, "thim stock" were worth a quite considerable pot of money; and I learned, upon inquiry, that a bonanza had been found in a condemned lead, and the mine was now expected to do wonders. Remarkable to philosophers how bonanzas are found in condemned leads, and how the stock is always at freezing-point immediately before! By some stroke of chance, the Speedys had held on to the right thing; they had escaped the syndicate; in twelve hours more, if I had not come to dun them, Mrs. Speedy would have been buying a silk dress. I could not bear, of course, to profit by the accident, and returned that very evening to offer restitution. The house was in a bustle; the neighbors (all stock-gamblers themselves) had crowded to condole; and Mrs. Speedy sat with streaming tears, the centre of a pathetic group. "For fifteen year, I've been at ut," she was lamenting, as I entered, "and grudging the babes the very milk, more shame to me! to pay their dhirty assessments. And now, my dears, I should be a lady, and driving in my coach if all had their rights; and a sorrow on that man, Dodd! As soon as I set eyes on him, I seen the divil was in the house."

It was upon these words that I made my entrance, which was therefore dramatic enough, though nothing to what followed. For when it appeared that I was come to restore the lost fortune, and when Mrs. Speedy (after copiously weeping on my bosom) had refused the restitution, and when Mr. Speedy (summoned to that end from a camp of the Grand Army of the Republic) had added his refusal, and when I had insisted, and they had insisted, and the neighbors had applauded and supported each of us in turn; and when at last it was agreed we were to hold the stock together, and share the proceeds in three parts—one for me, one for Mr. Speedy, and one for his spouse—I will leave you to conceive the enthusiasm that reigned in that small, bare apartment, with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sewing-machine in the one corner, and the babes asleep in the other, and pictures of Garfield and the Battle of Gettysburg on the yellow walls. Port wine was had in by a sympathizer, and we drank it mingled with tears.

"And I dhrink to your health, my dear," sobbed Mrs. Speedy, especially affected by my gallantry in the matter of the third share; "and I'm sure we all dhrink to his health—Mr. Dodd of the picnics, no gentleman better known than him; and it's my prayer, dear, the good God may be long spared to see ye in health and happiness!"

In the end I was the chief gainer; for I sold my third while it was worth five thousand dollars, but the Speedys more adventurously held on until the syndicate reversed the process, when they were happy to escape with perhaps a quarter of that sum. It was just as well; for the bulk of the money was (in Pinkerton's phrase) reinvested; and when next I saw Mrs. Speedy, she was still gorgeously dressed from the proceeds of the late success, but was already moist with tears over the new catastrophe. "We're froze out, me darlin'! All the money we had, dear, and the sewing-machine, and Jim's uniform, was in the Golden West; and the vipers has put on a new assessment."

At the end of the season, therefore, this is how I stood. I had made

By Catamount Silver Mine . . .	$5000
By the picnics	3000
By the lectures	600
By profit and loss on capital in Pinkerton's business	1350
	$9950
to which must be added	
What remained of my grandfather's donation	8500
	$18,450
It appears, on the other hand, that I had spent	4000
Which thus left me to the good .	$14,450

A result on which I am not ashamed to say I looked with gratitude and pride. Some eight thousand (being late conquest) was liquid and actually tractile in the bank; the rest whirled beyond reach and even sight (save in the mirror of a balance-sheet) under the compelling spell of the wizard Pinkerton. Dollars of mine were tacking off the shores of Mexico, in peril of the deep and the coast guard; they rang on saloon counters in the city of Tombstone, Arizona; they shone in faro-tents among the mountain diggings: the imagination flagged in following them, so wide were they diffused, so briskly they span to the turning of the wizard's crank. But here, there, or everywhere I could still tell myself it was all mine, and what was more convincing, draw substantial dividends. My fortune, I called it; and it represented, when expressed in dollars or even British pounds, an honest pot of money; when extended into francs, a veritable fortune. Perhaps I have let the cat out of the bag; perhaps you see already where my hopes were pointing, and begin to blame my inconsistency. But I must first tell you my excuse, and the change that had befallen Pinkerton.

About a week after the picnic to which he escorted Mamie, Pinkerton avowed the state of his affections. From what I had observed on board the steamer, where methought Mamie waited on him with her limpid eyes, I encouraged the bashful lover to proceed; and the very next evening he was carrying me to call on his affianced.

"You must befriend her, Loudon, as you have always befriended me," he said, pathetically.

"By saying disagreeable things? I doubt if that be the way to a young lady's favor," I replied; "and since this picnicking I begin to be a man of some experience."

"Yes, you do nobly there; I can't describe how I admire you," he cried. "Not that she will ever need it; she has had every advantage. God knows what I have done to deserve her. O man, what a responsibility this is for a rough fellow and not always truthful!"

"Brace up, old man, brace up!" said I.

But when we reached Mamie's boarding-house, it was almost with tears that he presented me. "Here is Loudon, Mamie," were his words. "I want you to love him; he has a grand nature."

"You are certainly no stranger to me,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Dodd," was her gracious expression. "James is never weary of descanting on your goodness."

"My dear lady," said I, "when you know our friend a little better, you will make a large allowance for his warm heart. My goodness has consisted in allowing him to feed and clothe and toil for me when he could ill afford it. If I am now alive, it is to him I owe it; no man had a kinder friend. You must take good care of him," I added, laying my hand on his shoulder, "and keep him in good order, for he needs it."

Pinkerton was much affected by this speech, and so, I fear, was Mamie. I admit it was a tactless performance. "When you know our friend a little better," was not happily said, and even "keep him in good order for he needs it" might be construed into matter of offence; but I lay it before you in all confidence of your acquittal: was the general tone of it "patronizing"? Even if such was the verdict of the lady, I cannot but suppose the blame was neither wholly hers nor wholly mine; I cannot but suppose that Pinkerton had already sickened the poor woman of my very name, so that if I had come with the songs of Apollo, she must still have been disgusted.

Here, however, were two finger-posts to Paris. Jim was going to be married, and so had the less need of my society. I had not pleased his bride, and so was, perhaps, better absent. Late one evening I broached the idea to my friend. It had been a great day for me; I had just banked my five thousand catamountain dollars; and as Jim had refused to lay a finger on the stock, risk and profit were both wholly mine, and I was celebrating the event with stout and crackers. I began by telling him that if it caused him any pain or any anxiety about his affairs, he had but to say the word, and he should hear no more of my proposal. He was the truest and best friend I ever had or was ever like to have; and it would be a strange thing if I refused him any favor he was sure he wanted. At the same time I wished him to be sure; for my life was wasting in my hands. I was like one from home; all my true interests summoned me away. I must remind him, besides, that he was now about to marry and assume new interests, and that our extreme familiarity might be even painful to his wife. "O no, Loudon, I feel you are wrong there," he interjected warmly, "she *does* appreciate your nature."—"So much the better, then," I continued; and went on to point out that our separation need not be for long; that, in the way affairs were going, he might join me in two years with a fortune, small, indeed, for the States, but in France almost conspicuous; that we might unite our resources, and have one house in Paris for the winter and a second near Fontainebleau for summer, where we could be as happy as the day was long, and bring up little Pinkertons as practical, artistic workmen, far from the money-hunger of the West. "Let me go then," I concluded; "not as a deserter, but as the vanguard, to lead the march of the Pinkerton men."

So I argued and pleaded, not without emotion; my friend sitting opposite, resting his chin upon his hand and (but for that single interjection) silent. "I have been looking for this, Loudon," said he, when I had done. "It does pain me, and that's the fact—I'm so miserably selfish. And I believe it's a death blow to the picnics; for it's idle to deny that you were the heart and soul of them with your wand and your gallant bearing, and wit and humor and chivalry, and throwing that kind of society atmosphere about the thing. But for all that, you're right, and you ought to go. You may count on forty dollars a week; and if Depew City—one of nature's centres for this State—pan out the least as I expect, it may be double. But it's forty dollars anyway; and to think that two years ago you were almost reduced to beggary!"

"I *was* reduced to it," said I.

"Well, the brutes gave you nothing, and I'm glad of it now!" cried Jim. "It's the triumphant return I glory in! Think of the master, and that cold-blooded Myner too! Yes, just let the Depew City boom get on its legs, and you shall go; and two years later, day for day, I'll shake hands with you in Paris, with Mamie on my arm, God bless her!"

We talked in this vein far into the night. I was myself so exultant in my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new-found liberty, and Pinkerton so proud of my triumph, so happy in my happiness, in so warm a glow about the gallant little woman of his choice, and the very room so filled with castles in the air and cottages at Fontainebleau, that it was little wonder if sleep fled our eyelids, and three had followed two upon the office clock before Pinkerton unfolded the mechanism of his patent sofa.

CHAPTER VIII.

FACES ON THE CITY FRONT.

It is very much the custom to view life as if it were exactly ruled in two, like sleep and waking; the provinces of play and business standing separate. The business side of my career in San Francisco has been now disposed of; I approach the chapter of diversion; and it will be found they had about an equal share in building up the story of the Wrecker—a gentleman whose appearance may be presently expected.

With all my occupations, some six afternoons and two or three odd evenings remained at my disposal every week: a circumstance the more agreeable as I was a stranger in a city singularly picturesque. From what I had once called myself, *The Amateur Parisian*, I grew (or declined) into a waterside prowler, a lingerer on wharves, a frequenter of shy neighborhoods, a scraper of acquaintance with eccentric characters. I visited Chinese and Mexican gambling-hells, German secret societies, sailors' boarding-houses, and "dives" of every complexion of the disreputable and dangerous. I have seen greasy Mexican hands pinned to the table with a knife for cheating, seamen (when blood-money ran high) knocked down upon the public street and carried insensible on board short-handed ships, shots exchanged and the smoke (and the company) dispersing from the doors of the saloon. I have heard cold-minded Polacks debate upon the readiest method of burning San Francisco to the ground, hot-headed working men and women bawl and swear in the tribune at the Sandlot, and Kearney himself open his subscription for a gallows, name the manufacturers who were to grace it with their dangling bodies, and read aloud to the delighted multitude a telegram of adhesion from a member of the State legislature: all which preparations of proletarian war were (in a moment) breathed upon and abolished by the mere name and fame of Mr. Coleman. That lion of the Vigilantes had but to rouse himself and shake his ears, and the whole brawling mob was silenced. I could not but reflect what a strange manner of man this was, to be living unremarked there as a private merchant, and to be so feared by a whole city; and if I was disappointed, in my character of looker-on, to have the matter end ingloriously without the firing of a shot or the hanging of a single millionaire, philosophy tried to tell me that this sight was truly the more picturesque. In a thousand towns and different epochs I might have had occasion to behold the cowardice and carnage of street fighting; where else, but only there and then, could I have enjoyed a view of Coleman (the intermittent despot) walking meditatively up hill in a quiet part of town, with a very rolling gait, and slapping gently his great thigh?

Minora canamus. This historic figure stalks silently through a corner of the San Francisco of my memory: the rest is bric-à-brac; the reminiscences of a vagrant sketcher. My delight was much in slums. *Little Italy* was a haunt of mine; there I would look in at the windows of small eating-shops, transported bodily from Genoa or Naples, with their macaroni, and chianti flasks, and portraits of Garibaldi, and colored political caricatures; or (entering in) hold high debate with some ear-ringed fisher of the bay as to the designs of "Mr. Owstria" and "Mr. Rooshia." I was often to be observed (had there been any to observe me) in that dispeopled, hill-side solitude of *Little Mexico*, with its crazy wooden houses, endless crazy wooden stairs, and perilous mountain goat-paths in the sand. Chinatown by a thousand eccentricities drew and held me; I could never have enough of its ambiguous, interracial atmosphere, as of a vitalized museum; never wonder

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough at its outlandish, necromantic-looking vegetables set forth to sell in commonplace American shop-windows, its temple doors open and the scent of the joss-stick streaming forth on the American air, its kites of Oriental fashion hanging fouled in Western telegraph-wires, its flights of paper prayers which the trade-wind hunts and dissipates along Western gutters. I was a frequent wanderer on North Beach, gazing at the straits, and the huge Cape-Horners creeping out to sea, and imminent Tamalpais. Thence, on my homeward way, I might visit that strange and filthy shed, earth-paved and walled with the cages of wild animals and birds, where at a ramshackle counter, amid the yells of monkeys, and a poignant atmosphere of menagerie, forty-rod whiskey was administered by a proprietor as dirty as his beasts. Nor did I even neglect Nob Hill, which is itself a kind of slum, being the habitat of the mere millionaire. There they dwell upon the hill-top, high raised above man's clamor, and the trade-wind blows between their palaces about deserted streets.

But San Francisco is not herself only. She is not only the most interesting city in the Union, and the hugest smelting-pot of races and the precious metals. She keeps, besides, the doors of the Pacific, and is the port of entry to another world and an earlier epoch in man's history. Nowhere else shall you observe (in the ancient phrase) so many tall ships as here convene from round the Horn, from China, from Sydney, and the Indies; but scarce remarked amid that crowd of deep-sea giants, another class of craft, the Island schooner, circulates; low in the water, with lofty spars and dainty lines, rigged and fashioned like a yacht, manned with brown-skinned, soft-spoken, sweet-eyed native sailors, and equipped with their great double-ender boats that tell a tale of boisterous sea-beaches. These steal out and in again, unnoted by the world or even the newspaper press, save for the line in the clearing column, "Schooner So-and-so for Yap and South Sea Islands"—steal out with nondescript cargoes of tinned salmon, gin, bolts of gaudy cotton stuff, women's hats, and Waterbury watches, to return, after a year, piled as high as to the eaves of the house with copra, or wallowing deep with the shells of the tortoise or the pearl oyster. To me, in my character of the Amateur Parisian, this island traffic, and even the island world, were beyond the bounds of curiosity, and how much more of knowledge. I stood there on the extreme shore of the West and of to-day. Seventeen hundred years ago, and seven thousand miles to the east, a legionary stood, perhaps, upon the wall of Antoninus, and looked northward toward the mountains of the Picts. For all the interval of time and space, I, when I looked from the cliff-house on the broad Pacific, was that man's heir and analogue: each of us standing on the verge of the Roman Empire (or, as we now call it, Western civilization), each of us gazing onward into zones unromanized. But I was dull. I looked rather backward, keeping a kind eye on Paris; and it required a series of converging incidents to change my attitude of nonchalance for one of interest, and even longing, which I little dreamed that I should live to gratify.

The first of these incidents brought me in acquaintance with a certain San Francisco character, who had something of a name beyond the limits of the city, and was known to many lovers of good English. I had discovered a new slum, a place of precarious, sandy cliffs, deep, sandy cuttings, solitary, ancient houses, and the butt-ends of streets. It was already environed. The ranks of the street-lamps threaded it unbroken. The city, upon all sides of it, was tightly packed, and growled with traffic. To-day, I do not doubt the very landmarks are all swept away; but it offered then, within narrow limits, a delightful peace, and (in the morning, when I chiefly went there) a seclusion almost rural. On a steep sand-hill, in this neighborhood, toppled, on the most insecure foundation, a certain row of houses, each with a bit of garden, and all (I have to presume) inhabited. Thither I used to mount by a crumbling footpath, and in front of the last of the houses, would sit down to sketch. The very first day I saw I was observed, out of the ground-floor window, by a youngish, good-looking fellow, prematurely bald, and with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an expression both lively and engaging. The second, as we were still the only figures in the landscape, it was no more than natural that we should nod. The third, he came fairly out from his entrenchments, praised my sketch, and with the impromptu cordiality of artists carried me into his apartment; where I sat presently in the midst of a museum of strange objects,—paddles and battle-clubs and baskets, rough-hewn stone images, ornaments of threaded shell, cocoanut bowls, snowy cocoanut plumes —evidences and examples of another earth, another climate, another race, and another (if a ruder) culture. Nor did these objects lack a fitting commentary in the conversation of my new acquaintance. Doubtless you have read his book. You know already how he tramped and starved, and had so fine a profit of living, in his days among the islands; and, meeting him, as I did, one artist with another, after months of offices and picnics, you can imagine with what charm he would speak, and with what pleasure I would hear. It was in such talks, which we were both eager to repeat, that I first heard the names—first fell under the spell—of the islands; and it was from one of the first of them that I returned (a happy man) with *Omoo* under one arm, and my friend's own adventures under the other.

The second incident was more dramatic, and had, besides, a bearing on my future. I was standing, one day, near a boat-landing under Telegraph Hill. A large barque, perhaps of eighteen hundred tons, was coming more than usually close about the point to reach her moorings; and I was observing her with languid inattention, when I observed two men to stride across the bulwarks, drop into a shore boat, and, violently dispossessing the boatman of his oars, pull toward the landing where I stood. In a surprisingly short time they came tearing up the steps; and I could see that both were too well dressed to be foremast hands—the first even with research, and both, and specially the first, appeared under the empire of some strong emotion.

"Nearest police office!" cried the leader.

"This way," said I, immediately falling in with their precipitate pace. "What's wrong? What ship is that?"

"That's the *Gleaner*," he replied. "I am chief officer, this gentleman's third; and we've to get in our depositions before the crew. You see they might corral us with the captain; and that's no kind of berth for me. I've sailed with some hard cases in my time, and seen pins flying like sand on a squally day—but never a match to our old man. It never let up from the Hook to the Farallones; and the last man was dropped not sixteen hours ago. Packet rats our men were, and as tough a crowd as ever sand-bagged a man's head in; but they looked sick enough when the captain started in with his fancy shooting."

"O, he's done up," observed the other. "He won't go to sea no more."

"You make me tired," retorted his superior. "If he gets ashore in one piece and isn't lynched in the next ten minutes, he'll do yet. The owners have a longer memory than the public; they'll stand by him; they don't find as smart a captain every day in the year."

"O, he's a son of a gun of a fine captain, there ain't no doubt of that," concurred the other, heartily. "Why, I don't suppose there's been no wages paid aboard that *Gleaner* for three trips."

"No wages?" I exclaimed, for I was still a novice in maritime affairs.

"Not to sailor-men before the mast," agreed the mate. "Men cleared out; wasn't the soft job they maybe took it for. She isn't the first ship that never paid wages."

I could not but observe that our pace was progressively relaxing; and indeed I have often wondered since whether the hurry of the start were not intended for the gallery alone. Certain it is at least, that when we had reached the police office, and the mates had made their deposition, and told their horrid tale of five men murdered, some with savage passion, some with cold brutality, between Sandy Hook and San Francisco, the police were despatched in time to be too late. Before we arrived, the ruffian had slipped out upon the dock, had mingled with the crowd, and found a refuge in the house of an acquaintance; and the ship was only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenanted by his late victims. Well for him that he had been thus speedy. For when word began to go abroad among the shore-side characters, when the last victim was carried by to the hospital, when those who had escaped (as by miracle) from that floating shambles, began to circulate and show their wounds in the crowd, it was strange to witness the agitation that seized and shook that portion of the city. Men shed tears in public; bosses of lodging-houses, long inured to brutality, and above all, brutality to sailors, shook their fists at heaven: if hands could have been laid on the captain of the *Gleaner*, his shrift would have been short. That night (so gossip reports) he was headed up in a barrel and smuggled across the bay: in two ships already he had braved the penitentiary and the gallows; and yet, by last accounts, he now commands another on the Western Ocean.

As I have said, I was never quite certain whether Mr. Nares (the mate) did not intend that his superior should escape. It would have been like his preference of loyalty to law; it would have been like his prejudice, which was all in favor of the after-guard. But it must remain a matter of conjecture only. Well as I came to know him in the sequel, he was never communicative on that point, nor indeed on any that concerned the voyage of the *Gleaner*. Doubtless he had some reason for his reticence. Even during our walk to the police office, he debated several times with Johnson, the third officer, whether he ought not to give up himself, as well as to denounce the captain. He had decided in the negative, arguing that "it would probably come to nothing, and even if there was a stink, he had plenty good friends in San Francisco." And to nothing it came; though it must have very nearly come to something, for Mr. Nares disappeared immediately from view and was scarce less closely hidden than his captain.

Johnson, on the other hand, I often met. I could never learn this man's country; and though he himself claimed to be American, neither his English nor his education warranted the claim. In all likelihood he was of Scandinavian birth and blood, long pickled in the forecastles of English and American ships. It is possible that, like so many of his race in similar positions, he had already lost his native tongue. In mind, at least, he was quite denationalized; thought only in English—to call it so; and though by nature one of the mildest, kindest, and most feebly playful of mankind, he had been so long accustomed to the cruelty of sea discipline, that his stories (told perhaps with a giggle) would sometimes turn me chill. In appearance, he was tall, light of weight, bold and high-bred of feature, dusky-haired, and with a face of a clean even brown: the ornament of outdoor men. Seated in a chair, you might have passed him off for a baronet or a military officer; but let him rise, and it was Fo'c's'le Jack that came rolling toward you, crab-like; let him but open his lips, and it was Fo'c's'le Jack that piped and drawled his ungrammatical gibberish. He had sailed (among other places) much among the islands; and after a Cape Horn passage with its snow-squalls and its frozen sheets, he announced his intention of "taking a turn among them Kanakas." I thought I should have lost him soon; but according to the unwritten usage of mariners, he had first to dissipate his wages. "Guess I'll have to paint this town red," was his hyperbolical expression; for sure no man ever embarked upon a milder course of dissipation, most of his days being passed in the little parlor behind Black Tom's public house, with a select corps of old particular acquaintances, all from the South Seas, and all patrons of a long yarn, a short pipe, and glasses round.

Black Tom's, to the front, presented the appearance of a fourth-rate saloon, devoted to Kanaka seamen, dirt, negro-head tobacco, bad cigars, worse gin, and guitars and banjos in a state of decline. The proprietor, a powerful colored man, was at once a publican, a ward politician, leader of some brigade of "lambs" or "smashers," at the wind of whose clubs the party bosses and the mayor were supposed to tremble, and (what hurt nothing) an active and reliable crimp. His front quarters, then, were noisy, disreputable, and not even

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

safe. I have seen worse frequented saloons where there were fewer scandals; for Tom was often drunk himself; and there is no doubt the Lambs must have been a useful body, or the place would have been closed. I remember one day, not long before an election, seeing a blind man, very well dressed, led up to the counter and remain a long while in consultation with the negro. The pair looked so ill-assorted, and the awe with which the drinkers fell back and left them in an impromptu privacy was so unusual in such a place, that I turned to my next neighbor with a question. He told me the blind man was a distinguished party boss, called by some the King of San Francisco, but perhaps better known by his picturesque Chinese nickname of the Blind White Devil. "The Lambs must be wanted pretty bad, I guess," my informant added. I have here a sketch of the Blind White Devil leaning on the counter; on the next page, and taken the same hour, a jotting of Black Tom threatening a whole crowd of customers with a long Smith & Wesson: to such heights and depths we rose and fell in the front parts of the saloon.

Meanwhile, away in the back quarters, sat the small informal South Sea club, talking of another world and surely of a different century. Old schooner captains they were, old South Sea traders, cooks, and mates: fine creatures, softened by residence among a softer race: full men besides, though not by reading, but by strange experience; and for days together I could hear their yarns with an unfading pleasure. All had indeed some touch of the poetic; for the beach-comber, when not a mere ruffian, is the poor relation of the artist. Even though Johnson's inarticulate speech, his "O yes, there ain't no harm in them Kanakas," or, "O yes, that's a son of a gun of a fine island, mountainious right down; I didn't never ought to have left that island," there pierced a certain gusto of appreciation: and some of the rest were master-talkers. From their long tales, their traits of character and unpremeditated landscape, there began to piece itself together in my head some image of the islands and the island life: precipitous shores, spired mountain tops, the deep shade of hanging forests, the unresting surf upon the reef, and the unending peace of the lagoon; sun, moon, and stars of an imperial brightness; man moving in these scenes scarce fallen, and woman lovelier than Eve; the primal curse abrogated, the bed made ready for the stranger, life set to perpetual music, and the guest welcomed, the boat urged, and the long night beguiled, with poetry and choral song. A man must have been an unsuccessful artist; he must have starved on the streets of Paris; he must have been yoked to a commercial force like Pinkerton, before he can conceive the longings that at times assailed me. The draughty, rowdy city of San Francisco, the bustling office where my friend Jim paced like a caged lion daily between ten and four, even (at times) the retrospect of Paris, faded in comparison. Many a man less tempted would have thrown up all to realize his visions; but I was by nature unadventurous and uninitiative: to divert me from all former paths and send me cruising through the isles of paradise, some force external to myself must be exerted; Destiny herself must use the fitting wedge; and little as I deemed it, that tool was already in her hand of brass.

I sat, one afternoon, in the corner of a great, glassy, silvered saloon, a free lunch at my one elbow, at the other a "conscientious nude" from the brush of local talent; when, with the tramp of feet and a sudden buzz of voices, the swing-doors were flung broadly open and the place carried as by storm. The crowd which thus entered (mostly seafaring men, and all prodigiously excited) contained a sort of kernel or general centre of interest, which the rest merely surrounded and advertised, as children in the Old World surround and escort the Punch-and-Judy man; and word went round the bar like wildfire, that these were Captain Trent and the survivors of the British brig *Flying Scud*, picked up by a British war-ship on Midway Island, arrived that morning in San Francisco Bay, and now fresh from making the necessary declarations. Presently I had a good sight of them: four brown, seamanlike fellows, standing by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the counter, glass in hand, the centre of a score of questioners. One was a Kanaka—the cook, I was informed; one carried a cage with a canary, which occasionally trilled into thin song; one had his left arm in a sling and looked gentlemanlike, and somewhat sickly, as though the injury had been severe and he was scarce recovered; and the captain himself—a red-faced, blue-eyed thick-set man of five-and-forty—wore a bandage on his right hand. The incident struck me; I was struck particularly to see captain, cook, and 'foremast hands walking the street and visiting saloons in company; and, as when anything impressed me, I got my sketch-book out and began to steal a sketch of the four castaways. The crowd, sympathising with my design, made a clear lane across the room; and I was thus enabled, all unobserved myself, to observe with a still-growing closeness the face and the demeanor of Captain Trent.

Warmed by whiskey and encouraged by the eagerness of the bystanders, that gentleman was now rehearsing the history of his misfortune. It was but scraps that reached me: how he "filled her on the starboard tack," and how "it came up sudden out of the nor'nor'-west," and "there she was, high and dry." Sometimes he would appeal to one of the men—"That was how it was, Jack?"—and the man, deeply expectorating, would reply, "That was how it were, Cap'n Trent." Lastly, he started a fresh tide of popular sympathy by enunciating the sentiment, "Damn all the Admiralty Charts, and that's what I say!" From the nodding of heads and the murmurs of assent that followed, I could see that Captain Trent had established himself in the public mind as a gentleman and a thorough navigator: about which period, my sketch of the four men and the canary-bird being finished, and all (especially the canary-bird) excellent likenesses, I buckled on my book, and slipped from the saloon.

Little did I suppose that I was leaving Act I, Scene I, of the drama of my life; and yet the scene, or rather the captain's face, lingered for some time in my memory. I was no prophet, as I say; but I was something else: I was an observer; and one thing I knew, I knew when a man was terrified. Captain Trent, of the British brig *Flying Scud* had been glib; he had been ready; he had been loud; but in his blue eyes I could detect the chill, and in the lines of his countenance spy the agitation of perpetual terror. Was he trembling for his certificate? In my judgment, it was some livelier kind of fear that thrilled in the man's marrow as he turned to drink. Was it the result of recent shock, and had he not yet recovered the disaster to his brig? I remembered how a friend of mine had been in a railway accident, and shook and started for a month; and although Captain Trent of the *Flying Scud* had none of the appearance of a nervous man, I told myself, with incomplete conviction, that his must be a similar case.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WRECK OF THE "FLYING SCUD."

THE next morning I found Pinkerton, who had risen before me, seated at our usual table, and deep in the perusal of what I will call the *Daily Occidental*. This was a paper (I know not if it be so still) that stood out alone among its brethren in the West; the others, down to their smallest item, were defaced with capitals, head lines, alliterations, swaggering misquotations, and the shoddy picturesque and unpathetic pathos of the Harry Millers: the *Occidental* alone appeared to be written by a dull, sane, Christian gentleman, singly desirous of communicating knowledge. It had not only this merit, which endeared it to me, but was admittedly the best informed on business matters, which attracted Pinkerton.

"Loudon," said he, looking up from the journal, "you sometimes think I have too many irons in the fire. My notion, on the other hand, is, when you see a dollar lying, pick it up! Well, here I've tumbled over a whole pile of 'em on a reef in the middle of the Pacific."

"Why, Jim, you miserable fellow!" I exclaimed; "haven't we Depew City, one of God's green centres for this State? haven't we——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Just listen to this," interrupted Jim. "It's miserable copy; these *Occidental* reporter fellows have no fire; but the facts are right enough, I guess." And he began to read:

"WRECK OF THE BRITISH BRIG, 'FLYING SCUD.'

"H. B. M. S. *Tempest*, which arrived yesterday at this port, brings Captain Trent and four men of the British brig *Flying Scud*, cast away February 12th on Midway Island, and most providentially rescued the next day. The *Flying Scud* was of 200 tons burthen, owned in London, and has been out nearly two years tramping. Captain Trent left Hong Kong December 8th, bound for this port in rice and a small mixed cargo of silks, teas, and china notions, the whole valued at $10,000, fully covered by insurance. The log shows plenty of fine weather, with light airs, calms, and squalls. In lat. 35 N., long. 178 E., his water going rotten, and misled by Hoyt's *North Pacific Directory*, which informed him there was a coaling station on the island, Captain Trent put in to Midway Island. He found it a literal sandbank, surrounded by a coral reef mostly submerged. Birds were very plenty, there was good fish in the lagoon, but no firewood; and the water, which could be obtained by digging, brackish. He found good holding-ground off the north end of the larger bank in fifteen fathoms water; bottom sandy, with coral patches. Here he was detained seven days by a calm, the crew suffering severely from the water, which was gone quite bad; and it was only on the evening of the 12th, that a little wind sprang up, coming puffy out of N.N.E. Late as it was, Captain Trent immediately weighed anchor and attempted to get out. While the vessel was beating up to the passage, the wind took a sudden lull and then veered squally into N. and even N.N.W., driving the brig ashore on the sand at about twenty minutes before six o'clock. John Wallen, a native of Finland, and Charles Holdorsen, a native of Sweden, were drowned alongside, in attempting to lower a boat, neither being able to swim, the squall very dark, and the noise of the breakers drowning everything. At the same time John Hardy, another of the crew, had his arm broken by the falls. Captain Trent further informed the OCCIDENTAL reporter, that the brig struck heavily at first bows on, he supposes upon coral; that she then drove over the obstacle, and now lies in sand, much down by the head and with a list to starboard. In the first collision she must have sustained some damage, as she was making water forward. The rice will probably be all destroyed; but the more valuable part of the cargo is fortunately in the afterhold. Captain Trent was preparing his longboat for sea, when the providential arrival of the *Tempest*, pursuant to Admiralty orders to call at islands in her course for castaways, saved the gallant captain from all further danger. It is scarcely necessary to add that both the officers and men of the unfortunate vessel speak in high terms of the kindness they received on board the man-of-war. We print a list of the survivors: Jacob Trent, master, of Hull, England; Elias Goddedael, mate, native of Christiansand, Sweden; Ah Wing, cook, native of Sana, China; John Brown, native of Glasgow, Scotland; John Hardy, native of London, England. The *Flying Scud* is ten years old, and this morning will be sold as she stands, by order of Lloyd's agent, at public auction for the benefit of the underwriters. The auction will take place in the Merchants' Exchange at ten o'clock.

"*Farther Particulars.*—Later in the afternoon the OCCIDENTAL reporter found Lieutenant Sebright, first officer of H. B. M. S. *Tempest*, at the Palace Hotel. The gallant officer was somewhat pressed for time, but confirmed the account given by Captain Trent in all particulars. He added that the *Flying Scud* is in an excellent berth, and except in the highly improbable event of a heavy N.W. gale, might last until next winter."

"You will never know anything of literature," said I, when Jim had finished. "That is a good, honest, plain piece of work, and tells the story clearly. I see only one mistake: the cook is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not a Chinaman; he is a Kanaka, and I think a Hawaiian."

"Why, how do you know that?" asked Jim.

"I saw the whole gang yesterday in a saloon," said I. "I even heard the tale, or might have heard it, from Captain Trent himself, who struck me as thirsty and nervous."

"Well, that's neither here nor there," cried Pinkerton. "The point is, how about these dollars lying on a reef?"

"Will it pay?" I asked.

"Pay like a sugar trust!" exclaimed Pinkerton. "Don't you see what this British officer says about the safety? Don't you see the cargo's valued at ten thousand? Schooners are begging just now; I can get my pick of them at two hundred and fifty a month; and how does that foot up? It looks like three hundred per cent to me."

"You forget," I objected, "the captain himself declares the rice is damaged."

"That's a point, I know," admitted Jim. "But the rice is the sluggish article, anyway; it's little more account than ballast; it's the tea and silks that I look to: all we have to find is the proportion, and one look at the manifest will settle that. I've rung up Lloyd's on purpose; the captain is to meet me there in an hour, and then I'll be as posted on that brig as if I built her. Besides, you've no idea what pickings there are about a wreck—copper, lead, rigging, anchors, chains, even the crockery, Loudon!"

"You seem to me to forget one trifle," said I. "Before you pick that wreck, you've got to buy her, and how much will she cost?"

"One hundred dollars," replied Jim, with the promptitude of an automaton.

"How on earth do you guess that?" I cried.

"I don't guess; I know it," answered the Commercial Force. "My dear boy, I may be a galoot about literature, but you'll always be an outsider in business. How do you suppose I bought the *James L. Moody* for two hundred and fifty, her boats alone worth four times the money? Because my name stood first in the list. Well, it stands there again; I have the naming of the figure, and I name a small one because of the distance: but it wouldn't matter what I named; that would be the price."

"It sounds mysterious enough," said I. "Is this public auction conducted in a subterranean vault? Could a plain citizen—myself, for instance—come and see?"

"Oh, everything's open and above board!" he cried indignantly. "Anybody can come, only nobody bids against us; and if he did he would get frozen out. It's been tried before now, and once was enough. We hold the plant; we've got the connection; we can afford to go higher than any outsider; there's two million dollars in the ring; and we stick at nothing. Or suppose anybody did buy over our head—I tell you, Loudon, he would think this town gone crazy; he could no more get business through on the city front than I can dance; schooners, divers, men—all he wanted—the prices would fly right up and strike him."

"But how did you get in?" I asked. "You were once an outsider like your neighbors, I suppose?"

"I took hold of that thing, Loudon, and just studied it up," he replied. "It took my fancy; it was so romantic, and then I saw there was boodle in the thing; and I figured on the business till no man alive could give me points. Nobody knew I had an eye on wrecks till one fine morning I dropped in upon Douglas B. Longhurst in his den, gave him all the facts and figures, and put it to him straight: 'Do you want me in this ring? or shall I start another?' He took half an hour, and when I came back, 'Pink,' says he, 'I've put your name on.' The first time I came to the top, it was that *Moody* racket; now it's the *Flying Scud*."

Whereupon Pinkerton, looking at his watch, uttered an exclamation, made a hasty appointment with myself for the doors of the Merchants' Exchange, and fled to examine manifests and interview the skipper. I finished my cigarette with the deliberation of a man at the end of many picnics; reflecting to myself that of all forms of the dollar hunt, this wrecking had by far the most address to my imagination. Even as I went down town, in the brisk bustle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and chill of the familiar San Francisco thoroughfares, I was haunted by a vision of the wreck, baking so far away in the strong sun, under a cloud of sea-birds; and even then, and for no better reason, my heart inclined toward the adventure. If not myself, something that was mine, some one at least in my employment should voyage to that ocean-bounded pin-point and descend to that deserted cabin.

Pinkerton met me at the appointed moment, pinched of lip and more than usually erect of bearing, like one conscious of great resolves.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "it might be better, and it might be worse. This Captain Trent is a remarkably honest fellow—one out of a thousand. As soon as he knew I was in the market, he owned up about the rice in so many words. By his calculation, if there's thirty mats of it saved, it's an outside figure. However, the manifest was cheerier. There's about five thousand dollars of the whole value in silks and teas and nut-oils and that, all in the lazarette, and as safe as if it was in Kearney Street. The brig was new coppered a year ago. There's upward of a hundred and fifty fathom away-up chain. It's not a bonanza, but there's boodle in it; and we'll try it on."

It was by that time hard on ten o'clock, and we turned at once into the place of sale. The *Flying Scud*, although so important to ourselves, appeared to attract a very humble share of popular attention. The auctioneer was surrounded by perhaps a score of lookers-on, big fellows, for the most part, of the true Western build, long in the leg, broad in the shoulder, and adorned (to a plain man's taste) with needless finery. A jaunty, ostentatious comradeship prevailed. Bets were flying, and nicknames. "The boys" (as they would have called themselves) were very boyish; and it was plain they were here in mirth, and not on business. Behind, and certainly in strong contrast to these gentlemen, I could detect the figure of my friend Captain Trent, come (as I could very well imagine that a captain would) to hear the last of his old vessel. Since yesterday, he had rigged himself anew in ready-made black clothes, not very aptly fitted; the upper left-hand pocket showing a corner of silk handkerchief, the lower, on the other side, bulging with papers. Pinkerton had just given this man a high character. Certainly he seemed to have been very frank, and I looked at him again to trace (if possible) that virtue in his face. It was red and broad and flustered and (I thought) false. The whole man looked sick with some unknown anxiety; and as he stood there, unconscious of my observation, he tore at his nails, scowled on the floor, or glanced suddenly, sharply, and fearfully at passers-by. I was still gazing at the man in a kind of fascination, when the sale began.

Some preliminaries were rattled through, to the irreverent, uninterrupted gambolling of the boys; and then, amid a trifle more attention, the auctioneer sounded for some two or three minutes the pipe of the charmer. Fine brig—new copper—valuable fittings—three fine boats—remarkably choice cargo—what the auctioneer would call a perfectly safe investment; nay, gentlemen, he would go further, he would put a figure on it: he had no hesitation (had that bold auctioneer) in putting it in figures; and in his view, what with this and that, and one thing and another, the purchaser might expect to clear a sum equal to the entire estimated value of the cargo; or, gentlemen, in other words, a sum of ten thousand dollars. At this modest computation the roof immediately above the speaker's head (I suppose, through the intervention of a spectator of ventriloquial tastes) uttered a clear "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"—whereat all laughed, the auctioneer himself obligingly joining.

"Now, gentlemen, what shall we say," resumed that gentleman, plainly ogling Pinkerton,—"what shall we say for this remarkable opportunity?"

"One hundred dollars," said Pinkerton.

"One hundred dollars from Mr. Pinkerton," went the auctioneer, "one hundred dollars. No other gentleman inclined to make any advance? One hundred dollars, only one hundred dollars . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The auctioneer was droning on to some such tune as this, and I, on my part, was watching with something between sympathy and amazement the undisguised emotion of Captain Trent, when we were all startled by the interjection of a bid.

"And fifty," said a sharp voice.

Pinkerton, the auctioneer, and the boys, who were all equally in the open secret of the ring, were now all equally and simultaneously taken aback.

"I beg your pardon," said the auctioneer. "Anybody bid?"

"And fifty," reiterated the voice, which I was now able to trace to its origin, on the lips of a small, unseemly rag of human-kind. The speaker's skin was gray and blotched; he spoke in a kind of broken song, with much variety of key; his gestures seemed (as in the disease called Saint Vitus's dance) to be imperfectly under control; he was badly dressed; he carried himself with an air of shrinking assumption, as though he were proud to be where he was and to do what he was doing, and yet half expected to be called in question and kicked out. I think I never saw a man more of a piece; and the type was new to me; I had never before set eyes upon his parallel, and I thought instinctively of Balzac and the lower regions of the *Comédie Humaine*.

Pinkerton stared a moment on the intruder with no friendly eye, tore a leaf from his note-book, and scribbled a line in pencil, turned, beckoned a messenger boy, and whispered "To Longhurst." Next moment, the boy had sped upon his errand, and Pinkerton was again facing the auctioneer.

"Two hundred dollars," said Jim.

"And fifty," said the enemy.

"This looks lively," whispered I to Pinkerton.

"Yes; the little beast means cold drawn biz," returned my friend. "Well, he'll have to have a lesson. Wait till I see Longhurst. Three hundred," he added aloud.

"And fifty," came the echo.

It was about this moment when my eye fell again on Captain Trent. A deeper shade had mounted to his crimson face: the new coat was unbuttoned and all flying open; the new silk handkerchief in busy requisition; and the man's eye, of a clear sailor blue, shone glassy with excitement. He was anxious still, but now (if I could read a face) there was hope in his anxiety.

"Jim," I whispered, "look at Trent. Bet you what you please, he was expecting this."

"Yes," was the reply, "there's some blame' thing going on here." And he renewed his bid.

The figure had run up into the neighbourhood of a thousand when I was aware of a sensation in the faces opposite, and looking over my shoulder, saw a very large, bland, handsome man come strolling forth and make a little signal to the auctioneer.

"One word, Mr. Borden," said he; and then to Jim, "Well, Pink, where are we up to now?"

Pinkerton gave him the figure. "I ran up to that on my own responsibility, Mr. Longhurst," he added, with a flush. "I thought it the square thing."

"And so it was," said Mr. Longhurst, patting him kindly on the shoulder, like a gratified uncle. "Well, you can drop out now; we take hold ourselves. You can run it up to five thousand; and if he likes to go beyond that, he's welcome to the bargain."

"By the by, who is he!" asked Pinkerton. "He looks away down."

"I've sent Billy to find out." And at the very moment Mr. Longhurst received from the hands of one of the expensive young gentlemen a folded paper. It was passed round from one to another till it came to me, and I read: Harry D. Bellairs, Attorney-at-Law; defended Clara Varden; twice nearly disbarred."

"Well, that gets me!" observed Mr. Longhurst. "Who can have put up a shyster* like that? Nobody with money, that's a sure thing. Suppose you tried a big bluff? I think I would, Pink. Well, ta-ta! Your partner, Mr. Dodd? Happy to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir." And the great man withdrew.

"Well, what do you think of Douglas B.?" whispered Pinkerton, looking reverently after him as he departed. "Six foot of perfect gentleman and culture to his boots."

* A low lawyer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During this interview the auction had stood transparently arrested, the auctioneer, the spectators, and even Bellairs, all well aware that Mr. Longhurst was the principal, and Jim but a speaking-trumpet. But now that the Olympian Jupiter was gone, Mr. Borden thought proper to affect severity.

"Come, come, Mr. Pinkerton. Any advance?" he snapped.

And Pinkerton, resolved on the big bluff, replied, "Two thousand dollars."

Bellairs preserved his composure. "And fifty," said he. But there was a stir among the onlookers, and what was of more importance, Captain Trent had turned pale and visibly gulped.

"Pitch it in again, Jim," said I. "Trent is weakening."

"Three thousand," said Jim.

"And fifty, said Bellairs.

And then the bidding returned to its original movement by hundreds and fifties; but I had been able in the meanwhile to draw two conclusions. In the first place, Bellairs had made his last advance with a smile of gratified vanity; and I could see the creature was glorying in the *kudos* of an unusual position and secure of ultimate success. In the second, Trent had once more changed color at the thousand leap, and his relief, when he heard the answering fifty, was manifest and unaffected. Here then was a problem; both were presumably in the same interest, yet the one was not in the confidence of the other. Nor was this all. A few bids later it chanced that my eye encountered that of Captain Trent, and his, which glittered with excitement, was instantly, and I thought guiltily, withdrawn. He wished, then, to conceal his interest? As Jim had said, there was some blamed thing going on. And for certain, here were these two men, so strangely united, so strangely divided, both sharp-set to keep the wreck from us, and that at an exorbitant figure.

Was the wreck worth more than we supposed? A sudden heat was kindled in my brain; the bids were nearing Longhurst's limit of five thousand; another minute and all would be too late. Tearing a leaf from my sketch-book, and inspired (I suppose) by vanity in my own powers of inference and observation, I took the one mad decision of my life. "*If you care to go ahead,*" I wrote, "*I'm in for all I'm worth.*"

Jim read, and looked round at me like one bewildered; then his eyes lightened, and turning again to the auctioneer, he bid, "Five thousand one hundred dollars."

"And fifty," said monotonous Bellairs.

Presently Pinkerton scribbled, "*What can it be?*" and I answered, still on paper: "*I can't imagine; but there's something. Watch Bellairs; he'll go up to the ten thousand; see if he don't.*"

And he did, and we followed. Long before this, word had gone abroad that there was battle royal: we were surrounded by a crowd that looked on wondering; and when Pinkerton had offered ten thousand dollars (the outside value of the cargo, even were it safe in San Francisco Bay), and Bellairs, smirking from ear to ear to be the centre of so much attention, had jerked out his answering, "And fifty," wonder deepened to excitement.

"Ten thousand one hundred," said Jim; and even as he spoke he made a sudden gesture with his hand, his face changed, and I could see that he had guessed, or thought that he had guessed, the mystery. As he scrawled another memorandum in his note-book, his hand shook like a telegraph-operator's.

"*Chinese ship,*" ran the legend; and then, in big, tremulous half-text, and with a flourish that overran the margin, "*Opium!*"

To be sure! thought I: this must be the secret. I knew that scarce a ship came in from any Chinese port, but she carried somewhere, behind a bulkhead, or in some cunning hollow of the beams, a nest of the valuable poison. Doubtless there was some such treasure on the *Flying Scud*. How much was it worth? We knew not, we were gambling in the dark; but Trent knew, and Bellairs; and we could only watch and judge.

By this time neither Pinkerton nor I were of sound mind. Pinkerton was beside himself, his eyes like lamps. I shook in every member. To any stranger entering (say) in the course of the fifteenth thousand, we should probably have cut a poorer figure than Bellairs himself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But we did not pause; and the crowd watched us, now in silence, now with a buzz of whispers.

Seventeen thousand had been reached, when Douglas B. Longhurst, forcing his way into the opposite row of faces, conspicuously and repeatedly shook his head at Jim. Jim's answer was a note of two words: "*My racket!*" which, when the great man had perused, he shook his finger warningly, and departed, I thought, with a sorrowful countenance.

Although Mr. Longhurst knew nothing of Bellairs, the shady lawyer knew all about the Wrecker Boss. He had seen him enter the ring with manifest expectation; he saw him depart, and the bids continue, with manifest surprise and disappointment. "Hullo!" he plainly thought, "this is not the ring I'm fighting, then?" And he determined to put on a spurt.

"Eighteen thousand," said he.

"And fifty," said Jim, taking a leaf out of his adversary's book.

"Twenty thousand," from Bellairs.

"And fifty," from Jim, with a little nervous titter.

And with one consent they returned to the old pace, only now it was Bellairs who took the hundreds, and Jim who did the fifty business. But by this time our idea had gone abroad. I could hear the word "opium" pass from mouth to mouth; and by the looks directed at us, I could see we were supposed to have some private information. And here an incident occurred highly typical of San Francisco. Close at my back there had stood for some time a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with pleasant eyes, hair pleasantly grizzled, and a ruddy, pleasing face. All of a sudden, he appeared as a third competitor, skied the *Flying Scud* with four fat bids of a thousand dollars each, and then as suddenly fled the field, remaining thenceforth (as before) a silent, interested spectator.

Ever since Mr. Longhurst's useless intervention, Bellairs had seemed uneasy; and at this new attack, he began (in his turn) to scribble a note between the bids. I imagined naturally enough that it would go to Captain Trent; but when it was done, and the writer turned and looked behind him in the crowd, to my unspeakable amazement, he did not seem to remark the captain's presence.

"Messenger boy, messenger boy!" I heard him say. "Somebody call me a messenger boy."

At last somebody did, but it was not the captain.

"*He's sending for instructions,*" I wrote to Pinkerton.

"*For money,*" he wrote back. "*Shall I strike out? I think this is the time.*"

I nodded.

"Thirty thousand," said Pinkerton, making a leap of close upon three thousand dollars.

I could see doubt in Bellairs's eye; then, sudden resolution. "Thirty-five thousand," said he.

"Forty thousand," said Pinkerton.

There was a long pause, during which Bellairs's countenance was a book; and then, not much too soon for the impending hammer, "Forty Thousand and five dollars," said he.

Pinkerton and I exchanged eloquent glances. We were of one mind. Bellairs had tried a bluff; now he perceived his mistake, and was bidding against time; he was trying to spin out the sale until the messenger boy returned.

"Forty-five thousand dollars," said Pinkerton: his voice was like a ghost's and tottered with emotion.

"Forty-five thousand and five dollars," said Bellairs.

"Fifty thousand," said Pinkerton.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pinkerton. Did I hear you make an advance, sir?" asked the auctioneer.

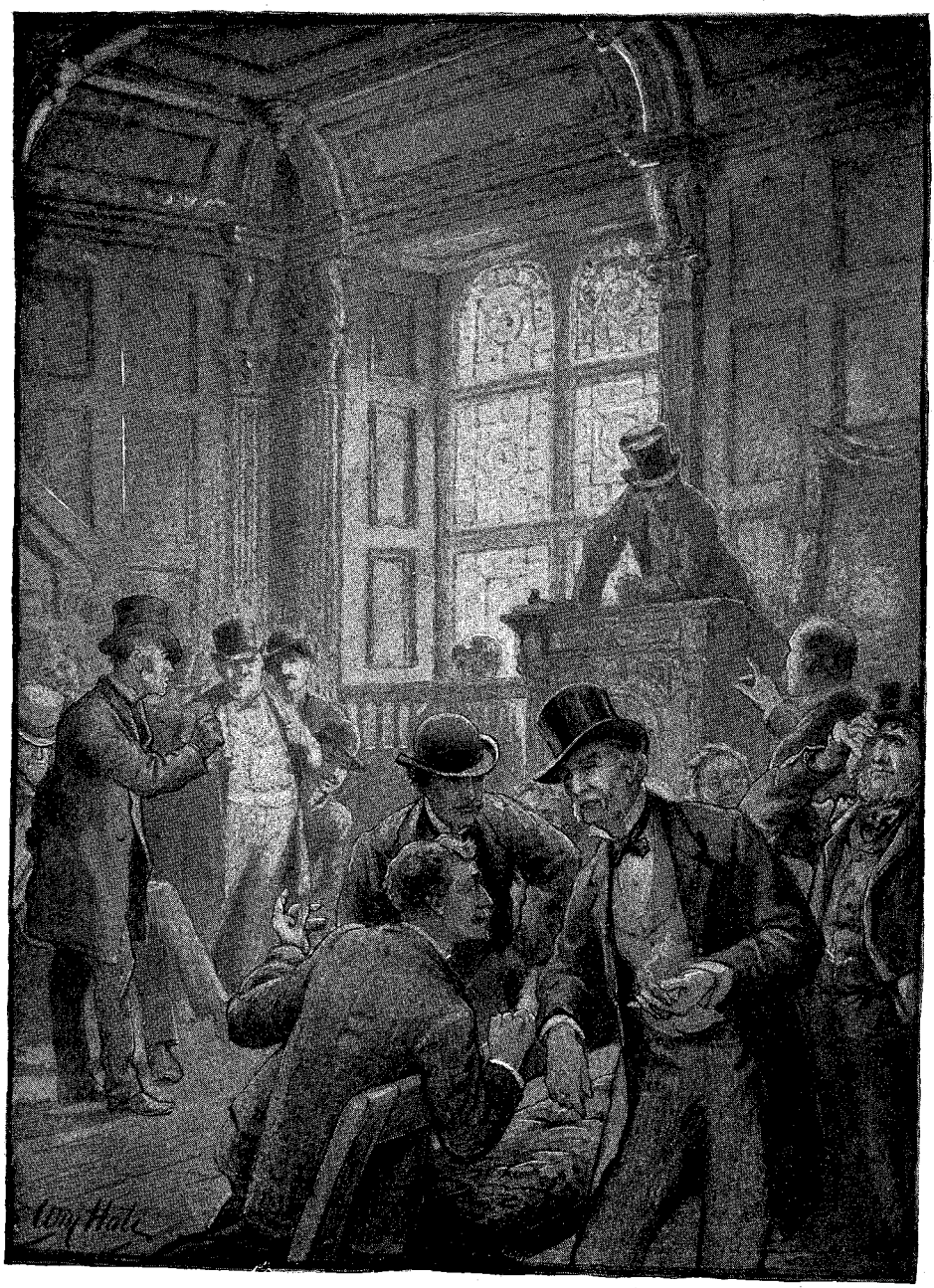
"I—I have a difficulty in speaking," gasped Jim. "It's fifty thousand, Mr. Borden."

Bellairs was on his feet in a moment. "Auctioneer," he said, "I have to beg the favor of three moments at the telephone. In this matter, I am acting on behalf of a certain party to whom I have just written——"

"I have nothing to do with any of this," said the auctioneer, brutally. "I am here to sell this wreck. Do you make any advance on fifty thousand?"

"I have the honor to explain to you, sir," returned Bellairs, with a miserable assumption of dignity. "Fifty thousand was the figure named by my princi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Going at fifty thousand, the wreck of the brig Flying Scud!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pal; but if you will give me the small favor of two moments at the telephone——"

"O, nonsense!" said the auctioneer. "If you make no advance, I'll knock it down to Mr. Pinkerton."

"I warn you," cried the attorney, with sudden shrillness. "Have a care what you're about. You are here to sell for the underwriters, let me tell you—not to act for Mr. Douglas Longhurst. This sale has been already disgracefully interrupted to allow that person to hold a consultation with his minions. It has been much commented on."

"There was no complaint at the time," said the auctioneer, manifestly discountenanced. "You should have complained at the time."

"I am not here to conduct this sale," replied Bellairs; "I am not paid for that."

"Well, I am, you see," retorted the auctioneer, his impudence quite restored; and he resumed his sing-song. "Any advance on fifty thousand dollars? No advance on fifty thousand? No advance, gentlemen? Going at fifty thousand, the wreck of the brig *Flying Scud* —going—going—gone!"

"My God, Jim, can we pay the money?" I cried, as the stroke of the hammer seemed to recall me from a dream.

"It's got to be raised," said he, white as a sheet. "It'll be a hell of a strain, Loudon. The credit's good for it, I think; but I shall have to get around. Write me a cheque for your stuff. Meet you at the Occidental in an hour."

I wrote my cheque at a desk, and I declare I could never have recognized my signature. Jim was gone in a moment; Trent had vanished even earlier; only Bellairs remained exchanging insults with the auctioneer; and behold! as I pushed my way out of the exchange, who should run full tilt into my arms, but the messenger boy?

It was by so near a margin that we became the owners of the *Flying Scud.*

(To be continued.)

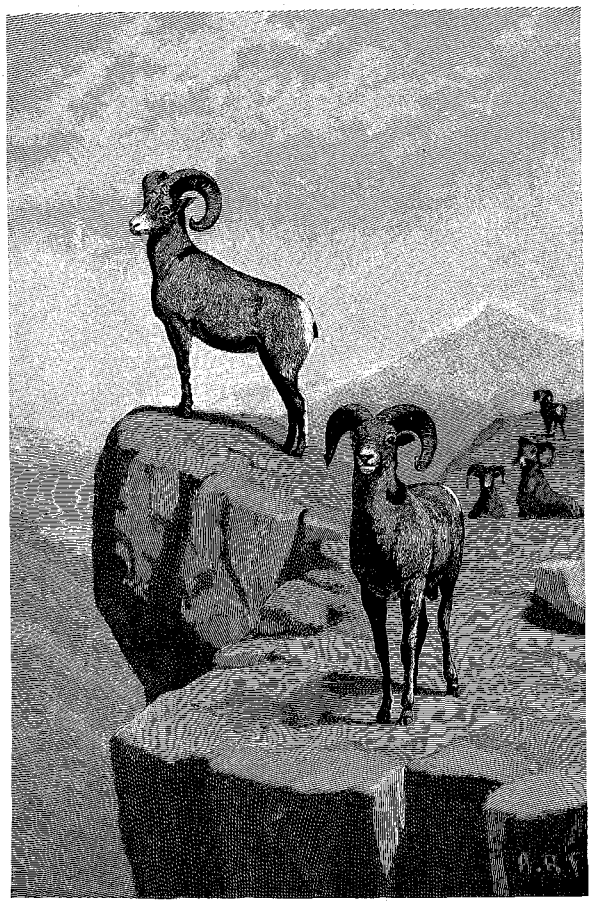
AUTUMN HAZE.

By R. K. Munkittrick.

Across the pearly distance
It lies on hill and stream,
In banks of airy turquoise
As softly as a dream—

A slumbrous smoke that rises
Serenely in the cold,
From autumn woodlands blazing
In flames of rosy gold.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"These two had a commanding position."—Page 445.

HUNTING AMERICAN BIG GAME.

By Archibald Rogers.

SOME eight or ten years ago it was by no means difficult for one who knew where to go and how to hunt, to get excellent shooting in northwestern Wyoming. Large game was there moderately abundant, with the exception of buffalo. The latter had just been exterminated, but, bleaching in the sun, the ghastly evidences of man's sordid and selfish policy lay exposed at every step.

Indian troubles of a very formidable character did a great deal toward keeping the game intact in this portion of the country by keeping the white man out, and while other parts of Wyoming grew, and towns sprang up with rapid growth to become in an incredibly short time cities, involving in destruction, as the past sad history shows, the wild animals in their vicinity, this Northwestern portion remained unsettled and acted as an asylum to receive within its rocky, mountain ranges and vast sheltering forests, the scattering bands of elk and deer fleeing from annihilation and the encroaching haunts of men. As soon as it was safe then, and in some instances unquestionably before, cattlemen, not inaptly styled pioneers of civ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ilization, began to drift down along the valley of the Big Horn, and, like the patriarchs of old, "brought their flocks with them," settling here and there wherever they could find advantageous sites for their ranches.

And now, as I propose to give some hunting experiences of those days, if you will accompany me to Billings, on the Northern Pacific Railway, the nearest town to my ranch and the Mecca to which the devout cattle-man drives his wagon for supplies, I will introduce you to the foot-hills and mountains, and some of the adventures therein.

After four days on a sleeping car it is a delightful release to tumble out on a frosty September morning, and being guided to where the ranch wagon and crew are bivouacked just outside the limits of the rapidly growing town, to get one's breakfast on terra-firma. No time is now to be wasted; the mules are hitched up; the little band of horses are rounded together, and when we have jumped into our saddles, the cook, who always handles the reins, gives a crack of his whip, and we take our departure from civilization. A couple of miles takes us to a primitive wire-rope ferry, where we cross the Yellowstone River, which at this season of the year is low and clear; in a few minutes we are over, and ascending the bluffs on the other side take our last look at the beautiful valley we are leaving behind.

By night we reach Pryor's Creek, and picking out as good a camping place as possible, the mules are soon unhitched and with the horses turned loose to graze. While the cook is preparing the evening meal I bag a few prairie chickens to give variety to the fare. Breakfasting at daylight the next morning, we are soon under way again, with Pryors Mountains in the distance as our goal for this day's journey. Toward evening the white tepees of an Indian camp are visible clustered in a picturesque group close to Pryors Mountains. Passing them, not without paying a slight tribute in the way of tobacco and such other gifts as our copper-colored friends generally demand, we fairly enter Pryors Gap, and there, in a delightful amphitheatre, we again make camp. This evening we must have trout for supper, so all hands go to work and we are soon rewarded with a fine mess of trout from the head waters of Pryors Creek.

The next day, as we reach the summit of the Gap, one of the most beautiful views in the country opens out. The great main range of the Rocky Mountains stretches before us, its rugged, snow-capped peaks glistening in the morning sun, and we long to be there, but many a long mile still intervenes, and forty-four miles of desert has to be crossed to-day. This is always an arduous undertaking. It is monotonous in the extreme, and men and animals are sure to suffer for want of good water, for after leaving Sage Creek on the other side of the Gap, there is no water to be had until Stinking Water River * is reached. But all things must have an end, and at last, late in the evening, we find ourselves encamped on the banks of that stream, beautiful despite its unfortunate name.

Fording the river the next morning, not a very terrifying operation in its present low stage, we climb the steep bank and soon begin our long ascent of the divide that separates us from our ranch and Greybull River. Accompanied by an immense amount of expletives, and very bad language, the mules are finally induced to gain the summit. Here even the most casual observer could not fail to be impressed with the magnificent and apparently indefinite expanse of mountain scenery, that, turn which way he will, meets his view. However, we have no time to linger, and picking our way among the countless buffalo wallows which indent the level surface of the summit, the wagon, with its wheels double locked, is soon groaning and creaking down the descent, which leads to the merrily rushing Meeteetse, following down which to its junction with Greybull, we are soon inside our own fence, and are joyously welcomed by the dogs. Here, too, I find my trusty friend and companion of all my hunting trips, Tazwell Woody, a grizzled veteran of the mountains, who

* Bancroft in his account of the early explorations of Wyoming refers to this river as follows: "It is a slander to use this non-descriptive name for an inoffensive stream. The early trappers took it from the Indians, who, in their peculiar fashion, called it 'the river that ran by the stinking water,' referring to bad-smelling hot springs on its banks."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once long ago claimed Missouri as his home. From the ranch to the mountains is a comparatively short trip, for one day's travel to the westward would place you well up on their slopes.

Let me say of this portion of the range that it is the most rugged, broken, and precipitous of its whole extent, and the charm of overcoming its apparent inaccessibility can only be appreciated by one who has toiled and sweated in surmounting the difficulties of mountain travel from a pure love of nature in its wildest and grandest form.

Experience having taught me long ago that it was well-nigh impossible to get good specimens of all the different varieties of big game on any one trip, I made up my mind to devote a certain amount of time each year to one variety. By this means their habits could be studied more closely, and the main point never lost sight of. In a short paper like this I may best take up the chief of these varieties one by one, and without regard to the time of their occurrence tell something of my experiences with each. And first, as to perhaps the shyest, the Rocky Mountain sheep.

In the pursuit of Rocky Mountain sheep, the hunter, to be successful, must have a fondness for the mountains, a sure foot, good wind, and a head which no height will turn. These requisites, with patience and perseverance, will, sooner or later, as the hunter gains experience, reward him with ample returns. Sometimes, however, the unexpected will happen, and the following tale will serve as an example. We were camping well up in the mountains, and almost any hour of the day sheep could be seen with the glasses. I was after sheep; it was my intent, business, and purpose to get some if possible, and all my energies were concentrated in that direction.

There were two fine rams in particular that we could see about a mile and a half from camp occupying the slope of a rocky point or promontory that jutted out from a spur of the range. These two had a commanding position, for while it seemed impossible to get to them from above, they could see every movement from below or on each side of them. However, after studying the country for two days, I found that by ascending the mountain behind them, and coming down again I could still keep above them, though there was a very narrow ledge of rocks, rather a hazardous place, that had to be crossed to get to the point they were on. This narrow ledge they had to come back on to get to the main part of the mountain; so, stationing my companion there, and taking off my shoes, and putting on an extra pair of heavy stockings, I proceeded to crawl toward the sheep.

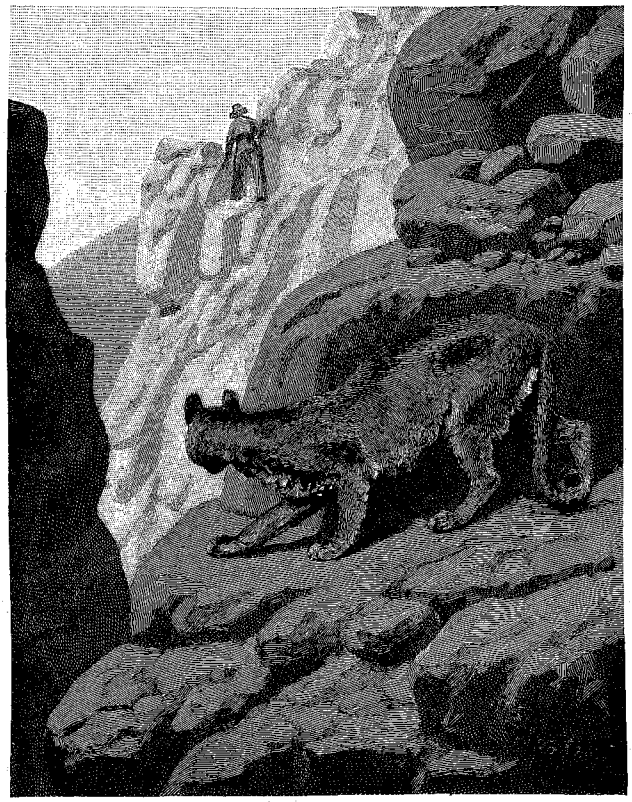
With due care, and not making a sound, I made a most successful stalk. Peering over the ledge I just raised my head enough to be sure my game was still there. They were there, sure enough, within seventy-five yards of me, totally unconscious of danger, when all of a sudden they sprang to their feet and dashed away from below me as though possessed of a devil. I fired hastily, but of course missed, and turning, tried to run back to head them off, wondering what had started them, as I knew I had made no noise. But running over broken rock in one's stocking feet is a very different thing from the slow, deliberate movements that brought me there, and besides, in a few seconds I had the mortification of seeing my would-be victims bounding across the narrow ledge that separated them from the mountain. However, I thought with satisfaction that at least one would meet its death from my companion in hiding, but, alas! although the rams almost knocked him down, his cartridge missed fire.

Regaining my shoes, which was a great relief, I soon joined my companion and then discovered the curious adventure I had been made the subject of. It seems that when I had reached a point well down on the promontory I must have disturbed a cougar which was evidently there for the same purpose I was, and which had stealthily followed me as I proceeded toward the sheep. Old Woody described it as highly amusing—I sneaking down after the rams, and the panther sneaking down upon me. As soon as the beast got an opportunity it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned off, and, making the descent, alarmed the rams and thus spoiled my hunt.

For several days I watched this point, but those rams never came back to it again. However, not long after this I was amply rewarded and secured a fine specimen. From one of the high ledges I was looking down into a sort of amphitheatre shut in by massive rocky heights. In this secluded retreat a little band of ewes, with one grand old patriarch as their master, could be seen every day disporting themselves with many a curious gambol. After many unsuccessful attempts I was enabled to get a shot, and great was my delight to deprive this little band of their supercilious protector. Upon another occasion I was camping away back up in the mountains where there were about eighteen inches of snow on the ground. The weather had been villainous; there was no meat in the camp, and I determined to see if I could not get a deer. The prospect was not very cheering, for shortly after starting a heavy fog shut down, hiding all objects from view. I had not proceeded far, however, when I struck the fresh track of a ram, and following it cautiously for about a mile through the open, it led into a dense patch of pine on the side of the mountain. Proceeding very carefully now, I soon made out the outline of a fine old ram that had wandered off here in the timber to be by himself. Giving him no time to run, for I was close upon him, certainly not farther than twenty-five yards, I planted a shot just back of the shoulder, but he did not seem to mind it. I gave him another when he started to walk slowly off. One more shot in the same place and down he came. Even then he died hard. Such is the vitality of an old ram; for upon examining him I found



"I sneaking down after the rams, and the panther sneaking down after me."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his heart all torn to pieces. This was a good head of nearly sixteen inches circumference of horns, and the girth of chest was forty-six inches. In returning to camp for horses to pack him on, I jumped five more sheep, but having done well enough, they were allowed to disappear in safety.

Sheep have a wonderfully keen vision, and it is absolutely useless to try to get to them if they once see you, unless you happen to be above them and on their favorite runway; then they huddle together and try to break back past you. The only safe rule is to travel high and keep working up above their feeding grounds. In the spring of the year they are much easier to kill than in the fall, for then the heavy winter snows have driven them out of the mountains, and they come low down after the fresh green grass. The rams are then in bands, having laid aside the hostility that later in the year seems to possess each and every one of them.

I was much interested once in watching a band of eight rams, all of them old fellows. They would feed early in the morning and then betake themselves to a large rock which stood on a grassy slope, where they would play for hours. One of them would jump on the rock and challenge the others to butt him off. Two or three would then jump up, and their horns would come together with a clash that I could hear from my position, which was fully a quarter of a mile away. On one occasion I saw them suddenly stop their play and each ram became fixed; there the little band stood as though carved out of stone. They remained that way for quite half an hour without a movement. I could not detect with the glasses the slightest motion, when, presently, three strange rams made their appearance. Here was the explanation that I was looking for. They had seen them long before I had. The three visitors were not very well received, but were compelled to beat an ignominious and hasty retreat.

As summer draws near, and the winter snow begins to disappear, bands of elk may be seen migrating toward their favorite ranges. The bulls are now together in bands of greater or less extent. Their horns are well grown out, but are soft and in the velvet. The cows and calves stick closely to the thick timber. As the season advances and the flies become troublesome, the bulls will get up as high as they can climb and seem to delight in standing on the brink of some mountain precipice. I have often wondered, in seeing them standing thus, whether they were insensible of the magnificent scenery that surrounded them.

Reader, what would you have given to have seen, as I have, a band of two hundred and fifty bull-elk all collected together on a beautiful piece of green grassy turf at an elevation of nine thousand feet? Here was a sight to make a man's nerves tingle. This was the largest band of bulls, by actual count, that I have ever seen, though my cousin and partner once saw in the fall of the year, including bulls, cows, and calves, fifteen hundred. This was on the memorable occasion when the only elk ever killed by any of my men gave up his life, and we have all concluded that this particular elk was frightened to death, for though three men shot at him and each was confident he hit him, they always asserted afterward that no bullet mark could be found on him.

Generally, in August, in each band of bulls there will be found one or two barren cows; about the end of August, after the bulls have rubbed the velvet off their antlers, they will come back to the vicinity of the bands of cows. I have seen bulls as late as September 4th peaceably feeding or resting among the bands of cows. Usually, in a band of fifty cows, there would be three or four males, including, possibly, one or two spike-bulls.* I have seen these spike-bulls in the velvet as late as September 4th, though by that time the older bulls had mostly rubbed the velvet off. A little later, about September 7th, the bulls begin to challenge each other, in hunting parlance, whistling. This, on a clear frosty night, is sometimes extremely melodious, and it is one of the most impossible sounds to imitate. Hunting elk, if I may be pardoned for

* A spike-bull is a young elk carrying his first or dag antlers. These are single tined, though in rare instances they are bifurcated.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saying it, I do not consider very exciting sport to a man thoroughly versed in the woods. They are far too noble an animal to kill unnecessarily, and if one hunts them in September when they are whistling, it is a very easy matter, guided by the sound, to stalk them successfully.

Elk, like the rest of the deer family, are excessively fond of saline matter. Their trails may be seen leading from every direction to the great alkaline licks that abound in certain parts of their mountain ranges. Among other favorite resorts are springs, which make on steep wooded slopes a delightful, boggy wallowing place. The bulls revel in these from August to the middle of September. It is not an uncommon thing to kill them just as they emerge from their viscous bath coated with mud. The elk has a great deal of natural curiosity, and I have seen instances of it to an extraordinary degree where they have been but little hunted or alarmed. My friend Phillips, of Washington, who was with me, will vouch for the veracity of this story, which I give as an example. We were wandering along the top of the mountain, some nine thousand feet up, trying to stalk some elk, not to shoot them, but to photograph them. We jumped a small band of bulls numbering about sixteen. They trotted slowly off, stopping to look back frequently, until all but two large bulls had disappeared. These walked slowly back to within fifty yards of where we were standing, and stopped, facing us.

It was truly one of the most charming sights one could have wished for, to have those graceful, sleek creatures almost close enough to caress. Presently, with a defiant snort, and with a succession of short barks, they would move away and come back again, repeating these manœuvres over and over again, until we got tired of trying to look like a brace of marble posts and sat down. We thought this would frighten them, but it did not, and once I thought they were going to proceed from curiosity to more offensive operations, so close did they come to us. Even my caterwauling, as my friend unfeelingly characterized my attempt to imitate their challenges, did not seem to alarm them, and not until a full half hour had elapsed did this pair of worthies jog off.

Elk are vigorous fighters, and while it seems but seldom that their combats terminate fatally, the broken points of their antlers, and their scarred and bruised bodies bear testimony to the severity of their encounters. A full-grown elk stands about sixteen hands high, is about eight feet two inches long from nose to tip of tail, and with a girth around the chest of about six feet.

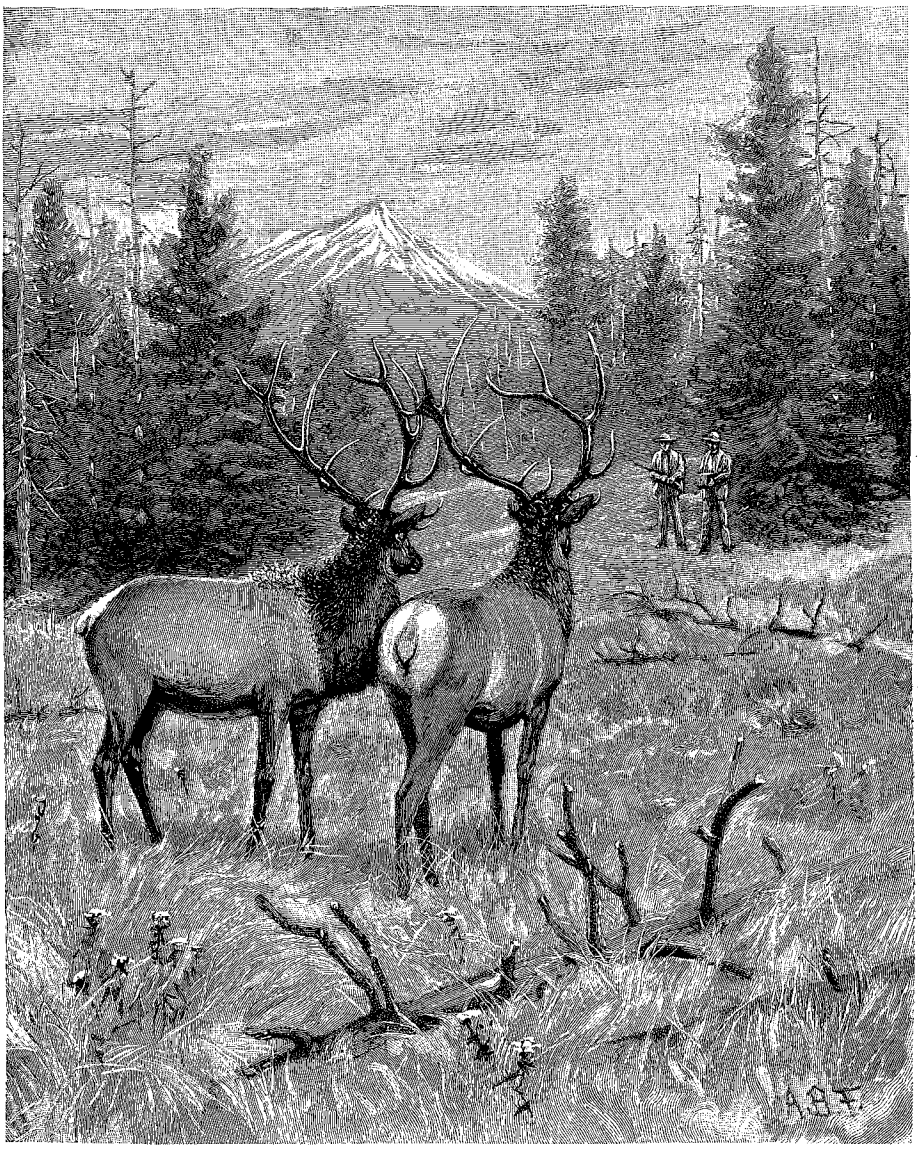
It was on the head of Wind River that I secured my largest head. The regularity of the points was somewhat marred, as the bull had evidently been fighting only a short time before I killed him. These horns were not very massive, but the length, measured along the outside curve, is sixty-three and seven-eighth inches. The circumference between bay and tray is from seven and one-half to eight inches, and the greatest spread between antlers is forty-nine inches.

Probably more horrible lies have been told by bear hunters than any other class of men, except, perhaps, fishermen, who are renowned for their yarns. However, I trust that in the case of the few instances I have to give of my experience I can keep fairly within the bounds of truth.

Bear hunting, as a general rule, I do not think would appeal to most sportsmen. It is rather slow work, and one is often very inadequately rewarded for the amount of time and trouble spent in hunting up bruin. There is hardly a portion of the mountains where there are not evidences of bear, but I do not believe that in any locality they are especially abundant. They have been hunted and trapped so long that those who survive are extremely cautious. In my experience there is no animal gifted with a greater amount of intelligence, and, in this region, the hunter's chief virtue, patience to wait and stay in one spot, is sure to be rewarded sooner or later with a good shot.

Let me say now that the danger and ferocity of the bear is, I think, very much over-stated, yet there is just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Trying to stalk some elk, not to shoot them, but to photograph them."

enough element of danger to make the pursuit of this animal exciting. Naturalists do not now apparently recognize more than two varieties of bear in the Rocky Mountains. That is, they class the cinnamon, silver-tip, and grizzly, as grizzly bear. The other variety, of course, is the black bear. I am by no means sure that the grizzly bear will not be further subdivided after careful comparisons of collections of skulls.

Much has been said and written about the size and weight of the grizzly bear, and in most instances this has been mere guess-work. Lewis and Clark made frequent mention of this animal, and yet their estimate of the weight falls far below that of other writers. Only a few instances have come to my knowledge where the weight has been ascertained absolutely. A good-sized grizzly killed in Yellowstone Park last summer by Wilson, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government scout, weighed six hundred pounds. Colonel Pickett, who has a neighboring ranch to mine, and who has killed more bear than any man I know of, weighed his largest, which, if I remember rightly, weighed eight hundred pounds. One will, of course, occasionally see a very large skin, and from its size it would seem impossible that the animal that once filled it out, if in good condition, could have weighed less than twelve hundred pounds. But I think it may be safely set down that the average weight of most specimens that one will get in the mountains will be under, rather than over, five hundred pounds.

To me, bear hunting possesses a great fascination, and for years I have hunted nothing else. Personally I prefer to go after them in the spring. Their skins are then in their prime, the hair long and soft, and their claws (if valued as they should be) are long and sharp from disuse. Bear seek their winter quarters in Bad Lands and in the mountains. Those that adopt the former come out much earlier; consequently if the hunter is on the ground soon enough, he may, by beginning in the lower lands first and working toward the mountains, be reasonably sure of securing good skins as late as June. In the spring, too, bear are much more in the open, and travel incessantly in search of food.

It is highly interesting to watch them, when one has the chance, turning over stones, tearing open fallen trees, or rooting like a pig in some favorite spot. Acres upon acres even of hard, stony ground they will turn up, and in other places it would be difficult to find a stone or rock they had not displaced. They will undermine and dig out great stumps. Ant hills you will find levelled, and the thrifty squirrels, who have labored all the previous fall to make a cache of pine nuts, are robbed on sight.

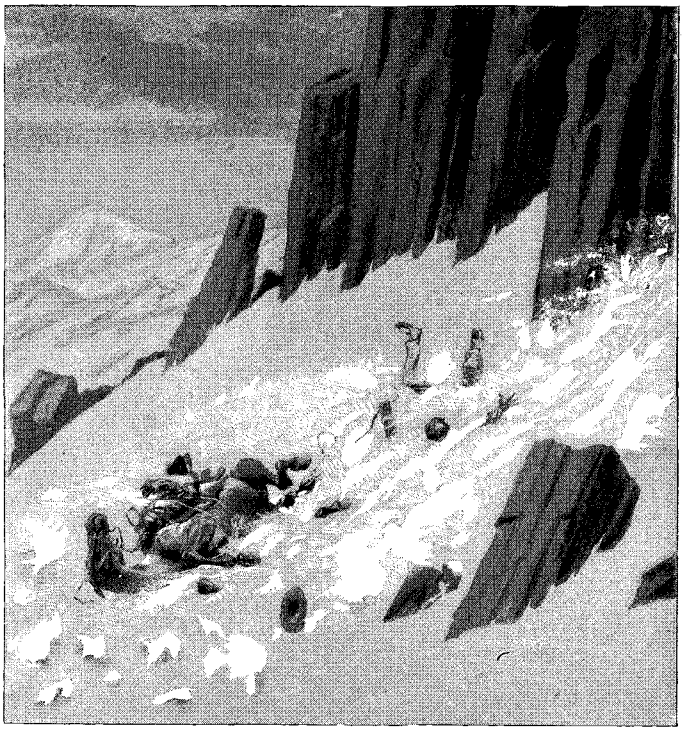
One spring, the work on the ranch being done, Woody and I took our pack-horses and proceeded to the mountains after bear. I had no sooner picked out a good camping ground than it began to snow, and for four days we could not stir from camp. However, it finally cleared off, the sun came out bright and warm, and the little stream that we were on began boiling, tearing, and rushing along, full to the banks, causing us to move our camp back to higher ground. After breakfast, as we proposed to take a long day's trip, we took our horses with us. Riding up to the head of the stream we were on, looking for bear, no signs were to be seen, though plenty of sheep were in sight all the time. Riding on away above the cañon some six or eight miles, we could see some elk. We closely scanned the neighboring heights, but still no sign of bear. Finally, we turned off and worked our way clear up on top of the mountain, determined to see the country anyway. Slowly we climbed upward, skyward, dragging our weary horses after us, until at noon we were nearly up and concluded to lunch at the little rill of melted snow that came from a big drift on the mountain side.

To get to it though, made necessary crossing the drift, and Woody led the way with his favorite horse, old Rock, in tow; and here was where my laugh came in, to see those two floundering through that drift. At times, all I could see of Rock was the tips of his ears. The crust was just strong enough to hold Woody up if he went "easy," but he could not go easy with the horse plunging on top of him, and they would both break through. However, they had to go ahead in spite of themselves, and they were finally landed half-drowned and smothered on dry ground. Of course, profiting by this experience, I circumnavigated this drift, and we sat down to our dry bread and bacon, washed down by a long pull from the handy snow-water. Ten minutes and a pipe was all that we allowed ourselves before resuming our toil (for that is really the way to designate the ascent of these mountains).

We saw six fine rams (of course, now that we did not want any); they did not seem to regard us with any uneasiness, permitting us to get within murderous distance, and I looked at their leader with some longing. He had such a noble head of curling, graceful, well-rounded horns. He must have been a powerful adversary when it came to butting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stifling the intent I passed by without disturbing them, and at last reached the valleys, and sees the richness and vividness of the green growing grasses which



"I had a very nasty time in getting down the mountain."—Page 454.

top of the divide, and was repaid by a glorious view.

At that time nature was not in her most smiling garb. It had been steadily growing colder, ominous clouds were gathering in the west, and an ugly rolling of thunder warned us that no genial spring day with shirt-sleeve accompaniment was to gladden and cheer us. Still we must look for bear; so buttoning up our coats and turning up our collars, we surveyed the country. At the same time it was impossible to forego a study of the grandeur of the view displayed before us.

Those who have seen the mountains and foot-hills only in the fall of the year, when every blade of grass is parched and brown and dry, can form no adequate idea of the change that presents itself in the spring. Especially is one surprised, when, standing on the top of some mountain height surrounded by everlasting snow, he looks down over the seem to roll up almost to his feet. As we stood there we had a glorious panorama. The vast gathering storm was at our backs, and the sun, though not shining for us, was lighting up the broad valley below. Greybull River stretched away until it joined the Big Horn beyond. The whole range of the Big Horn Mountains was visible, their snow tops glistening like a bank of silver clouds, and the main range we were standing on was brought out in all its dazzling grandeur. Snow-drift upon snow-drift, with gracefully curling crests, stretched away as far as the eye can reach, for miles and miles. Still we saw no bear, and while we were enjoying all this wonderful scenery we neglected the storm, and were soon enveloped in a raging tempest of wind and snow with a demoniacal accompaniment of lightning and crashing thunder.

We hunched up our backs and stumbled along the ridge before the blast and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

"Two rascals across the gulch on an enormous snow-drift."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were soon brought up by a drift. However, here is luck for once. We saw the print of two fresh bear tracks crossing the drift. All thoughts of the storm were lost in our delight at the vicinity of bear, for the sign was very fresh. Alas, though, we lost them after crossing the drift, and it was impossible to find them again upon the rugged soil of these ridges where the wind had blown the snow off. We circled round and round, studying every patch of snow, and my companion, Woody, looked and spoke doubtfully. At last I caught the trail again. Only a half dozen tracks, but enough to show the right direction, and as we ascended the ridge the tracks were on, I saw the two rascals across the gulch on an enormous snow-drift, tearing and chewing at something, I couldn't make out what.

It was still snowing hard, but it was only a squall and nearly over. The wind was wrong; it unfortunately blew toward the bear and the only direction in which we could stalk them. Still an attempt had to be made. We took the bridles from our horses and let down our hacamores, to let them feed comfortably and out of sight, while we crawled up the ridge to where it joined the one the bear were on. We had to creep up a beastly snow-drift, which was soft and no telling how deep.

It was deep enough, for we went through sometimes to our arm-pits. But what mattered it when we were at concert pitch, and bear for the tune. We were now on the same ridge as the bear. Cautiously, with the wind just a little aslant, we crawled down toward our prey, crossing another miserable snow-drift into which we went up to our necks, where we brought up, our feet having touched bottom. We floundered out behind a small rock, and then looked up over at the bear. Too far to shoot with any certainty, and I said to Woody, "I must get closer." And so back we crawled.

Making a little detour we bobbed up again, not serenely, for the wind was blowing on the backs of our necks straight as an arrow to where the bear were. But we were a little higher up on the ridge than they and our taint must have gone over them, for when I looked up again one of the bear was chewing a savory morsel, and the other was on his hind legs blinking at the sun, which was just breaking through the clouds. Wiping the snow and drops of water and slush from our rifles and sights, and with a whispered advice from Woody not to be in a hurry if they came toward us, but to reserve fire in order to make sure work—for no sheltering tree awaited us as a safe retreat, nothing but snowy ridges for miles—I opened the ball with the young lady who was sitting down.

She dropped her bone, clapped one of her paws to her ribs, and to my happiness waltzed down the snow-bank. As she now seemed to be out of the dance I turned to her brother, for such I judged him to be afterward, who, with great affection, had gone down with her until she stuck her head in the snow. Not understanding this, he smelled around his fallen relative, when a hollow three hundred and thirty grain chunk of lead nearly severed one hip and smashed the other. He did not stop to reason, but promptly jumped on his relative, and then there occurred a lively bit of a scrimmage. Over and over they rolled, slapping, biting, and making the best fight of it they could, considering the plight they were in. Each probably accused the other of the mishap.

The snow was dyed a crimson hue. It was like the scene of a bloody battle-ground. At last the first aggrieved lady gave up and plunged her head back into the snow, while her brother, not having any one to fight with, went off a short distance and lay down. We cautiously approached, bearing in mind that a snow drift is a hard thing for pedestrians in a hurry to travel on, and when we got about ten feet from the first bear, I told my companion to snowball her and see what effect that would have, for she looked too innocent to be dead and finished for.

But instead of doing so, he discarded his rifle and reached for her tail. Ah, I thought so! for, as he gave a yank, up came her head, her jaws flew open like clock work, and a snort came forth. But right between the eyes went the deadly messenger, smashing her skull

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and ending any prolonged suffering for any of us. Her end accomplished, we turned to the other partner. He had been taking it all in and was ready for a fight. He seemed pretty fit, too. Fortunately, he could not come up to us; the snow-drift was too steep, and he had only two serviceable legs to travel with. Still he had true grit, and faced us, but it was an unequal battle.

Again the bullet reached its victim, and brother ba'r lay quietly on his back with his legs in the air. No need to trifle with this bear's tail, as any fool could see that he was dead. However, we pelted him with a lot of snowballs and then Woody went around to his stump of a tail and pulled it while I stood guard at his head. We took off our coats and soon had the skins off the pair of them. These skins proved to be in the finest condition, though the bear themselves were poor. I should judge one was a three-year old and the other a two-year old. Still they were good-sized grizzlies.

Those skins seemed to grow in size and weight as each of us lugged one up the side of the mountain over shelving rock, snow, and loose gravel to where we left our horses. Of course they were not there, and we had to go on carrying the skins, which were growing heavier and heavier every minute, until we tracked our horses to where they were feeding, and, in Western vernacular, "we had a circus" packing those skins on my horse. It was done at last, though, and to stay, by means of blindfolding him with a coat, and after a little while he settled down to work as though he had carried bear all his many years of service. I had a very nasty time in geting down the mountain after my horse slipped and fell down a gap in the crown rock. We could not get the other down, so I took charge of my horse and skins and made the rest of the descent in safety, though it looked squally for a bit when the old rascal's feet slid out from under him, knocking me down in the snow, and he on top, and I could feel that even with the fleecy covering the rocks were still very hard.

However, it was deep enough for me to crawl out more scared than hurt, and soon we had sage-brush and grass under our feet, with an easy trail to camp, where a square meal inside of a stomach that sorely needed it soon made amends for all hardships. Wondering what those bear had been at work at, I went back the next day and found that they had been tearing up a sheep that had died of scab, a disease that wild sheep are subject to.

To a thorough sportsman, killing bear after a successful stalk is by long odds the best and most exciting method, but the country must be such as permits of this, as, for instance, when there are long stretches of high mountains, plateaus or ridges above or devoid of timber where the bear resort to root, and where the hunter can from some elevated post look over a large area with the aid of glasses. The general procedure, though, is to put out bait, that is, to have the carcass of some animal to attract the bear, and many a noble elk or timorous deer has been thus sacrificed. To avoid this needless destruction the writer has invariably taken along on his hunting trips aged and worn-out horses, which answer admirably when it comes to drawing bear to a carcass. Of course, this is not always a sure way, for the bear if alarmed or disturbed will only visit the carcass at night, and then, if the hunter is persistent and determined to get a shot, he may expect many weary hours of watching from a friendly pine.

I think I hear the reader say, What's the fun in shooting a bear from a tree? there is no risk in that. True there is not, but it is when you come down from your perch that you may not feel quite so safe, as with limbs benumbed from cold and lack of circulation you climb down, knowing perhaps that several watchful pairs of eyes or cunning nostrils are studying your movements. Involuntarily your thoughts travel in the vein of your gloomy surroundings as you go stumbling on your way to camp; what if the bear should prefer live goose flesh to dead horse?

One spring morning I was knocking around under the base of the mountains and found myself, about dinner time, so close to Colonel Pickett's cosey log cabin that I determined to pay him a long postponed visit. After an ample repast, including some delicious home-made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

butter, which I had not tasted for a month, Woody and I, with our little pack train, regretfully filed off, and fording the river took up our wanderings, not expecting to see our cheery host again for a year.

We had not proceeded far, though, when we met an excited "cow puncher," who evidently had news to tell. He had been up on the side of the mountain, which was here a long grassy slope as smooth as any of our well-tended lawns, extending upward to where it joined the dense pine forest which covered the upper portion of the mountain. Our friend was the horse wrangler for a neighboring ranch, and was out looking for horses. Did any one ever see a horse wrangler who was not looking for missing stock?

When skirting the timber he surprised or was surprised by a good-sized grizzly, which promptly chased him downward and homeward, and evidently for a short distance was well up in the race. Gathering from his description that the bear had been at work on the carcass of a steer that had died from eating poison weed, I determined to go back and camp and see if another skin could not be added to the score. It did not take long to pick out an ideal camping spot, well sheltered, with plenty of dry wood, and trout from the little stream almost jumping into the frying-pan.

Our horses had been having pretty rough times lately, and they lost no time in storing away as much of the rich grass as they could hold. They had plenty of society, too, for the slope was dotted here and there with bunches of range cattle and bands of horses, not to mention the recent additions to the families of each in the shape of frolicsome calves and frisky foals, all busily at work. Bruin seemed rather out of place in such a pastoral scene, and yet, as one looked higher beyond the sombre heights of the forest toward the frowning crown rock that resembled some mighty fortress forbidding further progress, or the everlasting snow-peaks above, one could well fancy that wild animals must be up there somewhere, either in the dense woods, or in the still higher and safer retreats.

We at once examined the ground, and found the carcasses of two steers, one of which was untouched, but the other was very nearly devoured. All the signs pointed to more than one bear, and the ground was fairly padded down round the carcass they were using. Unfortunately, though, there seemed to be no place to watch from, not a bush or rock to screen one while awaiting a shot. To cut a long story short, I watched that bait every afternoon and evening for a week, and though it was visited every night I never got a sight of the prowlers. Bear will very often, when going to a carcass, take the same trail, but when leaving wander off in almost any direction. Taking advantage of this, and being satisfied that they were up in the timber through the day, we hunted for their trail and found it on an old wood road that led through the timber. To make sure we placed the hind quarters of one of the steers just on the edge of the forest and awaited developments. That night the bear found it and, dragging it off, carefully cached it; so we determined to watch here.

I was much disappointed, however, as the daylight faded, to confess that if I was to get a shot it would have to be in the dark; so as soon as I found I could not see to shoot with any degree of safety, I got up in a pine-tree that commanded the road and was just over the bait. It was weary work watching, and to make it still more uncomfortable a heavy thunder-storm swept by, first pelting one with hail, then a deluge of rain and snow.

It was pitch dark, except when the black recesses of the forest seemed to be rent asunder during the vivid lightning. The whole effect was weird and uncanny, and I wished myself back under my soft, warm blankets. I could not well repress thinking of the early admonition of, "never go under a tree during a thunder-storm." But what's that? One swift surge of blood to the heart, an involuntary tightening of the muscles that strongly gripped the rifle. I seemed to feel, rather than see, the presence of three strange objects that appeared to have sprung from the ground under me.

I had not heard a sound; not a twig had snapped, and yet, as I strained my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes to penetrate the gloom, there, right at my feet, almost touching them, in fact, I made out the indistinct forms of three bear all standing on their hind legs. Oh, what a chance it was if it had not been so dark! I could not even see the end of my rifle, but I knew I could hit them, they were so close. But to hit fatally? Well, there is no use thinking about it now the bear are here. Trust to luck and shoot!

Hardly daring to breathe, I fired; the scuffling on the ground and the short, sharp snorting told me I had not missed; but I could see nothing and could only hear the bear rolling over and over and growling angrily. Presently there was quiet, and then with angry furious champing of jaws the wounded animal charged back directly under me; but I could not see to shoot again, worse luck. From sundry sounds, I gathered the bear was not far off, but had lain down in a thicket which was about one hundred yards from my tree. I could hear an occasional growl and the snap of dead branches, broken as she turned uneasily. I did not know exactly what to do. To descend was awkward, and to stay where I was, wet and chilled to the bone, seemed impossible. It was most unlikely the other bear would come back; however, thinking it would be prudent to stay aloft a little while longer, I made up my mind to stick it out another half hour. During this wait I fancied I could see shadowy forms moving about, and I could surely hear a cub squalling.

The light was now a little better, and though still very dark was not so intense. Just as I had screwed up courage to descend another bear came up under the tree and reared up. This time I made no mistake, and almost simultaneously with the rifle's report a hoarse bawl proved to me that I had conquered. Glad at almost any cost to get out of my cramped position I sung out to Woody to lend a hand, as I proposed descending, and as he came up I came down, and then we discussed the situation. The proximity of the wounded bear was not pleasant, but then the dead one must be opened in order to save the skin. But what if the latter were not dead? Hang this night work, why can't the bear stick to daylight! But to work; there was the motionless form to be operated on. Inch by inch we crept up with our rifles at full cock stuck out ahead of us until they gently touched the inanimate mass. It was all right, for the bear was stone dead. Hastily feeling in the dark, as neatly as possible the necessary operations were nearly concluded when simultaneously we both dropped our knives and made for the open. . . . It makes me perspire even now when I think of that midnight stampede from an enraged and wounded grizzly.

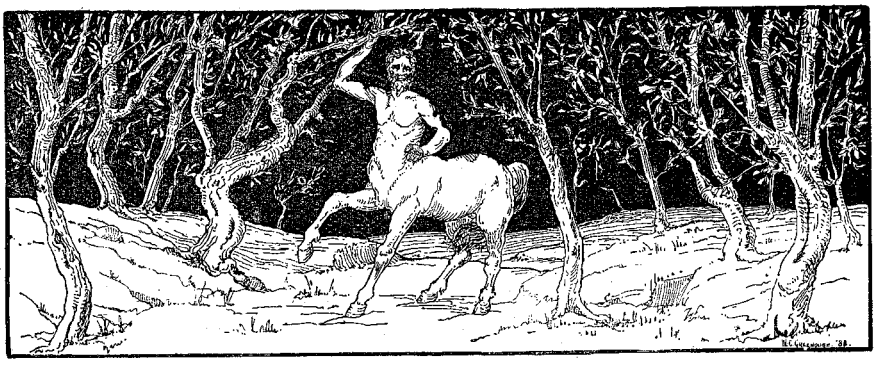
C. H. R.

(Lost off Hai-mun in the China Sea.)

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

In what wide Wonderland, or near, or far,
Press on to-day thy swift, adventurous feet—
Thou who wert wont the Orient skies to greet
With song and laughter, and to climb the bar
Of mountain ranges where the Cloud-gods are,
With brave, glad steps, as eager and as fleet
As a young lover's, who, on errand sweet,
Seeks the one face that is his guiding star?
The far blue seas engulfed thee, oh! my brother,
But could not quench thy spirit's lofty fire,
Nor daunt the soul that knew not how to quail.
Earth-quest thou didst but barter for another,
Where Alps on Alps before thee still aspire,
And where, in God's name, thou shalt yet prevail!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ACTIONS OF WOUNDED ANIMALS.

By J. N. Hall, M.D.

BY noting the behavior of a wounded animal a very good idea of the seat and nature of the injury may be generally obtained. Although the sportsman should endeavor to cause death as painlessly as possible, he cannot always do so. To attain this end he should, in hunting with the rifle, always strike the brain, but this, whether with rifle or shot-gun, is obviously out of the question.

A bullet striking the bones of the head, or solid parts connecting therewith, as the horns in the deer family, ordinarily produces one of two results. It may, firstly, stun the animal, causing what surgeons term "concussion of the brain;" or, secondly, cause death, either from the severity of the shock or from direct injury to the brain-substance. The writer has known a large deer to fall dead from the impact of a heavy bullet against the base of one horn, a result analogous to death produced by the sand-bag applied to the human skull. Had the ball struck near the tip of the horn, the deer would have merely been stunned, probably recovering quickly enough to escape in safety. Undoubtedly many animals are reached and slain with the knife, that otherwise, with a little longer interval, might escape.

A missile passing through a portion of the brain-substance, almost invariably causes instant death. There are, however, many examples of recovery after such an injury scattered through medical literature. Even in these cases the patient is necessarily rendered unconscious for many hours, so that the hunter who inflicts such an injury upon an animal attains his end.

In hunting dangerous game at close quarters, then, the brain should ordinarily be the objective point, unless the bullet be very heavy in proportion to the size of the animal. It is generally accessible, and, if struck, invariably renders the game harmless. A grizzly bear with a rifle bullet through the heart may yet live long enough to kill his destroyer, if at close quarters. Several such instances have occurred. With his back broken, the bear may yet strike viciously with his paw, but a shot in the brain ends the battle.

When, then, a mammal drops instantly on being struck, and all visible movement ceases, it is fair to assume that the brain or the cervical portion of the spinal cord has been injured. Among birds and reptiles, however, this rule does not hold. In these orders, the spinal cord assumes much more extensive functions, as compared with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brain, than in the mammalia. Doubtless everyone has seen bodily movements continue long after the destruction or total separation of the head of the snake, for instance ; while the movements of the chicken under similar circumstances are familiar to all.

Again, in certain game, the immediate effect of injuries to the brain or cord may not be to produce complete paralysis. Birds on the wing, struck in the head by a small shot, often rise almost perpendicularly into the air for an instant before falling dead. Small animals may pass through a series of convulsive movements after a wound of the cranium. In the rabbit, under these circumstances, the powerful contractions of the muscles of the hind legs often throw the body several feet into the air, but the animal is unconscious, of course. In the larger mammals, and, it is stated by those familiar with war, in man, a single jump often results from a bullet-wound in the head. This is evidently the analogue of the convulsions seen in the lower animals, the muscular contractions originating from the irritation of the motor centres of the brain by the ball.

Movements in a circle, or, in aquatic birds, rotation as if upon an axis upon the surface of the water, are often noted. These are associated with injury to the brain or cord, so that one-half of the muscles of the body are cut off from communication with the central nervous system. The muscles of the opposite side carry the body around in this manner.

The shock imparted to the brain by the impact of the bullet upon the cranial bones may, as stated previously, cause a fatal result. Near Deep Creek Cañon, in the Big Horn Mountains, the writer once shot at a running grizzly bear, in such a manner that the ball cut a furrow along the top of the skull, barely grazing the brain surface. The bear dropped dead instantly. When we reflect, however, that the bullet, although weighing but two hundred and sixty grains, is thrown from such a weapon with sufficient force to fracture in all directions a plate of cast-iron three-fourths of an inch in thickness, we realize the sledge-like force of its blow.

If the bones of the head, remote from the brain, are struck, the animal may be merely dazed, without being fully stunned. In North Park, Colorado, a friend of the writer's approached within one hundred feet of a grizzly and took careful aim at his brain. At the instant of firing, the bear, probably smelling him, raised his head. The ball passed through the snout several inches below the brain cavity. The bear rushed about as if crazy, apparently seeing nothing, running into trees and rocks, and at one time nearly knocking down the hunter. A second bullet was necessary to finish him.

Should the cervical portion of the spinal cord be severed, the effect would virtually be the same as if the brain were injured, the communication between the nervous centres and the muscles of the body being interrupted. Should the wound be too high to involve the vertebral column, the animal may be merely creased, or temporarily paralyzed by the shock given to the cord by the passage of the ball in such close proximity to it. This is the method employed by the hero of the dime novel in capturing the wild mustang, the fallen horse being secured with ropes before his recovery. The practical application of such a method must evidently be very limited.

If the large veins or arteries of the neck are severed, death from hemorrhage shortly results. So many important parts, in fact, pass through the neck, that a bullet can scarcely touch it without causing death. Thus, with some excellent marksmen, it becomes a favorite target.

The shoulder-line is, however, the favorite mark of the hunter. This would be indicated by a line dropping from the withers to the fore-feet. The reason for the selection of this mark becomes apparent upon reflection. In the use of the rifle, the difficulty lies, not in attaining the direction, but the necessary elevation, varying with the distance. The action of gravitation upon the projectile being constant, whatever motion we may impart to it, its trajectory is a curved line, a parabola modified by the resistance which the air offers to the moving body. We must thus elevate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rifle sufficiently to overcome the downward tendency of the bullet from the influence of gravitation. In the Springfield rifle, used by the regular army, the projectile falls eight inches in the first two hundred yards. As the ratio of fall increases directly as the square of the distance, the necessity of accurate estimation of the interval becomes greater as the target is further removed. In hunting in the mountains, the game is often above or below the hunter. If we shoot downward, gravity hastens the course of the ball, while it retards it if shooting upward. The obvious deduction is, that we must aim higher than usual if the game be above us, lower than otherwise if below.

The reason, then, that the hunter selects the shoulder-line, is that, should he overestimate the distance, the ball, passing too high to strike the shoulder, may yet strike the spine and prove effective. A more common error, particularly in mountainous regions, is to underestimate the interval, the game appearing nearer than it really is. If this be the case, the missile, passing low, may yet break one or both forelegs, if there be no lateral deviation in the aim. This injury is much more effective than a similar one to the hinder parts.

Should the aim be accurate and the projectile of sufficient weight, one or both shoulders will be broken. If either shoulder-blade or either arm-bone be fractured, the shot is quite effective, while if both sides are similarly crippled, escape is impossible. Under any circumstances, other important parts are almost certain to suffer injury, and thus add to the effectiveness of the shot; for the heart, the aorta, the base of the lungs, the large venous trunks, and several important nerves lie in close proximity, and are not likely to escape harm. An animal thus wounded struggles for some time, but, even if disposed to fight, is generally harmless.

When a running animal is shot through the shoulders, the propulsive action of the hind legs is continued for an instant longer than that of the front ones. As a result, he often turns a complete somersault, or a series of them. In the jack-rabbit of the West, this result is produced nearly every time if one aims well ahead as the animal runs; the leaping action of the hind legs in this game often causes the body to roll for some yards in this manner.

In shooting flying birds, one of the most common injuries is the broken wing—the analogue of the broken shoulder in the mammalia. The long bones in birds are hollow, the marrow cavity being filled with air, in order to render them as light as is consistent with strength, and thus make flight more easy; on this account they are very easily broken by even a single pellet of shot, especially when subjected to the tension produced by muscular action in flying; it is important to consider this latter factor, for muscular action alone may cause a fracture of a healthy bone. In a base-ball game a few years ago, a League pitcher broke his humerus in this manner.

When any of the bones of the anterior extremity are broken the bird falls to the ground, the descent being often irregular from the continued action of the other wing. So accurately is the wing surface adjusted to the weight of the bird, that the loss of five or six of the quill feathers upon the tip of the wing suffices to bring down a duck or a goose. The writer once fired at a single flying duck with a charge of small buckshot; the bird fell, and, after a long chase, was captured. Every quill-feather had been cut off about two inches from its origin, the duck being otherwise uninjured. Upon extending the wing, the line of the cut feathers was found perfectly straight.

If the integrity of the spine is destroyed, so that the spinal cord becomes no longer capable of transmitting impulses from the brain, the parts posterior to the injury become helpless; although the animal thus wounded may use the anterior extremities for a time, escape is practically impossible, for the dragging hinder parts impede locomotion seriously, while they leave a trail very easy to follow. An animal may be creased by a wound near the spinal portion of the cord in the same manner as mentioned above in connection with the cervical region. In this case, the game, dropping as if dead, may recover

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and escape. The writer once shot an antelope so as to carry away the projecting upper part of one of the lumbar vertebræ, the bullet merely grazing the body of the bone. He dropped instantly, his struggles being similar to those of an animal with a broken back. Feeling perfectly sure of his game, the writer waited for his horse to be brought up, the antelope being quite a distance away; meanwhile the game was slowly dragging himself off. Before we were fairly aware of it, he was running quite steadily. A quarter of a mile away, a fortunate shot through the entire length of the body, as he ran, gave opportunity to learn what injury the first bullet had caused. The analogy between concussion of the brain, as described above, and this creasing, is readily seen. In each case the function of the nervous centre involved is temporarily placed in abeyance as a result of the severe jar received.

A bullet-wound in the heart must, as a rule, be immediately fatal. In surgical literature are given a few instances, however, in which recovery has followed such an injury, the diagnosis being confirmed by autopsy when the patient finally died, perhaps from some totally different cause; but a relatively small lesion in the cardiac walls by no means causes the instantaneous death depicted by the novelist as the result of such a wound. A grizzly bear has been known to travel one hundred feet and kill his pursuer after a ball from a rifle of heavy calibre had passed through his ventricles. The writer once shot a Canada goose, flying some eighty yards high before a strong wind. It showed no signs of injury for several seconds, but then began to drop slowly from the flock. Suddenly its wings contracted, and it fell dead at four hundred yards distance. It had been struck with one "BB" shot, which had penetrated the left ventricle, and was found within; yet the goose had flown, with a favoring wind, nearly a quarter of a mile. After such a cardiac wound, blood escapes from the orifice with each contraction of the heart, and death ensues from what the surgeon designates "internal hemorrhage," for owing to the obliquity of the wound through the tissues, but little blood escapes externally as a rule.

A serious wound of the lung in a game animal is fatal. In the human race this is not by any means the case, provided proper subsequent care is obtainable. A noted Major-General upon the Union side during the late war recovered after such a wound from a musket bullet, and the same result occurred in the case of an officer of General Stonewall Jackson's staff. The shock from such a wound is severe. The animal falls, or, standing a moment with difficulty, goes off with unsteady gait, but the bleeding into the bronchial tubes and air-cells soon compels him to stop. The aërating function of the lung being thus abolished, carbonic acid rapidly accumulates in the blood, the visible mucous membranes, as of the lips and tongue, assume the bluish color seen in death from suffocation; if the animal does not immediately die from this cause, he expires shortly from hemorrhage.

After a wound involving the digestive organs, the shock is more severe than in the case of the lungs. The nerves supplying these organs originate from the great semilunar ganglia, the largest in the body. When irritated these parts of the sympathetic nervous system, in a reflex manner, check, or even entirely stop the action of the heart. The pugilist is forbidden to strike below the belt because the effect of the blow upon this plexus of nerves may cause suspension of the action of the heart, which, if permanent, of course means death. The pallor and faintness caused by even a light blow in this region, are familiar to all.

The animal wounded in this region may not always fall, but he shows marked debility after a short interval. If standing still when struck, he may show an apparently complete inability to move for a moment. In the ruminants, however, when the great receiving stomach is full, a ball may pass through it without causing any immediate symptoms of note; in fact, it scarcely strikes more than the walls of the abdomen and the stomach on either side, the other parts being pushed out of the way by the distended organ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An animal thus wounded may run with others for miles without showing any particular symptoms of injury.

In hunting the gregarious ruminants, as the buffalo, it is said that the hunters often wound the first one intentionally through the bowels while the herd is standing still. He remains quiet, or moves about slowly and uneasily, while his companions, their curiosity aroused by his actions and the smell of the blood, furnish a good mark for the rifle. Each time that one starts off to lead the band away he is shot, and thus a large number may be slain. It is to these methods of the skin-hunters that we owe the destruction of the buffalo.

The writer once saw a large bull elk struck in the abdomen by an explosive bullet weighing but two hundred and sixty grains. This is a very small missile for a fully grown elk. For a moment he seemed to have lost the power of locomotion, though his companions fled at once. The ball burst and caused extensive destruction just behind the diaphragm, but the wounded animal made about three-fourths of a mile before giving up to a bullet in the shoulder.

If a bird or animal shows but little sign of injury at the time of shooting, but gradually falls behind his companions, it is often because a considerable blood-vessel has been severed, either in the extremities or the internal organs. At the time of the injury the shock is insufficient to cause the game to drop, but increasing weakness from loss of blood renders him unable to continue with the others. This is especially the case with wounds of the soft parenchymatous organs, as the liver or spleen, or even the lungs, when a small vessel is opened. The writer once knew of a sportsman, who, while hunting ducks in New Brunswick, shot at a cow moose, distant about fifty yards, with a charge of duck-shot. As it was in boggy ground the trail was distinct, and he followed on for several miles, in hopes of getting another shot with heavier ammunition. He found the moose dead, several of the pellets having passed through into the lung. Death had resulted from internal hemorrhage.

To the uninitiated, a serious wound of the posterior extremities would seem a very effective shot. The hunter does not so consider it. The writer once, while hunting with a companion in Wyoming, shot, with him, at a running buck antelope. After a long chase, the game was secured by a shot through the shoulders. It was then learned that at the first fire one bullet had shattered the pelvic bones, while the other had broken one hind leg so that it hung helpless; yet the animal, for the first mile, had easily distanced two strong men. It may be stated as a general rule that an animal with a broken leg, from its increased wariness, will be more difficult to secure than one uninjured.

A wound lengthwise or diagonally through the body so as to involve many organs, is, if the bullet be of fair size in comparison with that of the animal, almost as quickly fatal as if through the brain. The shock is exceedingly great, and the game ordinarily falls at once. The bleeding from the lacerated organs commonly causes death before recovery from the shock. The writer, while hunting in Colorado, once shot a mule deer, distant about sixty yards, in the throat, the ball passing through the body lengthwise. Death occurred, not a struggle ensuing. A large rifle ball will thus drop a grizzly, it is stated, although a shot at the brain would, of course, be better if available.

Naturally a wound involving one of the larger bones causes much greater shock than one involving the soft parts only. The more the track of the ball is lacerated, the greater the damage. The modern rifle bullet is thus a much more formidable missile than the pea-shaped ball of the squirrel rifle. It is much heavier and revolves more rapidly; hence, it tears a larger wound. In using very soft bullets, the metal of which they are composed flies to pieces on striking a bone, and does great damage. The explosive bullet—virtually a miniature shell—acts in similar manner. In hunting small game, almost any wound with a large ball may be fatal. With opposite conditions, however, one must depend upon skill in marksmanship. The spherical bullet of the squirrel rifle, weighing about one hundred and fifty grains, was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used with a small charge of powder. All will remember the warning of the old hunter in "The Last of the Mohicans," against using so much powder as to cause any recoil, but as conical bullets were introduced the weight was increased. In the .56 calibre Spencer musket, the powder used weighed fifty grains, the lead about five hundred and fifty—a ratio of one to eleven, approximately. In the past twenty years, the tendency has been to increase the weight of the powder and diminish that of the ball. The Springfield rifle, used in the United States army, carries a bullet of four hundred and five grains, with seventy grains of powder—a ratio of one to six, approximately, between powder and lead. In the latest sporting rifles it is but little over one to three. Although, owing to the lessened curve in the trajectory, the latter arms are more accurate, they have the disadvantage of lessened power of penetration, notwithstanding the fact that the ball attains a greater velocity; for the bullet in many of them weighs less than three hundred grains. The obvious deduction is, then, that in selecting a rifle for hunting the larger game-animals, we should see that it takes a cartridge having a heavy ball, as well as a sufficient charge of powder.

In the application of the facts stated in this article it is to be borne in mind that different species of animals vary greatly as regards the ease with which they succumb to a bullet-wound. One which in the deer might prove quickly fatal, might, in the grizzly, or cinnamon bear, only serve, temporarily, to render him more ferocious, although serious enough to produce death after a little longer interval.

IN ONE'S AGE TO ONE'S YOUTH.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
I know what thou didst fret to know—
Knowledge thou couldst not lure to thee,
Whatever bribe thou wouldst bestow.
That knowledge but a waymark plants
Along the road of ignorance.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
I am enlarged where thou wert bound,
Though vaunting still that thou wast free,
And lord of thine own pleasure crowned.
True freedom heeds a hidden stress,
Whereby desire to range grows less.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
Unmoved I meet thy fear of old,
Where thou, but masked with bravery,
Didst ever charge thyself, *Be bold!*
True courage owns a dread extreme—
Led blind through the blind battle's scheme!

Listen, thou child I used to be!
I love, I serve with proffered veins,
Where thou demandest praise thy fee,
And grateful solace for thy pains.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True love and service do but win
That I may more exceed therein.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
My soul to wrath 'gainst wrong is used,
Where thy rash combat utterly
The doer and the deed confused.
Right wrath the deed stabs soon or late,
The doer spares, his deed to hate.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
Unproud I move, and yet unbowed,
Where thou wast fed with vanity,
Thy chiefest pride—thou wast not proud!
True lowliness forgets its state,
And equal trains with small or great.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
I am what thy dream-wandering sense
Did shape, and thy fresh will decree—
Yet all with subtle difference:
Where heaven's arc did seem to end,
Still on and on fair fields extend.

Yet listen, child I used to be!
Nothing of thine I dare despise,
Nor passion, deed, nor fantasy;
For lo! the soul's far years shall rise
And with unripeness charge this hour
Would boast o'er thine its riper power.

THE NEW LAKE IN THE DESERT.

By J. W. Powell.

WITHIN the Colorado desert lies a valley of which the world has recently become aware through reports of an anomalous flood. It is a peculiar valley, first, in that it is a closed basin sloping from its margin toward a central plain; second, in that its bottom lies lower than the level of the sea; third, in that it is dry. To explain each of these peculiarities is to set forth its physical history.

Many basins are made by ice. Of all those which diversify the surface of our land the greater number are thus formed. A river of ice, like those in the Alps, dragging stones and sand over its bed, scours, grinds, and deepens it, and this in an uneven way, so that here and there basins are scooped out. If in another age the ice is melted away, all the earth and fragments of rock contained within it fall to the ground, where they lie in uneven heaps and ridges, and these ridges sometimes partition the valleys of the land into a multitude of basins in which the water gathers in lakes. Of such origin are the great lakes of our northeastern border and the multitude of smaller

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lakes by which they are surrounded. These smaller lakes were at one time very abundant, especially in Minnesota, Arizona, and northern Illinois, for a vast sheet of ice of enormous thickness spread over the country and in a general way moved southward. The basins which it left when the ice was melted were filled with water, and a vast system of lakes was thus produced. Some of these lakes were speedily drained, others were filled in part with the wash of the rain, in part with the shells and shards of animals living in the waters, and in still larger part with the vegetation which grew in and about them. These filled lakes are the peat bogs or sloughs of the region which are now being drained, and thus are becoming the most valuable agricultural lands.

Many basins are made by the uplifting of the land. Within the crust of the earth forces are at work of which we know little, except that they result in the raising of continents and the uplifting of mountain ridges. By them the surface is thrown into huge wrinkles or is rifted and dislocated on a gigantic scale. On such wrinkles and disjointed blocks the storms beat and torrents pour, and they are sculptured into new forms. Crests, pinnacles, and spurs are carved out, and the material thus excavated is gathered in smooth alluvial slopes about the margins of the ridges and out in the valleys below. If the storms are infrequent, and the rains moderate, the débris of the sculpture serves to join one ridge with another, so that in a plexus of ridges many basins are entrapped, and the face of the country resembles an ocean whose crested waves have been changed to stone.

If the rainfall is abundant the basins thus formed cannot persist, for the waters gather in lakes which discharge one to another, and the rivers of outflow traversing the rims of the basins channel them to the bottom, so that the basins are destroyed. Thus in mountain lands a war is waged between Pluto, commander of the subterranean forces, and the aerial hosts of Jupiter Pluvius. Where the fire god is the more active, the troughs of the earth waves are drainless basins; where the rain god triumphs rivers traverse all the land from the mountain to the sea. In the Cordilleras of our western land there is a great district where rain is rare and scarce, but this is bordered on the east by the great system of the Rocky Mountains, whose lofty crests gather each winter immense stores of snow, which, slowly melting, nourish a score of small rivers. Some of these flow to the east and join the Mississippi; one goes southward to the Gulf of Mexico; the others are gathered in two great streams which flow westward among the Cordilleran ranges to the Pacific. One, far to the north, traverses the lava plains of Idaho and breaks through the Cascades and Coast ranges; the other, turning toward the southwest, traverses a plateau region in deep cañons, and then threading its way among the ranges of Arizona and California, reaches the Gulf of California. Between these two the land is destitute of great streams, and the sway of the basin builder is undisputed.

Most of the lake basins of the world are created by the two methods above described; a third method is found in volcanic agency. Sometimes a stream of lava will burst out on the side of the valley and roll across it in great coulées. On cooling a rock dam is formed, and the waters in the valley above accumulate in a lake. Some of the most beautiful lakes in the world are formed in this manner, but their number is not very great.

A fourth class of lakes is found in the craters of extinct volcanoes; and thus there are basins of water in bowls of volcanic rock. In the Cascade Mountains of Oregon a great sheet of water, many miles in circumference, is found by climbing a mountain which is a dead volcano—a monstrous crater filled with deep sapphire waters. Other crater lakes of smaller size are found in northern Arizona.

A fifth class of basins, which often become lakes, is due to great land slides. These bodies of water are small, but as they are often embosomed in the mountains they are very beautiful. Thousand Lake Mountain of Utah received its name from the fact that a great number of lakelets having this origin are found on its flanks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In yet a sixth way basins are made, but more rarely. A turbid stream, entering a valley trough (of whatever origin) and having its current slackened, deposits some of its earthy load and thus builds up a low cone of débris which partitions one part of the valley from the rest, creating a basin, and such basins may become lakes. There are a number of these lakes in the western portion of the United States. The lagoons of flood plains are of this class.

It was in this way that the Coahuila Basin was formed. We may think of our Cordilleran system as a great plateau, of unequal height in different parts, and everywhere bearing upon its surface a system of mountain ridges small or large. Toward the southwest it slopes downward beneath the Pacific Ocean, and one of the great ranges on its back stands partly upon the land and partly upon a shoal of the ocean, constituting the peninsula of California. The trough left between it and the next ridge to the east, lies partly upon the land and partly beneath the water, and this submerged part, to the southward, is marked by the Gulf of California. The Colorado River enters the great trough on its east side, two or three hundred miles from its head, and has built, from the mud and sand that it drives along, a conical plain or delta that stretches quite across the trough, dividing it into two portions. The southerly portion, still filled with salt-water, is the modern gulf; the northern portion thus partitioned off by the river delta is the Coahuila Basin.

The material of the delta comes from far away. In the mountains of Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, far to the northeast, the frost of winter, burrowing in the crevices of the rocks, loosens them so that they fall asunder. By the storms of summer the fragments are tumbled into the torrents, and by them are dragged along and worn as they go into pebbles, sand, and mud. Hundreds of mountain torrents unite to form a score of rivers which course through the cañons of the great mesa region and finally unite to form the Colorado itself, which travels for hundreds of miles through the grandest cañon of all, before escaping to full daylight. Through these channels the débris from the mountains is transported to be added to the delta at the river's mouth. But the river has a long history, and it has not merely transported the débris from the sculpture of mountains; it has itself carved the mighty gorges through which it runs, and its branches have carved their gorges, and from the surface of the mesa there have been degraded thousands of feet of rock; and all of this material, sufficient for the building of hundreds of mountain ranges, has been carried away by the river and thrown into the sea. The visible mound at the river's mouth represents but a trivial fraction of the whole work of the river, and the wonder is not that it has built so much, but whither it has carried the product of its earliest work.

In the building of the delta the river does not flow continuously in one course. As its current is slackened on approaching the sea, it is no longer able to move forward the detritus with which it is loaded and a portion is dropped to the bottom. Another portion is carried forward to the edge of the delta and falls to the bottom in still water, extending the delta front. As the delta front is built out the bottom of the river channel is built up, and there comes a time when the river channel is higher than portions of the delta on each side. When the course it follows to the sea is not so short as a course which might be chosen to one side, then at the time of some great flood the river bursts its banks and chooses a new and shorter channel along a lower line. This line of channel is in turn built up until the river's course is no longer stable, and it is shifted to a new site. Thus in turn the river visits all parts of the delta, building them up in succession. Quite commonly, too, its current is divided, and the partial channels sometimes interlock so as to form a plexus over the area of the delta. The bayous of the Mississippi are such a plexus, and every crevasse that bursts a levee is an effort of the river to escape from the high-lying channel to which man would confine it and find its way to the ocean by a shorter course along a lower line. The Hoang Ho, whose history is known for 2,500 years, has in that period shifted on its delta scores of times, and the extreme positions oc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cupied by its mouth are 460 miles apart. As the delta at the mouth of the Colorado bridges the great trough from side to side, and as the river in the building of the delta has shifted its course from place to place, it cannot be that it has always, as now, flowed southward to the Gulf. Part of the time it must have turned westward to the Coahuila Basin. Whenever it has turned in that direction it has filled the basin, making a lake twenty-five miles broad and nearly one hundred miles in length, with a depth of 250 feet. Whenever it has turned to the southward the lake, having no other perennial tributary, has dried away, leaving the basin as we know it now.

The fact that such a lake has existed was discovered before its relation to the Colorado River was known, for on the floor of the desert were found the dried shells of innumerable mollusks, such as live in the waters of fresh lakes. About the margins of the basin was observed a peculiar crust of calcareous tufa, coating the surface up to a certain line at a uniform height in all directions. That this calcareous crust was deposited in water was shown by the inclusions of molluscan shells, but the circumstances of its formation were not understood until the river's history was developed. About the sources of the Colorado and in the region of its cañons are great beds of limestone, and these are continually dissolved in small amount so as to charge the water with their substance, carbonate of lime. In addition to the mud, to whose color the river owes its name and from whose color the Gulf once received the title Vermilion Sea, the river carries an invisible tribute of carbonate of lime, which also is deposited in the ocean. When the river has flowed into the Coahuila Basin it has not only filled the basin, but the supply of water has been sufficient to cause an overflow following the western margin of the delta and escaping to the Gulf. From what we know of the present volume of the river, of the rate of evaporation in the region, and of the area of the lake, it is estimated that about one-half of the water of the river escaped from the surface of the lake by evaporation, so that a half only was discharged to the Gulf. The water being saturated with carbonate of lime, was forced to precipitate the major part of it in consequence of loss by evaporation; and it is that precipitation which constitutes the crust on the sides of the old lake basin, in places several feet in thickness.

Where water does not run the delta of the river is a desert, so inhospitable that it has been but imperfectly explored. The channel along its margin, formed by the water outflowing from the Coahuila lake, has been discovered, and is known as Hardy's Colorado. A number of abandoned channels of the delta, called by the frontiersmen "sloughs," although destitute of water, have been discovered and partially traced, and one of these leading toward the Coahuila Valley is called New River. Through this a temporary discharge takes place whenever the river at the flood stage reaches an exceptional height, and the resulting shallow lake in the bottom of the valley this year is but a repetition of similar occurrences known by tradition.

The fine earth which floors the flat bottom of the valley is saline, a fact not difficult to understand, for whatever salt may be contained in the partial floods that come from the Colorado is thus entrapped. It cannot escape to the air with the evaporating water, but remains as a crust where the last of the water dries away.

We have seen how the basin was formed, and how it lies below the level of the sea because it is, in fact, a portion of the sea-bed partitioned off. Let us now inquire why it is that it is normally dry. The explanation lies in the general law of rainfall, in the distribution of the air-currents of the globe, and in the Pacific Ocean. In the northwestern part of the Pacific Ocean a current sets northward analogous to the Gulf Stream. Where it strikes the coast of Alaska it is divided, and a portion, turning southward, follows our coast to the tropics. Where the great current comes to the Alaskan coast it brings heat from the tropics and contributes it to the air, so that the winds of that coast are somewhat warmer than they would otherwise be. By reciprocation the winds cool the current, so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that when it travels southward along the coast of California, it finally reaches a point where it is cooler than the adjacent land. In all this region the general tendency of air-currents is from west to east, so that the air first traverses a district of ocean, and afterward a district of land. While over the ocean the air acquires the temperature of the water; in traversing the land it acquires the temperature of the land; and as these are different it is either cooled or heated by the transfer. At the north the water is warmer than the land, so that the incoming air is cooled by the land; at the south the water is cooler than the land, so that the incoming air is heated by the land. Now, it is a general principle that the higher the temperature of air, the greater the quantity of moisture it can contain; and it results from this that on our northwestern coast the air by cooling loses capacity for moisture, and a part of its aqueous contents is precipitated, producing the abundant rainfall of southern Alaska and the northwestern coast. At the south, however, though the air is saturated with moisture as it approaches the coast, the warming it receives from the land still further increases its capacity, so that it absorbs moisture instead of precipitating it. There can be no more striking illustration of the relation of precipitation to the land and sea temperatures than is afforded by the peninsula of California. Surrounded by water on three sides and crested by mountains of no mean magnitude, it yet fails to produce precipitation, because the surface of the earth is warmer than the ocean, and a desert is the result. At its northwestern extremity the Coahuila Valley is overlooked by two great mountain ranges. The San Jacinto looks down on it from a height of more than seven thousand feet, and Grisly Peak, of the San Bernardino range, towers above it more than eleven thousand feet; but from these ranges no great steams descend to the parched desert. The brooks that issue from their gorges are absorbed by the sands and gravels of the upper slopes.

In humid lands lakes and forests abound; in arid lands plains and deserts are seen. These facts are abundantly illustrated in all portions of the habitable globe, but by some curious psychological condition a strange fallacy gains popular ground, and the humidity and rainfall is attributed to the lakes and the forests, and the aridity is attributed to the plains and deserts; while in fact, the humidity of the atmosphere is the cause of the lakes, rivers, and forests; the aridity, the cause of plains and deserts. Although this fact is so simple, there is always a class of publicists who skirmish upon the borders of science and who are forever presenting schemes for the amelioration of hard climatic conditions, not appreciating that climate is involved with great cosmic and world-wide conditions. So they would plant forests to change the surface of the earth and thereby change the climate; or they would bombard the heavens to make them yield rain to the deserts, though the moisture does not exist therein; or, failing in these methods, they would bore into the earth on the theory that there are subterranean floods that can be brought to the surface and modify the climate.

The theory that the creation of bodies of water will ameliorate the desert conditions is the one now in hand. On this theory it has been proposed to revolutionize the desert of Sahara by taking water from the sea by a canal into a low basin of the desert, and, though physical geographers have again and again affirmed that this would not affect the climate in any appreciable manner, yet the scheme comes to the surface of popular agitation from time to time. So it has been proposed to change the Colorado desert by filling the Coahuila basin with water. But land is not assured against aridity by the presence of bodies of water. It has already been seen that the peninsula of California is almost surrounded by a body of water, and to the west is the great Pacific Ocean, and yet its aridity is excelled in but few places on the globe. On the Polynesian Islands there are atolls—that is, little bodies of land surrounded by vast ocean spaces—that are almost as arid as the desert of Colorado.

The future of the basin, if regulated by nature alone, will be as its past. From time to time a strand of the river

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will enter it and its bottom will be covered by a brackish lake; from time to time the whole current will pay tribute, it will be filled to the brim, and "Hardy's Colorado" will become "the Colorado;" from time to time the swaying river will avoid it altogether, the sun will drink its water, and a new film of salt will be added to its desert plain.

But the problem no longer belongs to nature alone, for civilized man is upon the scene. In the near or distant future he will control the river, and by its aid regulate the condition of the valley. To-day he talks of obstructing the western sloughs by dams so that the Colorado shall be permanently contained within its present channel, and the settlements and railroads of the basin shall not be compelled to choose new sites above the threatening tide. If this course is adopted and continued, the task of restraining the river will at first be comparatively easy, but the time will come when the tract of delta it now traverses will be built so high that massive and costly walls will be needed to restrain the struggling stream.

A few years ago it was proposed to throw the water of the river into its westward channel and restore the ancient lake, it being supposed by the projectors that the creation of such a body of water in the valley would so charge the air with moisture that rains would thereafter be abundant and general fertility would result. Great as would be the cost of controlling the river in this manner, the work might perhaps profitably be undertaken if only the desired result would follow, but this there is no sound reason to expect. An immense body of moisture would indeed be drunk by the air, probably not less than two cubic miles in every year, but this would be distributed through a body of air so much vaster, and would be wafted eastward over a tract of country so much more extensive, that its influence upon the climate would be absolutely inappreciable. At best it could but increase the annual rainfall of a district in Arizona by the fractional part of an inch.

In a third way, man may control the river. By adequate headworks he may permanently divert a regulated portion of the water to the Coahuila slope of the delta, and carry it by canals about the circumference of the basin, to be used for the watering of crops on the upper slopes. The central floor of the basin can never be reclaimed for agriculture, because it already contains an accumulation of salt which there is no means to wash away, but on the slopes round about agriculture is entirely feasible, and if rendered possible by the application of water it would enjoy those superlative advantages which are conferred by glaring sunlight and thirsty air. The cost of such an enterprise would be great. Possibly some point might be found above the delta where the river, flowing between firm banks, could be permanently controlled by headworks of masonry, from which a long canal could lead the water to the agricultural land. Otherwise the work must be performed on the sands of the delta, where foundations are insecure, and where any checking of the river's current leads to local deposition of silt, and stimulates the erosion of the banks and the opening of new channels. Moreover, the water is not of the best. In the great area drained by the river are many districts where the rocks contain salt and gypsum, and these are slowly yielded to the rains. In the long course of the river through arid lands, much of its water is absorbed by the air, and as the volume of the stream diminishes the ratio of its impurities increases. At the river's mouth their quantity is probably so great that for successful irrigation special processes would be necessary, involving extra care and labor. This matter would need careful investigation in advance. But if all difficulties, physical and chemical, can be overcome the reward is great, for in that climate every farm is a garden. It is the land of the date-palm—the Egypt of America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE OYSTER.

By Edward L. Wilson.

"LET 'er go, Joe!"

That is what Captain Robert C. Lore, commander of the fast sailing, light-burthen oyster sloop Mail said to his first mate one fine April morning, a couple of hours before sunrise. It was down in southern New Jersey, at a place where the Maurice River widens considerably, about four miles from its mouth. The newly christened town located there is Bivalve. Port Norris is about a mile further up the stream. Bivalve is the safe port of entry for the majority of the vessels employed in the New Jersey oyster traffic. Until about a year ago "the river" was all the name Bivalve had; but now "Uncle Jimmy" is enabled to bring down a cancelling stamp upon a letter with as much preciseness and energy as that with which he formerly applied the "culling-iron" to the shell of the oyster. He says "you can despatch a letter direct from Bivalve, by rail or by sea, to any part of the world!"

Alarming reports had come up from the new post-office that the oyster supply was dying out. It was predicted by some who ought to know, that in a few years oysters would be as scarce and as expensive in the Metropolitan markets as they are now at Colorado Springs. This sounded a little like a Delaware peach-orchard canard; yet, as I thought about it, I began to see a great glass case looming up in our American Museum of Natural History containing a pyramid made up of select and antique oyster-shells; a dredge-fork: an oyster knife; a model of the Mail and the weather-beaten costume of a New Jersey oysterman, etc., relics of an industry passed away, there preserved for the instruction of posterity. It was clearly the duty of some one to gather the facts and write the biography of the oyster ere it became too late. Thus convinced I assumed the rôle of biographer, and with my camera as helper started out to "become an oysterman," that I might the more correctly fulfil the duties of my new undertaking. I was on board the Mail on the Monday morning alluded to. The Mail is a trim little boat and a good sailer. She is well fitted for her special work, but for pleasure-sailing her quarters are rather constrained. From the middle step of the companion-way it is but one step more to the dining-table. When seated at "grub" the captain can reach the coffee-pot from the stove and fill the cup of the guest at the head of the table with equal facility. In the hold there is more room for bilge-water than there is for berths, and the centre-board cuts a much wider swath than the hatchway does. The berths are at each side of the cabin and in the stern. It was like edging into a bookshelf to occupy one of them. They are about as high as an "unabridged dictionary," but, luckily, they are two-deep. The person who sleeps behind is nearer the water and is in more danger of being drowned or suffocated than is his bed-fellow, but he is likewise less liable to fall out on the cabin floor as he would surely do if he tried to turn over in his sleep. Yet a deal of comfort may be had in that contracted little cabin of the Mail, especially when it is wet outside or the air is chilly.

The captain spoke softly that Monday morning, for the air was soft and balmy and Joe was always gentle. Besides there was not much occasion for elocution, because all Joe had to do was to allow a single hawser to slip through his hands and unwind itself from the uneasy pile wavering in the mud and sand near Stites's Wharf, and then jump aboard the Mail before she had floated out of her dock. Then Joe coiled the wet rope on deck near the anchor and ran aft to help ease up the sheets, for the wind was free down the river. That pleased us. We were headed for Maurice River Cove, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

study the oyster and the oysterman. During the planting-time as well as in the catching-season here it is the oysterman's custom to slip out from Bivalve very early on Monday morning and remain at work in the Cove until Friday or Saturday, when he returns to "ship the catch" or to "tie up over Sunday."

An oyster sloop or schooner is manned by four or more men, one of whom serves as cook. A good supply of food is always taken aboard, but should the appetites of his crew overreach the Captain's calculations, there are always to be had good oysters without going very far away from the front door. When the Mail made her start she was not without company. The wide river was alive with vessels whose unfurled sails prevented us from seeing the opposite shore. One after the other or in groups they sailed, a long procession. It was a beautiful and a busy scene. The day was invigorating and lovely. The sea-mist made it a trifle chilly at first but as there were neither hill-sides nor cliffs there for it to climb, after it had fumbled about blindly over the stream for awhile the forces of nature sent it swathing across the tangled marshes on either side until the sun came up and then the vagrant disappeared. Then, as if by magic, hundreds of other vessels appeared, airily scudding about, some in long-lined tandem, some in fleets. These had started during night, but the fog was too dense for them to proceed far, so they had entered the adjoining creeks and anchored to harbor there until the way cleared. These creeks wind so eccentrically and the tangled growth of hedge, cat-tails, elder and salt-grass, to say nothing of the sharp "three square" grass is so high that the sails and masts of the vessels seemed to be coming up from the land. Seen indistinctly through the mist the enshrouded spars recall memories of the columns of temples as at Paestum as they appear rising from the fever-stricken low-lands when one approaches them at early dawn; and there is a pang of disappointment when the veil lifts and the purple, snow-capped hills of Greece do not supplement the dream. As the sun gained the mastery the scene grew more enlivening, for the wind rose with the light, and the bellying sails strained to their utmost. Flocks of disturbed birds arose at our approach. Some of the most daring of these flew back upon the cat-tails and the elders, and balancing in the air appeared to question our right of way. Millions of frogs hoarsely croaking at our approach ceased their protestations when we neared them, and leaped splashing into their muddy hiding-places. Passing these no other disturbances met us except the screaming of the gulls over-head. After them a quiet serenity prevailed until the lashing of the sea was heard and the white-caps were seen athwart the meadows and beyond the broad lagoons.

Soon the wind came back, and in the twinkling of an eye all was changed again. Captain Lore gave the tiller of the Mail a "yank," which awakened her as from a reverie and sent her plunging around the last curve of the Maurice River with such impetuous force that she dipped water on her lee side; we were rolling about over the rougher waters of the river's mouth before our little craft could catch her breath and more quickly than we could realize what had happened. What a transformation it was! A wondrous activity prevailed now. The water was heaving with a perceptible swell and the waves chafed with the beach. The lantern reflectors of the spectral light-house caught the blush of the rising sun and sent down the glimmering rays in long wide cones across the water. The coloring of all was beautiful. The crisp air was compatible with the needs of the hardy men whose many vessels, now within stone's throw of us, began to reveal some of the mysteries of their healthful life of labor. The Mail took her place among them, for to this favor had we come. The pleasure-sailing was ended for the time, and the earnest business of our expedition began.

At what may be regarded as the southwestern corner of New Jersey the action of the water has carved out an arch-shaped or semi-circular place, known as Maurice River Cove. The Maurice River empties into the cove and gives it its name. Wamatquenack was the Indian name. The present one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grew from the ship, the Prince Maurice, burned and sunk by the Indians near a reach in the river called "no man's friend." A straight line from Egg Island Point at the left base of the arch to Cape May Point on the right base would separate the Cove from Delaware Bay and enclose the great oyster-producing section of southern New Jersey. Originally all the oysters were planted and all the grounds staked up in what was really a cove of Delaware Bay. Egg Island light-house stands on one outer point of this cove and East Point light-house is across on the extremity. Originally all the grounds were staked up inside of a straight line drawn from Egg Island to East Point. The increasing business demanded more territory than was to be had within these limits, and oysters ceased to grow fat there. So the oystermen went further out into the bay proper for more space, but continued to call it "the Cove," even to the extended points which have been named as the bases of our arch. Twenty miles in length and ten miles in width are thus included, and from four hundred and fifty to five hundred boats are busied there. These vessels hail not only from Bivalve, but from Newport, Cedarville, Dividing Creek, and Fairton, and they give employment to about 2,500 men. Every one of the captains and vessel-owners is a member of the "Delaware Bay and Maurice River Cove Oyster Association," and they all work under its protection and its laws. At their annual meeting, in March, officers are elected, and the Executive Committee appoints a special officer to watch and protect the oyster grounds. Extra watch-boats are employed if necessary. Each captain is required to obtain a license from the Collector of the association, every year, and pays for the said license one dollar per ton for the burthen of his vessel. This entitles him to the protection and use of his private grounds in the Cove and free access to the planting grounds in Delaware Bay during the planting season, which is from April 1st to June 15th inclusive. No one is allowed to use a dredge for catching oysters with a longer tooth-bar than forty-two inches, and no oysters must be caught before sunrise or after sunset. In the middle of their mainsail and in the middle of their jib, all boats must have their license-number painted in black figures at least eighteen inches long. This number must also be fixed upon some of their stakes or buoys on all private grounds. This makes it easy for the special officer or watcher to discover infringers. The Association sets apart certain natural beds for the use of the planters where the seed is obtained, and specifies that the bed known as "Andrew's" bed or "High-ditch" bed shall be for the use of citizens. This bed falls bare at low water, so that one may walk about on the hard shells and gather oysters. No citizen is allowed to take more than three bushels in one day.

The duties of the oysterman are not confined to the gathering of the bivalve for market any more than are the duties of the gardener confined to the collection of his garden product. Indeed, their work is similar in detail, and the terms used by the oysterman so nearly resemble those of the other that the oyster cultivator may well be called the "gardener of the sea." His "ground" is where his oysters grow, and he "stakes" it around to enable him to distinguish his territory from that of his neighbor. His "beds" are where the oysters grow, naturally, and where he "plants" his "seed;" while "transplanting" is resorted to for the improvement of the natural oyster.

The Mail cast anchor that first morning a little outside of the fleet of which she was a part, so that the movements of her companions could be more readily watched. With sails unfurled these all moved busily to and fro, each one giving attention to but a small territory. The captains were "staking up" their "grounds." On the deck of every vessel there was a pile of stakes — young scrub-oaks some twenty feet in length, denuded of all their branches except those at their upper end. At each corner of his "ground," ranging in extent from twenty to twenty-five acres, every individual captain directed these stakes to be forced down as far as possible. Such were called "corner-stakes." Between them, on all sides, others stakes, termed "line-stakes" were placed at intervals. His garden was thus inclosed by a fence

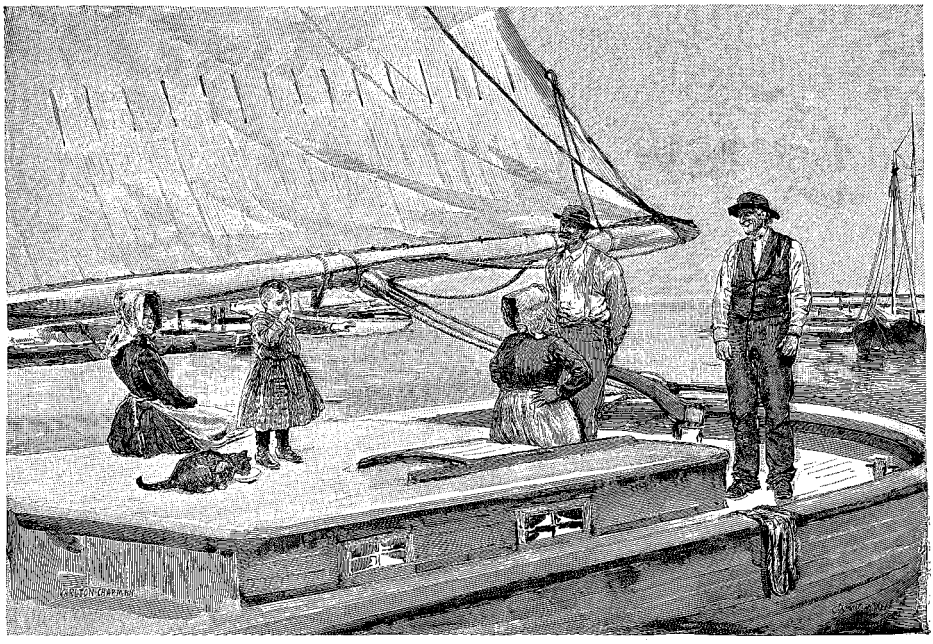
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which protected him from intrusion as effectually as though it were enclosed by a wall of stone. Before staking out his ground the oysterman settles its location by his "range." A "range" is some particular object on shore, such as a light-house, a sand mound, the mouth of a stream or sometimes a house, or an old weather-fagged tree. The "staking out" may be done at any time. Wind and storms make repairs necessary very often. The time for "seed planting," or "throwing off," as it is called is between April 1st and June 15th. In the upper part of Delaware Bay the oysters are indigenous, and there what are called the "beds" are located. To these the oysterman goes, loads his vessel with "seed," and returning to his "grounds" he "throws off" his cargo. Young oysters so treated are termed "lay-overs." There is more pleasure-sailing involved in "planting" than there is in "catching," but the first procedure is not so interesting as the last.

In the afternoon of our first day life in the cove was suddenly interrupted by a brilliant spectacle. The excitement it caused ran high and affected the whole fleet. The weather, which had since sunrise been fair, suddenly assumed a wild and threatening aspect and gave emphatic warning that one of those characteristic squalls which not infrequently disturb the serenity of the oyster industry was impending. We were anchored watching the fleet. The wind brought the first "indication" over its own private wires. Though it had come in a hurry, its breath was cold and that caused Joe to reach for his coat to put it on. Then he looked over to the west, then to the Captain. Without a word between them the anchor was hauled in, the mainsail was unfurled and the Mail was sent driving across lots toward the mouth of East Point Inlet, before the rest of us discovered that a dark cloud had already covered the sun and was hurrying over toward us, growing larger and darker as it came. Before we reached the inlet fifty other vessels had entered it and were following its eccentric and sudden windings seemingly stuck in the marsh-grass; while the rest of the fleet came scudding in after us. What a rattling of tackle, and clashing of chains there was as all sails were furled and all anchors were cast—what dissonance between the excited voices of the men and the hoarse warnings of the wind—what a hurrying and a scurrying to get into safe harbor before the sea began to boil and the cloud-burst made it dangerous to remain in the Cove. Now our fleet was subdivided into many smaller ones. Some of them anchored a mile away from the beach. The gale increased. We could see the spray leaping high in the air. This gave evidence that the Cove was being lashed into a tremendous convulsion. The restive sound of the waves and the inexorable voice of the broken surges were bewildering. Now and then flashes of lightning rent the black cloud into fragments, illumined the torn edges with the quivering flash, and then, disappearing rendered the succeeding darkness even more terrible than at first. Then the booming thunder followed; the waves took up the sound and carried it on and on far away out to sea. Our little vessels were not harmed but when the storm abated, their rigging looked as slick as if it had been paraffined. One after the other struck sail and ventured out again; while the rain-fall continued. A warm after-glow still hung in the west when we sailed back to the inlet to anchor for the night.

After the "planting" comes the gathering in of the harvest. Before engaging in the actual work of the oysterman I will try to describe how the deck of an oyster-boat must be trimmed for its work. There are no guns needed for a Maurice River craft. I believe they are sometimes necessary on the Chesapeake, but the Cove oysterman dispenses with iron in that shape. Standing on every deck is a tall machine composed of two iron uprights with a strong reel mounted between them, at each end of which is a large iron crank and a system of cogs and ratchets. This is the "winder." Coiled around it is an iron chain to the end of which a still more curious piece of apparatus is attached. Stretch out your arm and turn your hand over with the inside toward the floor; now draw all the fingers toward the palm of the hand until they point at the floor, when you will have formed a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An Oyster Boat—The Skipper and his Family.

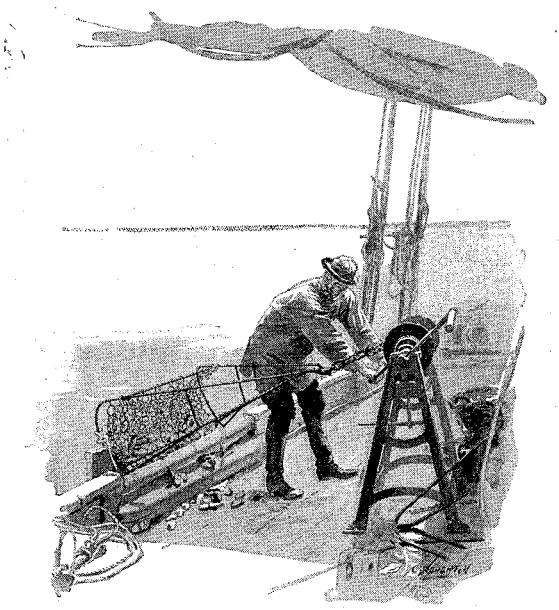
miniature "dredge." The real oyster-dredge is made of a heavy frame-work of round rod-iron and a bag-shaped web formed of iron rings, interwoven somewhat like a coat of mail, runs from near the ends of the fingers up to the knuckles: a row of teeth fastened to a tooth-bar is near the lower end, which, to keep up the simile may be represented by the ends of the fingers. The width of this tooth-bar is limited by law. At the sides of the vessel there are long iron-rollers, "dredge-catches" and "dredge-chocks." Such is the "tackle" or machinery used for the "planting," of the young oyster, for the "transplanting" and for the "catching for market," as gathering the fully developed oysters is called.

We must now learn more about the "seed" and its development. By "seed" is meant the "milk" or spat or spawn which is deposited during the breeding season (in summer), and adheres to some object or other in the water of the "beds." As soon as the "milk" finds a resting-place, helped by the action of the sea-water, it begins to harden and to take form. Just as the white liquid china-clay of the *pâte-sur-pâte* china decorator in its elevations and depressions hardens upon the side of a cup or vase and by the different thickness of its hardened layers forms the lovely figures we see in art collections, so the "milk" of the oyster grows into the shape intended for it by nature. Though the oyster-shell is so uncouth and rough in outline, yet what wondrous alchemy is this! Nevertheless, in the oyster world, as in ours, no privilege or advantage is accorded without some attendant drawback. Hence, when the shell begins to form the baby oyster must cease his fantastic wriggling about in the water and give careful attention to his own support. The cares of life come upon him early, but as his burdens increase he grows in strength and ability to carry them. All he asks is a good start. He is not particular as to whose hand he holds during his incipiency, provided it is clean. To him an old boot, or a dead star-fish or the shell of a crab is as good as anything to cling to until he has sufficient courage to let go and paddle his own canoe. If they are right in his way at the moment he wants them, an old bottle, a lost anchor, an escaped dredge or a pair of oyster-tongs will serve. In about two weeks after the spat is deposited, as one may see with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the naked eye, these become barnacled all over with the enterprising young oysters. But at the present time when the demand for bivalves is so great, there are not enough accidental chances such as these, so something must be done to provide more. It was necessary to take advantage of an April morning excursion to the "beds" for the particulars.

Long before daylight then the captains of our fleet from all quarters called—"Turn out boys and heave short," which means hoist the anchor on board—not alongside as when dredging. Then the sails were set free and the white wings shaped themselves for their best speed. The morning meal was partaken on the go, for when the sun was up then the work of the day began. Scarcely had the first rays struck our topmast when Joe "dumped the dredge" down into the "bed." Joe was careful always to remove the cranks from the "winder" before he let the chain go, for they might fly off after a revolution or two and brain some of us. Then the captain brought the Mail to port, when the dredge was hauled-in, and there was a feeling of disappointment at the one-sided appearance of the "catch." "Only empty shells!" Just listen to the voice of inexperience! A more careful scrutiny of a single shell was a revelation. Instead of the ash-colored surface with which all are familiar it appeared all flecked over with tiny brown things which seemed to be incorporated with the shell: but not so in fact, however. These were baby oysters. Every time they were counted there were found to be more: and when the shell was turned over there were—more—at least a hundred. Another shell was brought out from the middle of the uninviting heap. The young oysters that were found attached to it will make a respectable dredge-haul when they are three years of age. They were all thrown back into the water when the examination was ended. In a year after planting they will be as large the narrow way, as a nickel: in two years a half-dollar won't cover them: while in three years it is probable that a "trade" dollar will be required to purchase a hundred of them in New York and every one of them will exceed the dollar in size. All this when the oyster has a fair chance to grow. He is truly a tiny morsel when he begins his career, and although full of energy, seems to know how frail he is. This makes him clannish, sociable, or sometimes grasping, as you may please to understand it.



Joe hauling in "Plants."

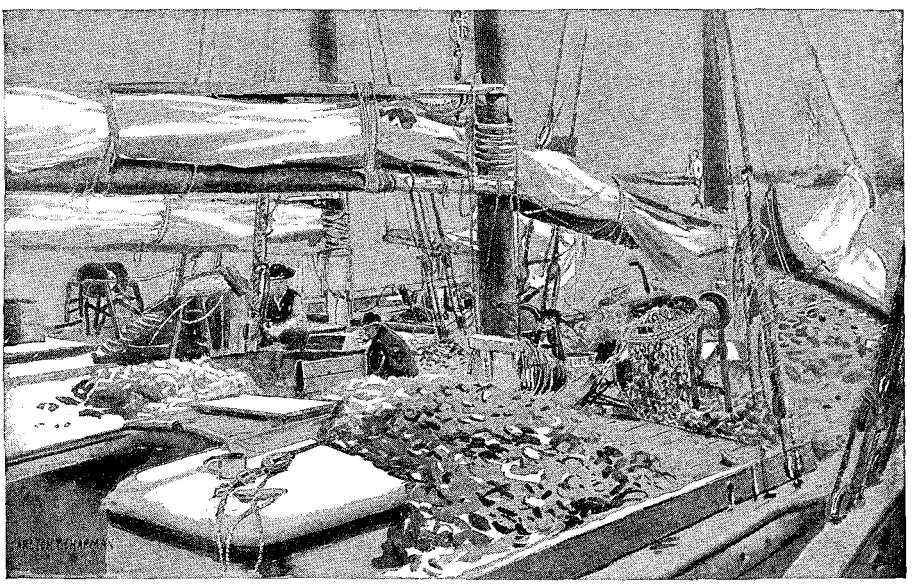
I have a "plant" specimen showing fifty junior oysters varying in size from the eye of a darning needle to the eye of a camel, all clinging to an antiquated half oyster-shell with tenacity which seems bred of the fear of falling to the bottom of the sea. Indeed an oyster-shell always looks to me as if it had passed through a frightful experience.

As these youngsters grow their congeries assume all sorts of forms. I have one group shaped like a tulip. Six or more well-formed young oysters have so wriggled their hinges round into contact as to present quite a respectably proportioned rosette. How ingenious! They could not have opened their mouths without prejudice to one another had they turned the other way.

A great many of the oystermen raise their own "seed," besides

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

securing what they can from the "natural beds" in the spring or "regular planting season." This they are at liberty to do at all times of the year. It is done by purchasing the oyster-shells which have been opened at the restaurants or canning-houses in the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and bringing them in boats to the private grounds in the cove where they are thrown off. This is usually attended to between July 1st and August 10th. The spawn, adhering to these shells, soon forms into young oysters. As a rule they are very thrifty and form a better growth than the seed taken off the "natural beds" up the Bay. They are often "run into market' after two or three year's growth from the spawn.



"Culling off."

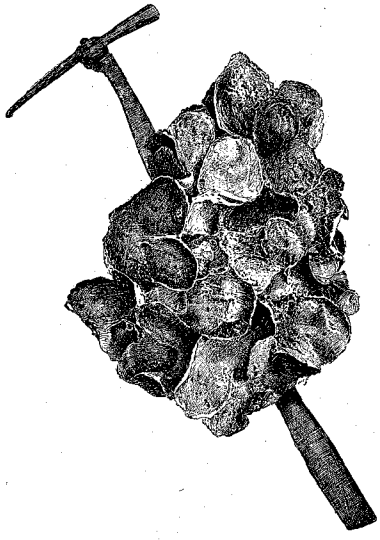
The "natural beds," so called, are known as "Egg Island," "New beds," "Minch beds," "Benny's beds," "Shell Rock," "Cohansey beds," "Middle-Grounds," "Stony Point beds," and so on. Shells and all are caught off these beds, and the loaded boats are taken down to the Cove and emptied of their curious freight. As the oyster-laws stop the planting June 15th, the oystermen have ample time to repair their boats and paint them before the autumn and winter work begins. A long time before autumn, however, their boats are "ready" for pleasure sailing. "The Races" at the watering places along the coast usually tempt them from their homes during the summer. On the last day of August they begin their more earnest business.

The process of "transplanting" is altogether a different operation from "planting." When "inshore" oysters are taken out on a sandy bottom or into deep water it is called "transplanting" them. After they remain about a month in their new home they are "taken up" again and sent to market. The regular "taking up for market" or "catching' or "dredging"—the oystermen call it "drudging"—goes on usually from September to April. As when the planting season commences, so the whole fleet joins to gather the harvest. With as much hope as when the seed-planting begins, but with greater expectancy and no little anxiety the oysterman proceeds to his grounds now. Examination and trial are first made when some find that their oysters have taken an extra growth while others' oysters have scarcely begun to grow at all. Sometimes a strong westerly wind so covers his oysters with sand and mud that his dredges cannot reach them. When the plants "do well"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are ready for market in one year, while others require two, three, and even five years before they are sufficiently grown. The rough hardship which attends the life of the salt-water fishermen is well known, and to a degree it is shared by the oystermen. The latter has the advantage of variety, however, and his vocation is more active and more exciting. It holds an interest too which comes to the husbandman, to the gardener, and to the fruit-raiser: likewise to the photographer and to any one who sees the results of his efforts growing under his hands and developing into the well formed and perfect product.

During the days employed at different seasons of the year in gathering points for our biography, opportunity was had not only to experience the mutations of the oysterman's life, but also to become acquainted with some of his individualities. One visit was made during the first week in November. The morning we sailed the air was as blue as that which hangs over the Bay of Naples. The lagoons on either side of the river were rustling with the tall dense growth of the summer and autumn. Every breeze started the waves of light and shade into new combinations; softer gradations. And so it was all the way down to the verge of the sea.

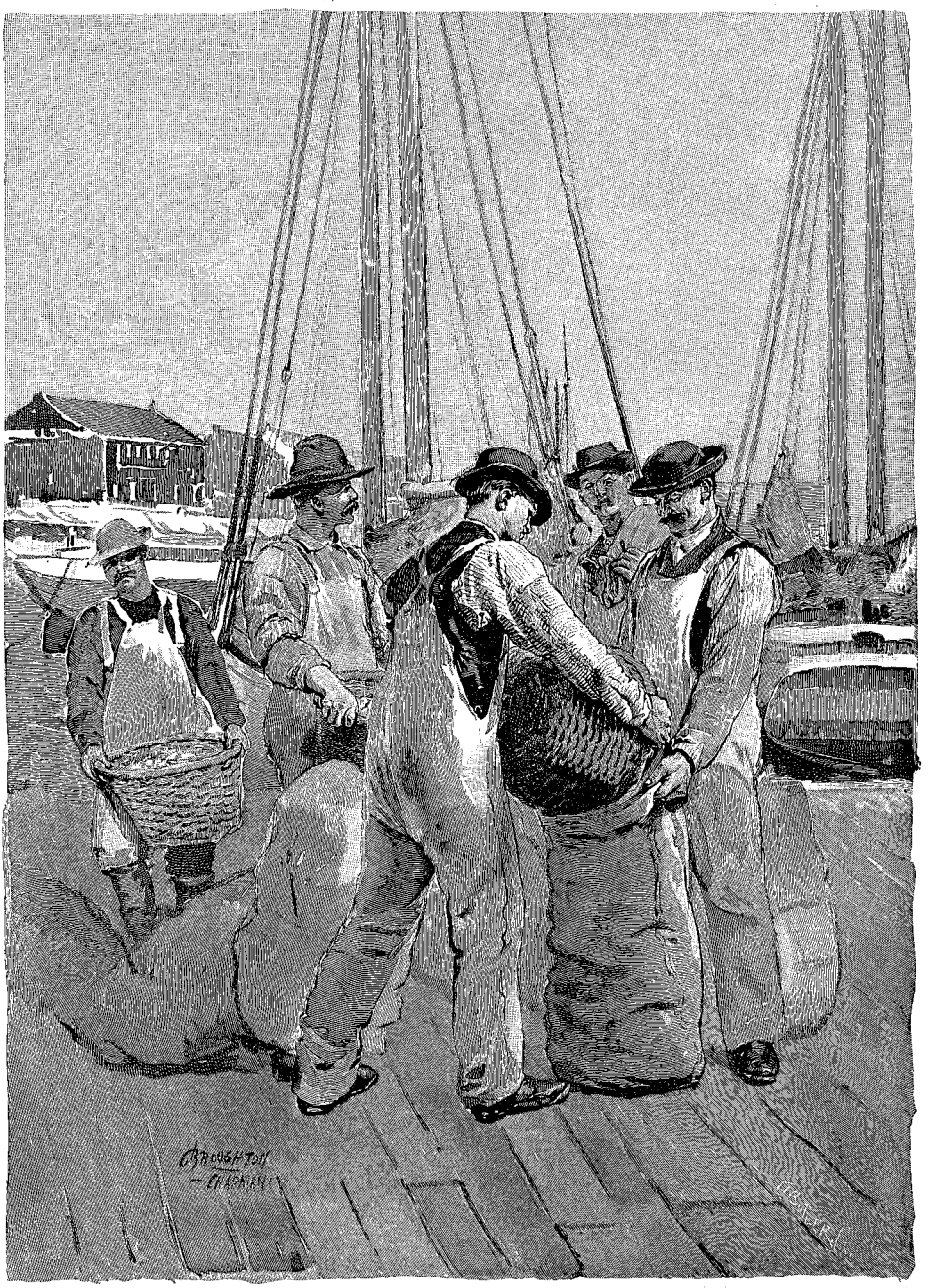


Oysters, and "Culling Iron."

What a spectacle greeted us when we passed from the narrow highway of the river into the broad amphitheatre of the Cove again. There were at least three hundred vessels, all sails up, some scudding about with no apparent aim except to find their reckoning; others sailing smoothly along. At first sight of their sails, every one hung in gray shadow, but very soon the sun arose with a bound, and flooded the swelling water with rose tint and gold. Each canvas then intercepted his rays and shared his glory. Just this touch was wanted to impart that Virgilian charm which transforms daily sights and sounds into romance and adds poetic mystery to common things. Active preparation for something was evidently going on. The rattling of machinery increased more and more and the vessels which had not cast anchor now fidgeted about, tacking and turning, furling and unfurling; then anchoring and hauling in with a wild activity which nearly turned our heads. A naval contest of some kind was impending surely. The Mail took her place in the midst of the fleet and at once caught the infection. Her deck had been cleared of all superfluous articles and her anchor was quickly cast. All sails were then furled; for a moment, it seemed like Sunday.

"Heave out, Joe," was the next command, and a thundering rattle followed. Joe had "let go the drudge," and it was tearing away the chain from the "winder" for all it was worth. A cable at the left followed the antics of the chain as exactly as it could and leaped overboard, gracefully undulating like an excited serpent. It was attached to the dredge as a safe-guard to prevent its loss in case the chain broke. The cable is kept in bounds by a "chock" at one side. Joe had a way all his own of telling when the dredge touched bottom, and then by the pressure of his boot upon the "dredge-catch" he arrested the wild career of the chain and the rope, when the "winder" voluntarily halted. No one can tell what the dredge will bring back when it is hauled on deck again. But it must have a fair chance to acquit itself honorably, so the next thing in form is to ship the anchor, hoist sail, and scud over the "ground" with the dredge dragging behind. One can quite imagine the consternation the dredge causes in the little families of the deep when it rakes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



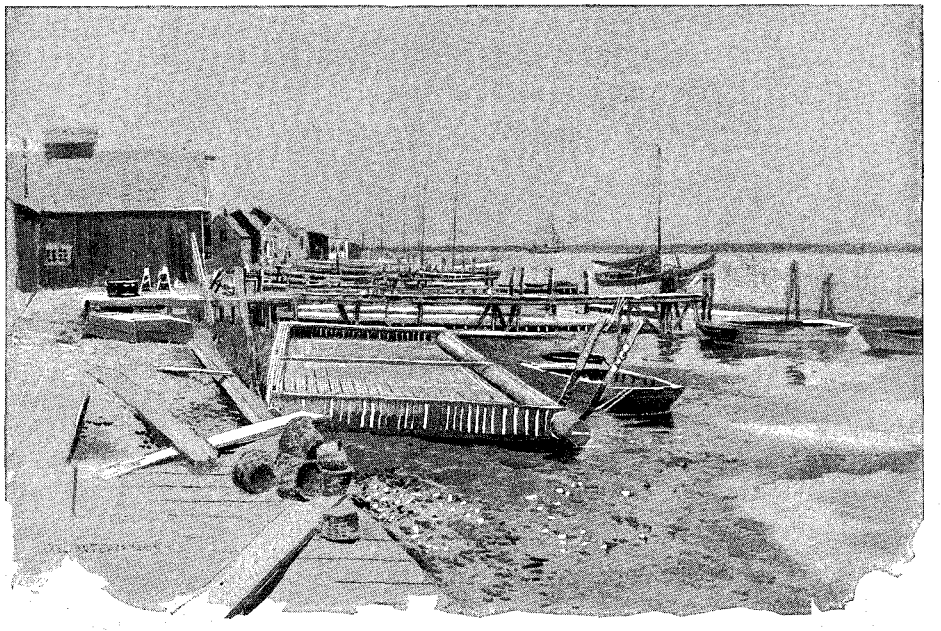
DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON AND C. T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

A "Scow Gang."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "beds" below. It is always interesting to see it hauled in and more interesting to examine its "find." After the Mail is brought-to on such occasions, Joe and his helpers are given the command to "wind." They seize the cranks and turn vigorously; when the rattling of the chain ceases all hands gather at the side of the vessel to see the result of the "catch."

"Dump the drudge, Joe." Then the great iron maw is hauled aboard over the roller and its gathering is spread out upon the deck. Crabs, like district messenger-boys, start off purposelessly for some unknown quarter; crawfish lift up their arms in helpless distress; flounders disentangle themselves from the seaweed and try to leap overboard, and baffled young sharks lie here and there ready to take their chances. Sometimes

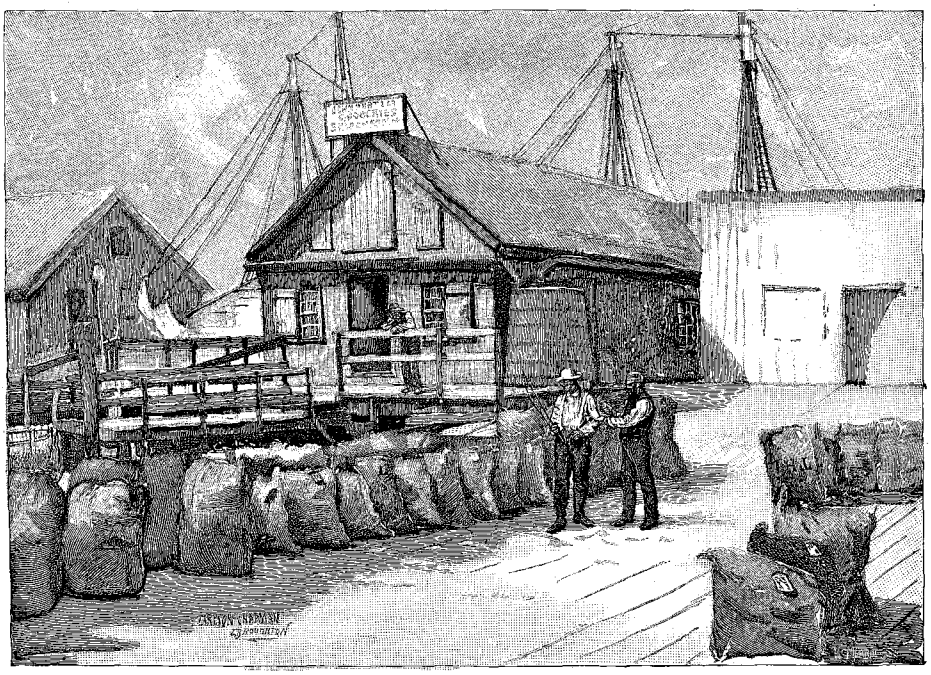


An Oyster "Float."

other fish are brought up, but usually all these are thrown back into the sea. If any star-fish "borers" or "conks" are caught they are crushed to death, for they destroy the oyster in the "beds" and are so abundant at times as to cause great loss. "Shovelling back" then follows; *i.e.*, what remains of the catch is thrown back upon the deck in a heap and the dredge is "dumped" again as the captain puts the vessel about and brings her to his ground. Thus the day's work goes on from morning until night.

Between catches the "culling" takes place. This is not the final assorting previous to the shipment of the oysters to market, but is the process by which the good and proper shaped oysters are separated from the plants and from what are undergrown, and from what is termed "trash." After the seed is planted the growth of the oyster is governed by the kind of ground it has to live on. Oysters, like human beings, assume more or less obesity according to their "feed." So, it is liable to happen to an oyster from the time he lets go of the old shell where he first drew the breath of life until he undertakes to exist alone, that he is hauled up in a dredge a dozen times, and is given an equal number of glimpses at the monsters who hold his fate in their hands. After such experiences he devotes his entire time to hardening and thickening his shell with as much assiduity and evidence of faith in immortality as the ancient Egyptian had when construct-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ready for Market.

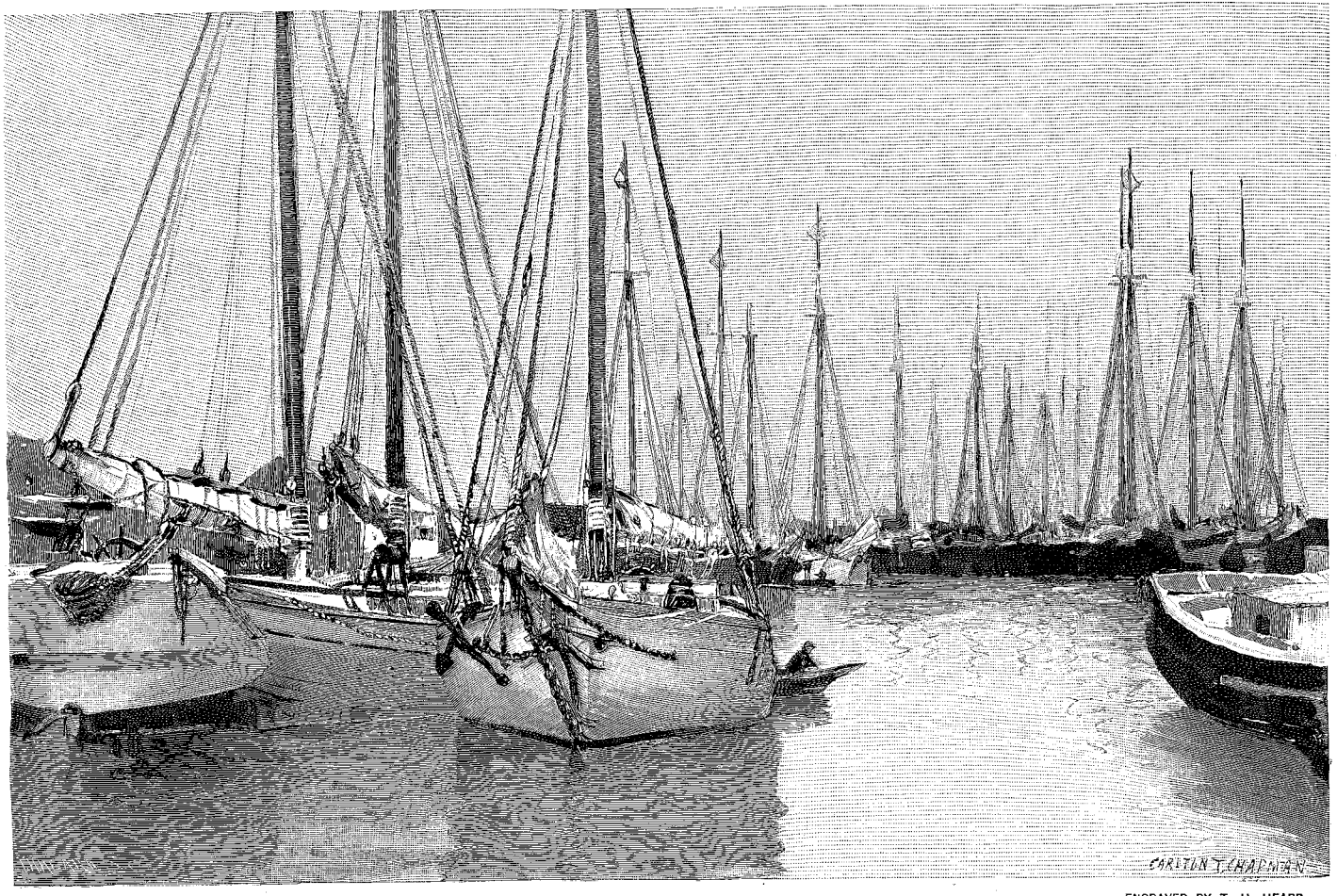
ing his tomb. Yet it is only a question of time when the oyster must come under the blow of the "culling iron" and the oyster-knife, and pass on toward transmigration.

The changing scenes of life all have their effect upon the oyster. Like any other child of nature he, too, is influenced by soil, temperature, weather, and food as well as by companionship. Being subject to the various changes alluded to, he may reach his full growth without the slightest resemblance to his parents. Give them abundant space and good ground, and they will, if not disturbed by the dredge too often, mature in good shape and of excellent weight and flavor.

A clam is considered as the emblem of stupidity and callousness. But you will make as great a mistake if you put the oyster in the same category as when you class a Chinaman and a Japanese together. The oyster is so strong of muscle, as we all know, that no human fingers are able alone to open the doors of his domicile if he chooses to keep them closed; liver and stomach and digestive organs he has, all as sensitive as ours; respiratory organs as complicated as the human lungs; machinery for obtaining his water-supply and for preventing an overflow, and wondrously contrived mechanism for the trapping of his food. Finally he has a heart whose pulsations may be seen after his house has been torn from him. With this very limited understanding of the anatomy of the oyster it is not difficult to comprehend how cultivation and care may not only improve its outward appearance and augment its lines of beauty, but how they also cause the quality of its meat to surpass that of the "natural" or uncultivated oyster, as much as grain-fed poultry surpasses the product of the barn-yard. When your host places before you oysters that are plump and round and thick and deep and light-colored, and mantled narrowly by a fringe quite thick to the very edge, then you may be sure that they have not only lived with few disturbances but under a high state of cultivation.

Before the "dredge" and the "winder" were invented, a wide rake with curved teeth and a long handle was let down into the beds, and by hand the bivalves were hauled up to the deck. This was called "tonguing." There is as wide a difference between the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Saturday Afternoon at Bivalve.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"tonguing-iron" and the "dredge" as there is between the scythe of "Old Father Time" and the McCormick reaper. The effect of the introduction of the modern invention has been much the same in the case of the oysterman as it has in that of the farmer. The production has increased and improved, as have also the means of bringing the product quickly to the door of the consumer.

One does not easily tire when watching such interesting work as that of the oysterman, and yet the night was always welcome; for, after all, the work was not easy though accompanied by so much novelty and picturesqueness. The coming up of the dredge, like the appearance of the photographic image under the developer, was always especially attractive, for its gatherings were always new — they were never twice alike. Then there were so many vessels to visit, each one of which afforded some novelty, either in the crew or in the methods of working. Good humor abounded and good stories were as plenteous as flounders. Besides there were good pictures bristling on every side. If a choice was made something more choice would grow up presently.

The first November night after dredging was also a sleepless one. "Joe" snored; "Al" talked in his sleep: the captain muttered uneasily. I thought I must suffocate and retreated up the companion way to the deck. Before that time, the stillness was almost oppressive. But immediately I stood upon the lonely deck everything seemed to be in a tremor. The rippling water rolled up against the sides of the boat with faint explosive force and moved it to and fro in gentle undulations; the night was cloudless, and low down in the West a bright moon sent its mellow light athwart the land and the water with double lustre; a host of glittering stars were dancing in the heavens. I climbed aloft for a better view. Then I saw the winding water and the tongues of land like broad bands of satin ribbon rolled out in alternation upon the broad expanse beyond. The breeze seemed fresher and busier up there in the rigging. Now and then the "lazy-jacks" trembling and beating against the larger ropes played a quivering reveille. Two light-houses were in sight. Like Polyphemus, with their one great eye they glared, and sent a wide cone of light a-sea. The loose sheets fluttering in the breeze seen through the long vistas of the masts caused recollections to rise of the stories of the men of old times whose worship was symbolised by dances at night, banquets, libations, and mirth-making; yet all was as silent as a shadow except the vibration of the ropes. When one vessel rocked and sent the shadow of its mast and yard-arms across the deck of a companion, the black forms looked like uncanny beings. There were hundreds of other shadows there flitting about and posturing on the many decks — black and heavy ones cast by the feeble lights of the vessels—others light and airy in their movements, made blacker by the light of the departing moon.

Toward morning it became more calm and the water was as smooth as a wood-embowered lake on a summer night. The shadows lengthened as the moon declined and the repose increased. Then with a new intensity the long lines of signal lights hanging at the bows of the innumerable vessels which were anchored in our neighborhood, and the lights aloft, gave an air of still-life to the waters which was very oppressive. It was like the lights of a city—a long line of twinkling law-keepers, guarding and guiding alike.

In an hour or two after how changed it all was! First an early-rising captain came on deck, and gave a yawn. Soon after his men turned out and the chuckle of the pulleys told that his boat was under sail. One by one, or in small fleets, its companions took flight till the inlet was filled with sail scudding out toward the Cove into the day's toil. The Mail was not behind, for the early light was best for our work. A fine breeze bore us on to our grounds and did not abandon us all day. It was a glorious morning for dredging.

The sun had scarcely risen above the horizon before the action began. The rattling of anchor chains; the clatter of the dredge cables; the rumbling of the rollers and the squeaking of the winders, to say nothing of the noise of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boat's tackle and the shouts of the captains and the men all contributed to the semblance of an active naval engagement. It was all day interesting to see the changing aspect of the various decks we visited, as the "catch" went on. While the men at the dredges and winders kept hauling up the oysters to the decks and others shoveled them in great heaps to the sterns and to the bows, as well as to the sides of the boats, others, seated, gave their attention to the "culling" or assorting. For this purpose a "culling-iron" is used. It is a long-handled, slender hammer, somewhat resembling a saddler's tool. It has a round face at one end and a flat face at the other. With the latter the "culler" hauls the bivalves toward him and seizes them with the other hand. Then with either face of the hammer the clusters of oysters are knocked apart and assorted into piles called "cullings," "primes" and "extras." There is a fourth grade which must be taken care of. This is "trash" and includes all "plants," empty shells, and other objects that are not good oysters. These are thrown back into the water, as they help keep the ground above the mud. As the culling goes on and the deck becomes crowded the "load for market" is thrown into the hold. Thus, all day long, on hundreds of decks, this breaking up of families, this separating of boon companions, this selection of the fattest and the fittest, this greedy grappling goes on. It is a wonderful sight. To stand upon the deck of the Mail and look across the decks of a block or two of her neighbors through their entangled tackle, or along their avenues of spars and between the two great piles of oysters is more bewildering than a glance down a New York street after a snow-blizzard.

If toward the end of the day's work—when the light becomes too low and the shadows too long for good photographic effects—the mind grows weary of so much excitement, the beauties of the surroundings are always abundant enough to supply diversion. The boats are never long at anchor—only while the dredge is hauled in, and not necessarily then. Toward sunset the scene is always fine. There is the foreground of sails of dappled light and shadow across which the rigging flits to and fro like lizards on a wall; the sunbeams strike upon the russet surface of the spars and burnish them with a golden covering. Between them is the sky, a medley of rose and saffron and blue and gray; there is no middle distance but the free air is filled with fluttering birds who now intercept the color and set their soft breasts and outspread wings afire—now turn against the light and are as black as silhouettes.

As law-abiding oystermen we quit work when the sun went down and sailed into Cohansey or Nantuckset Creek to our moorings for the night. For a half hour before the anchor was dropped, usually Al's stove sent up significant despatches from the kitchen which reminded us that "some of them three year old primes" had been set aside during the day. Appetites had to be held in check until the cry came up the companion-way, "Grub, gentlemen!" The captain was always obliged to "step on his modesty" and take his seat first on such occasions, much against his will. Had he not done so it would have been necessary for him to climb over the rest of us. After he was seated the others slipped down the stairway to the front seat and then sidled around to the larboard and to the starboard to their accustomed places. After the "feast of reason" then followed the "flow of soul." Many times the neighbors came in and helped. It got about that "the Mail had visitors," and that fact brought her a number of callers. Among them were some of the veteran captains who had "follered oysterin" for quite half a century. There were two brothers who could surpass any "fresh" in the fleet telling stories. Some of their experiences were marvellous—of course. One of the brothers was not only a great oysterman but "a very religious man." His account of camp-meetings and revivals almost singed one's hair. Splendid types for the camera were found in our fleet and their history would weave into an attractive romance could one but contrive to catch the warp and woof. Every day brought a new bit of color and every night new yarns were spun.

Toward the end of this eventful week

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the companions of our fleet began to disappear. As their load was completed, one by one they hauled in their anchors and set sail for Bivalve. The busy spectacle at the Cove usually closed by Friday afternoon, and that broad amphitheatre was then as empty of sails as a mountain lake.

Arrived at Bivalve the oystermen attend to such "culling" as could not be done between dredges and then turn over their "catch" to the shippers. These latter have what are called "floats" lying on the water near their shipping wharves. A "float" is made of two heavy spars connected by having narrow strips running across from one spar to the other, with a proper depth secured by vertical strips of suitable length at ends and sides. The strips are separated so that the water may enter freely and yet not sink the craft. The oysters are thrown into these floats and allowed to remain there, under water, from one to three tides, to clear themselves of the bitter sea-water, to freshen and to "fatten." They drink in the partially fresh water, which clears them of mud and sand and increases their size. Whether they really grow "fatter" in so short a time, or only become bloated, is quite uncertain. They at least become whiter, and fuller in appearance. No amount of "laying out," as this process is termed, will make a poor oyster "fat;" and the "fat" ones are the most improved by the "laying out."

The oyster next falls into the hands of the "scow-gang," men whose specialty it is to remove them from the floats and convey the marketable bivalves to the wharves of the shippers, using scows altogether as the means of conveyance. Although the hundreds of now naked masts pointing to the sky convey the feeling of rest and quiet, the scene along the docks and wharves is an active one; including the "scow-gang" and the shippers, hundreds of men are now busied. When the scowmen reach the wharves they count out the oysters into baskets holding 200 "cullings" and 100 "primes" respectively; from the baskets they are "dumped" into sacks and barrels. A sack will usually hold 600 or 700 "primes" or about double that number of "cullings." The barrels hold from 100 to 200 more. These are received and marked by the shipper, then loaded upon the cars which await them alongside the warehouses. The New Jersey Central R. R. Co. and the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. divide the freight and carry it as far west as Chicago and as far east as the docks of the European steamers at New York.

In the fall of the year, when the business is at its height, from thirty to forty car loads leave here daily, each one carrying away 100 sacks or barrels of oysters averaging 1,000 oysters. Thus from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 oysters are shipped from these points daily. No disputing the count of this immense traffic ever comes back. The men engaged are of the strictest integrity. I have often admired, too, the beautiful kindliness which rules among them of every grade. If an oysterman is required suddenly to "run down to the Cove and try and ketch a few thousand of them 'extras' for a banquet in New York," he will pull his roll of money out of his pocket unhesitatingly, and place it in the hands of his merchant or shipper for safe-keeping without counting it, knowing full well that it won't even be unrolled, while he is gone. It is true that oystermen are human beings, but I never saw any class of men work more pleasantly and harmoniously together. The only danger of a disturbance is when a visionary captain or some one else of lesser rank leans up against the rail in front of the warehouses and becomes a little excited over his "big ketches." The point is not always on the quantity—any one can haul in "*lots*" of oysters—but on the size and quality of the "extras" grown this or that year, whenever it may be. If the story seems embroidered or hyperbolical the listeners cry "Oh, oh!" That is the danger-signal. The narrator reaches down and takes an oyster in each hand; then bracing himself more firmly against the fence he throws one foot back and rests the heel upon the lower rail. Now oppose him if you have the courage. He bites his cigar until it drops from his mouth; then the stretches of fancy roll off his lips like the chain from the winder. "He is using too many teeth to his drudge" they cry, and refuse to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

listen longer; then the excited fabulist is forced to retreat and is fortunate if a scow-load of "trash" is not sent flying after him. Such affairs are always bloodless, however, and are at once submerged in the good humor and the good will which hangs over the whole community.

Many interesting types are to be found among these Maurice River oystermen. To a man, I believe they are not only American born, but their sires fought in the Revolution or in 1812, and many, fathers and sons, were engaged in the Civil War. In old revolutionary days this neighborhood was infested by refugees, and an actual battle took place in August, 1781, between some of them and the militia, on this very Maurice River, near Port Norris. The militia were in a shallop which the refugees tried to board. Eight of the latter were killed and seven were taken prisoners. The life of one of the militia, John Paterson (whose descendants abound here), was saved by the brave action of his son, who shot and killed a refugee while the rebel's broadsword was raised to cleave the skull of the patriot.

If the "ketch" has been good, when these clever people "call" aboard your boat they make the long evenings very enjoyable by their story-telling. They are full of Revolution stories; they know well the history of their neighborhood—how in the early days the churches were organized; who went to Congress: how rattlesnakes were trapped in the winter; what the schools cost; which "houses had spooks in 'em;" how cancers were cured and how "faith" and "powpowing" drove away disease; how Mary Coombs had "raptures" every night at 6 o'clock, though she had no clock; and hundreds of other things which now seem quaint and queer. The majority of them are well-to-do, and have pleasant homes at Port Norris. During the busy season, however, temporary homes are occupied at Bivalve and Long Beach. Some of these are very humble in appearance but they are comfortable inside, and "the latch-string is always out." Warm hearts beat there for the loved ones who are striving out in "the Cove." The hour when these sea-gardeners will return depends so much upon "the luck had in drudging" that it is uncertain. So, when Friday afternoon arrives, if it is pleasant, the baby is brought out to a good place on the landing in front of the house and the wife sits anxiously by her door or outside "watching for the captain to come home." The first incoming vessel is greeted with exclamations of joy, for it is known that "where one is seen more will show up." And now they come in numbers. They can be signalled while yet far away among the marshes, scudding homeward. Their furled topsails beat and bound against the mast-heads and turn to and fro, now into the light, now into the shade, with the windings of the river, as the head of the alarmed mother goose turns when she endeavors to decoy the sportsman from the hiding-place of her young. Not a vessel's hulk is in sight. All are hidden by the trembling reeds and rushes. But at length the first comer reaches the widening of the river and sails proudly into port, laden with the stores of the water-garden of the Cove.

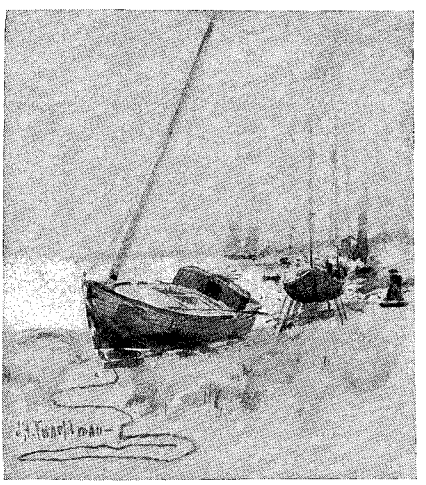
By Saturday afternoon the scene in port is an important one. The boats lie side by side as thickly as can be; every anchor is cast; all topsails are furled aloft, the other sails are made fast to bowsprit or spar: the "winders" and the "dredges" are covered over with tarpauling: the decks are cleaned and everything is "tied up for Sunday." The wide semicircle is completely lined with vessels, and all would be calm and quiet were it not that the breezes aloft swell the topsails into balloons and make the little vessels below rock so uneasily that the quickest snap-shutter and the most sensitive photographic plates are needed to obtain distinctness in the view.

Thirty years ago the oyster business was conducted differently. The work of the oysterman was harder then. After the dredging was done, the sails were set and the boats were run up to Philadelphia, where their cargo was disposed of to both dealer and consumer, as the case might be. When the winters were too severe for this the oysters were loaded upon wagons and carted to market over the snow. Two days were re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quired for the journey. The first night a stop was made at Millville. A volume of experiences can be gathered from the old grandmothers hereabouts. They tell how the wife had to rise early and get the breakfast for the men (and "rout 'em out o' bed too, sometimes, to feed the horses:") how she could hear "the ringing and the ringing and the ringing of the wheels on the snow long after they left" and so on.

But those days will never return. From Bivalve now one by one the long lines of cars go rumbling away from the docks and carry their toothsome freight to those who probably never think how such delicacies are cultivated and procured. The real fact of the matter is, the oyster is the oldest thing known. The Arab of the desert likes to tell you that the camel is the oldest of God's creations and the camel acts as if he believed it. But that awkwardly formed beast is an interloper and a fraud. Go to the shores of ancient oceans, even where now only sand is seen; to the seas which line the deserts even; or go to the rocks which hold in check the rampage of the cataract in all parts of the world, and you will find fossil shells of the ancestors of oysters, which must have developed and died there millions of years ago. We are told, too, that the Bedouin of the desert has held in all the generations which have come since the time of Abraham, the customs and the manners of his ancient kindred, without change. But the oyster has been still more conservative. What it was in form and appearance (we cannot assert as to its flavor) in those remote geological epochs is very like what it is now. If it had been allowed to exercise its full power it would have flooded the world ages ago and there would be no land in sight; for a single maternal oyster can produce sixty million eggs per annum. Any one can calculate what that would mean if nature did not correct such overproduction by means of gourmands on the earth, and foes in the water under the earth.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLYTIE.

By Ernst Schottky.

I.

A SULTRY day was over, and the full moon shone down, clear and cool. Rome drew breath again; its streets and squares grew alive with the stir of manifold movement, echoing once more with increasing confusion of voices, and with jest and laughter and song. But the charm of solitude and quiet, too, grew deeper as the sun went down, and whoever sought for them soon found them, upon the shady roads by the river, and among the spacious gardens of the hill-slopes and the suburbs.

It was there that Camillus sauntered, without aim or purpose or thought, abandoning himself to the enjoyment of the evening. For some time he had been following a road with which he was unacquainted, but he paid no heed to that; it led him along beneath massive trees in the chequered moonlight, by the bank of a wide canal upon whose surface its shimmering column rested tranquilly; and so on into ever deeper seclusion; and he was well content.

It was only after a long while that he grew aware of a disturbance, and some minutes still elapsed before he discovered what it was. A high gray wall had joined him, companionably; it ran by his side, half hidden by the trees and a couple of feet away, and it seemed in the twilight to be endlessly long. Above it were thick rows of stately tree-tops, distinct against the evening sky, and through a gap in the wall, which had indeed been built up again, but only breast-high, Camillus peered into impenetrable foliage. It was very likely a park. Farther on—for he had meantime been mounting a hill and was now upon the summit—there was a sharp turn in road and wall, and just at that spot he found his path barricaded by a pile of vast blocks of granite. In the stone rampart opposite, he perceived an opening, arched over by wide-spreading boughs, and giving entrance to a bit of wagon road, in desperately bad repair. It attracted Camillus more through its appeal to his mood and his imagination, than through any curiosity. He kept straight on, and was inside before he knew it. Nothing was stirring there. He easily forced his way through the trees and under-brush, and with half a dozen strides reached open ground. He was standing upon a knoll, from which his eye ranged unobstructed. With gentle undulations, the park

*** This story was printed in Germany a few years ago for limited circulation, but an English version is now published for the first time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sank into a valley, then rose again in the same fashion, and was lost in distances that perhaps seemed greater than they were. Along the enclosing wall, as far as the eye could reach to right and left, and extending some distance into the park, was a heavy growth of under-wood, and trees ranged close together, like a massive frame. After a little this grew less dense, so that glades began to appear, and doubtful traces of paths; still farther out, the trees stood in isolated groups, lifted like islands from the level turf. Between them broader roads were visible; here and there, too, was the gleam of water; and everything led down to the central point of all, the bottom of the valley, which seemed an open flower-garden in the dim distance, gracefully laid out around a circular lake, from whose bosom a white-basined fountain lifted its huge bouquet of spray, blossoming in the moonlight into a thousand stars.

Beyond the lake the woodland closed in again, and stretched away interminably. But half-way up the slope it fell back for a little, and there, upon an open terrace of which only the edge could be seen above the towering tree-tops, stood a building. It was of medium height, consisting of a single story above the foundation, surmounted by a low roof; its length was greater than its depth, and the profile strikingly varied, so that, as Camillus gazed upon it from an oblique angle, heavy shadows were relieved by bright surfaces. In the more distant wing there was a gleam of light. But everything was lonely and silent, all around.

Camillus had no fear of interception, and plunged cautiously into the under-brush. It was almost a thicket, but it seemed planted purposely in order to hide the wall from within, just as the wall hid it from the outside world; and when he had pressed on a little farther and the moonlight found its way again down through the trees, he soon recognized that the park had been planned throughout with the same careful calculation which had impressed him in his comprehensive survey from the summit of the knoll. All the more slowly, therefore, he strode over the soft, smoothly-cut turf, keeping himself—though more from pleasure in the wonderful effects of light and shade than from any prudence—in the shadow of the thickest clumps of trees. Now and then he halted to listen to some rustle that might betray him; but it was only a deer that he had startled, a bird fluttering from its sleep, a brook gurgling in front of him. The odor of flowers turned him from his path, either to follow after the most delicious, or to avoid some strange, strong-scented blossom. Sometimes he lingered by the white marble figures that rose to meet him by dark thicket or open glade, and he nodded to one and another as if greeting an acquaintance. The entire freedom from interruption made him so forgetful of himself, that even when at last the clear stars were above him, instead of the canopy of leaves, he did not pause. He walked on to the fountain, which had hitherto been his unconscious goal, and gazed upon the sleeping swans, upon the bronze figures bowing themselves beneath the massive basin, and upon the voluptuous marble bodies resting like bathers on its brink, clothed with a transparent woof of falling spray.

Then his eye roamed again over the rising ground in front of him, and rested upon the noble architecture of the building, which he now saw distinctly. It was of pure marble. In the central portion, a broad flight of stairs rose to a Corinthian portico of moderate depth, behind which the wall-surface was broken only by a door and windows, and above was a low roof, whose artistically carved parapet supported a row of statues. The wings projected prominently, with plain walls to which the deep furrowing of the overhanging cornice alone gave the requisite balance and character; and above each wing there was a low gable, whose panels were filled with groups of sculpture that to Camillus seemed perhaps too crowded with figures and in too high relief for perfect beauty. In like manner, below the architrave, the front walls were of severe proportions, but were so ornately decorated by mouldings, pilasters, and half-columns, that it was for the advantage of the whole that a part of this pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fusion was concealed by the lawless vines, climbing upward from the steps of the foundation. The middle of each wall was occupied by a great window-space, at once the centre and the point of departure for the decorative lines of the façade.

Such were the impressions Camillus received as he stood close to the front of the building. For, since it was the crown of the whole landscape and well worth a more careful inspection, he had ventured still nearer, first, protected by the darkness of the surrounding underwood as far as the lower terrace, and then noiselessly over the stone steps, up to where rows of thick laurel bushes again enveloped him in their shadows. He walked along the front as closely as possible, doubly watchful now, because the ray of light in the remoter wing had grown clearer, reminding him, in reality for the first time, of his intrusiveness and the danger involved in it. There was nothing moving, there was no sound. But no terror and no force could have bound him there with a stronger spell than did the quiet picture which was at last before him.

Two hanging lamps, close to the window-frame and concealed by it, barely lighted the background of the chamber into which Camillus gazed, but a clear radiance streamed from them upon the fluted half-columns at the window's sides, upon the thick vine-leaves that lay below the columns like a wreath, clambered upward on them, and fell back in waving tendrils—and upon the head and bust of a woman, for whom all this seemed but the frame. What an image! In such wise would Art fashion, were she able not merely to give her creations form, but to breathe into them the breath of life! The figure was of more than common proportions, yet the law of its beauty was neither slenderness nor maiden delicacy, but a free, harmonious, noble fulness, still farther removed from any approach to voluptuousness; the magic of that vision was just this: that one thought neither of the bud nor of the ripened flower, but gave himself up to the charm of the bursting bloom. Her arms hung idly, the right one slightly farther to the front, as though her hands were folded in her lap; the shoulders, arching almost broadly, gave an appearance of strength to the whole figure; the white garment, of finest texture, fastened upon the right shoulder by buttons of mother-of-pearl, flowed in transparent waves, not so much veiling as supported by it, over the right breast and glided away under the left into the dark vine-leaves. With a gentle inclination forward and to the right, the slender neck and oval head rose in a magnificent curve. How softly rounded were the chin and cheeks, how full and yet delicate the quiescent lips! The nose, not small, but delicately formed and straight in line, was based broadly in the brow. Large lids and long lashes covered the motionless, downcast eyes. The eyebrows, curving slightly rather toward the temples than the middle, were finely marked, but not too prominent. Above them rose the broad forehead, vertically at first, then arching over to the crown in almost too high a curve; this would in fact have been more noticeable, had it not been for the thick, dark hair, which, sweeping low down in waves half natural and half designed, was parted in the middle, drawn backward above the beautifully moulded ears, and then allowed to fall in graceful tresses along the neck, thus leaving free only a low three-sided expanse of brow—like the pediment of a temple. For that face was not only beautiful because of its harmony, nor only winsome in the gentleness of its contour, but it was also masterful by virtue of the intellect in that open forehead, by virtue of the freedom and force expressed in all its firmness. Strange! how clear and deep those eyes must be; the mouth, how firmly outlined, capable of the most varied expression! But now it was lightly closed, the breath of a smile played around it, and gave to every feature—was it kindness, or was it a secret joy?—an inexpressible charm.

She stood thus motionless for a long time. Then she turned suddenly and raised her left hand to a ring which hung in the middle, baring her whole arm as she did so, and catching with her right hand the falling garment. "It is late; you must go to bed, Emilia!" She drew the heavy, dark curtain, and it closed behind her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II.

THE home of Camillus was in Greece. His father, Symmachus, had been the only remaining scion of one of the foremost Roman families, with rich natural endowments, excellently reared, and early distinguished at the imperial court by the friendship of Tiberius himself, as well as by the most honorable commissions in the service of the state. The return he made for these was neither quite upright nor wholly unselfish, and it was his own ambition and thirst for action, far more than any recollection of ancient Roman virtue, that led him to join the party of the opposition. At first he served it secretly; later on, when he was equipped with full military power for the purpose of quieting an imperilled province, he fulfilled his task most brilliantly; but, after an absence of some years from Rome, he thought the time had arrived for risking something in his own cause, and he refused to obey the orders that recalled him to Rome and to new honors. He had reckoned wrongly, for his friends were unprepared, and his own followers were fewer than he had expected; but Tiberius contented himself with banishing for life his impotent antagonist, and did not even confiscate his estates. Symmachus was still young, but for the time being he made no effort to bring upon himself a severer punishment. He travelled, at first; then, as he grew weary of the surveillance of the emperor's secret police, he settled down in Athens, buried himself deeply, after a fashion new to him, in Greek science and art, and finally he did not hesitate to sell his Roman possessions, and instead to become one of the greatest landholders in Attica. His choice was decided by his love for a highly cultivated Athenian woman, who, herself a gifted artist, had been really the first to introduce him to the study of the ancients. Their married life remained throughout a noble one. When a son was born to them, it was true that Rome rose potently again before the father's spirit, from out a vanished and forgotten past, and that old desires and endeavors, which could now affect his posterity only, stirred once more within him. But these had to be deferred to a distant future that never came; after a few years Symmachus died, and from the first instant of the boy's life his mother reared him, for his own aims and for hers, for Greece and art; for that art which she considered almost the sole one, certainly the highest and the most distinctly Greek, namely, that of sculpture.

The mother had been guided by a happy instinct, and the boy's inclinations, directed by so light a hand that he felt perfect freedom of movement, were soon justified by his youthful achievements. But even without the wise foresight exercised by his mother, his own intelligence was too broadly receptive to allow him to confine himself overhastily and exclusively to the art which he had chosen; and when he seemed sufficiently mature, his mother silenced her own heart and permitted him, by a course as welcome to him as it was painful to herself, to show the stuff he was made of. He passed a long year in foreign countries, travelling, observing, learning, but without especial reference to his own profession. Such had been his vow, and he kept it, until he thought that he had been absent long enough, and an awakening sense of pressure, making him feel that any more time spent in enjoyment would be wasted, forced him homeward. He had opportunity to prove to his proud mother that his skill of hand had not suffered, and that his talent had gained by the temperate discipline of his year of travel; then with a peaceful heart she left him to himself, and followed her husband to the grave.

Camillus had brought back with him two things which, sooner than he would have thought possible, helped him over this period of heavy trial, and changed his thoughts of the beloved dead to gentle memories: first, the figures of his imagination, which ever attended him, unbidden and not to be rebuffed, and at which he gazed until they became tangible subjects, demanding from him an artistic form; while the second was something that dawned on him at the end of his travels, when, in obedience to his mother's wishes, he had paid a flying visit to Rome.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There the youthful spirit of his father came over him, and instantaneously he formed the firm resolve to devote all his energies to the task of winning back the lightly-lost right of citizenship in the one city he revered, and of making Rome the gainer by this gift of himself to her. He spent the next few years in arduous labor and strict seclusion; Athens heard of her much-discussed citizen only through her masters and connoisseurs, whose criticism Camillus asked for when he thought he had done well, and listened to more eagerly than to their praise. Then he selected a few of the choicest of his own productions, as well as the most valuable of all the treasures of antique art his father had collected, and betook himself to Rome.

He withheld his name, as at the time of his first visit to the city, more from pride than prudence; for he hoped to make one for himself before any tidings from Athens revealed his identity. Nevertheless, he made a confidant of an old friend of his father named Marius, who, after some good-natured scepticism, gave him sympathy, zeal in his cause, and before long a home. Or rather, Marius made over to him, under the pretext of a sale, a large, convenient, and splendidly furnished house near the Forum, and there Camillus established himself, his studio, and his treasures. Though Camillus knew nothing of it, his friend's tongue was so cleverly busy in his behalf that it soon procured him the patronage that he desired, and indeed a celebrity such as he had not desired at all; at the time of our story Camillus had already become more or less the fashion, in spite of his few weeks of residence, and the cultivated circles of Rome began to bestow upon him a boundless admiration. There were some among the critics—of whom there were but few at best—who, while acknowledging most deferentially the artist's talent, nevertheless found this fault with him: that he was too young for the highest achievement; that though he had a clear insight into the nature of his art, it must be admitted that the repose and simplicity of his creations were themselves, thus far, merely an art-product gained by severe discipline and self-criticism, but endangered by his predisposition for energetic representation, for dramatic effect. Camillus took the censure in good part, but old Marius was annoyed, and did not rest until he had managed, by means of a visit of the imperial court to Camillus's studio, coupled with the more gracious than discerning praise of the emperor Claudius himself, to make the sculptor secure against any further attacks. The emperor, moreover, had been pleased to take this opportunity to inquire about the ancestry of the young artist, a question which Marius had not foreseen. Camillus preferred to give his name, but his story made no unfavorable impression—perhaps no impression whatever—upon Claudius, and the sun of favor was cloudless as before. For Camillus this was a pleasant experience, but Marius grew tranquil only after finding that the emperor had really not thought of the young man again—yet this again was not exactly what he had wished.

It was the evening after this interview that Camillus met with his solitary adventure. How he made his exit from the park and reached home cannot be told; Camillus himself did not know. But it was clear, bright daylight, and Varro, the faithful old butler, looked with astonishment and solicitude upon the singularly agitated face of his master, informing him that already at that early hour several visitors had called to present their compliments. Camillus only nodded, and went to his sleeping apartments; and then the old man, approaching from time to time, heard him striding restlessly up and down. Toward evening Camillus came out, seated himself absent-mindedly at the table which Varro almost shoved in his way, let himself be served without either eating or drinking, and remained dumb when Varro announced in a melancholy voice what great personages he had been obliged to send away that day on account of his master's illness; then at sunset he started swiftly from the house, as on the day before. From this excursion, also, he did not return until morning, with gloomy disappointment upon his face, and exhausted with his vain search. When he had fallen fast asleep, Varro

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ran to his old master, who had called more than once the previous day with no better success than other visitors, and told his story. Marius hit at once upon the most probable explanation, made it perfectly clear to Varro, commanded him to be discreet, and then as soon as possible made a visit to his young friend. Camillus shook his head. "It is not that," he said, and sighed. Marius was confident, but since his urgency led to nothing except further shaking of the head, he good-naturedly gave over at last with a fatherly warning. Camillus thanked him, excused himself, and disappeared as before.

He acted in the same way upon the morrow and the next succeeding days. All at once, after that, he kept closely to the house again, but was no more companionable than before. He went out only to avoid visitors; ordinarily he locked himself in, communicated in monosyllables and as seldom as possible with the servants—honest Varro not excepted—had the greatest difficulty in keeping his temper over the conjectures of Marius, and stood idle and absent-minded before his half-finished statues. It was only after a long time that a sort of balance was restored; he grew gentler and sunnier, but no more communicative, and he lived in closer retirement than ever, protecting his privacy with bolt and bar. The report went abroad over Rome, meanwhile, that the emperor's visit had turned the artist's brain; and the position of Marius was difficult. Finally, the eccentricity of his protégé became too much for even him, and there was a quarrel.

The occasion was as follows: One morning Marius appeared with an important expression upon his face at the house of Camillus, whom he startled again out of idle brooding.

"But now, my youngster!" he cried, "what will you give for my news?" And he went on to say that he was commissioned to announce a visit from the princess Julia that afternoon; it was her wish to inspect by herself the artist's studio. "Of course you have heard enough about her?"

"Not the least thing, said Camillus.

"No? Then I congratulate you. You are about to make an extraordinary acquaintance."

"Hardly; I shall not be at home."

"Man, are you really out of your senses?" cried Marius. "In the first place, that will not do! and besides—there is no use wasting any ordinary common-sense upon one of you fellows, but we can appeal to universal human instincts, eh?—I tell you, Camillus, a more beautiful woman than this Julia you have never seen in all your life!"

Camillus gave a melancholy smile.

"I know what I am saying—with all deference to the taste you are developing by your nightly study of models. My dear fellow, I am more than half minded to let you come to grief, for the very mischief of it; you have deserved it; but the stakes are too high. What is more, this Julia has not only a marvellous beauty, but she is clever, eccentric, and she has a genuine taste for your art. Listen to me. She is a niece of the emperor; not indeed of the nearest kin, but he idolizes her and has utterly spoiled her, does her pleasure in everything, and lets her wind him around her little finger. With all that, she makes scarcely a pretence of concealing how little she cares for him and for society in general. At first she lived at court, and there grew to be twenty-three or four years old, without giving anybody the slightest opportunity of hinting anything against her except the most unheard-of pride—you know what that means—or perhaps you do not—that the women of the imperial court—well—are no exception to our general rule. But this Julia—hands off! At last she got it into her head that court life was insipid, beneath her dignity; and even the emperor could not hold her! She now lives entirely alone, so that Claudius himself is almost afraid to disturb her, and that must be an extraordinary occasion upon which she lets anyone get a glimpse of her. There have been plenty of benevolent interpretations; but I am convinced there is nothing worse behind it than her own caprice; and even that has changed, for all this happened a year ago. Now you can understand the honor paid you; to-morrow Rome will be full of it, and you will be reinstated in everybody's envy."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I am in no position to make use of this favorable opportunity, and I beg you, Marius, to excuse me."

"But how, my dearest fellow?"

"Pardon me, old friend. Though I cannot give you a detailed explanation, it is just now impossible for me to see people; least of all such a woman as you have described. Tell her whatever you think best, and do not spare me."

"Good; she shall hear that you have certainly gone mad," replied Marius, with the dry tone of suppressed passion; and then he broke out, and poured over Camillus such a flood of rage, that the latter parted from him without saying a word.

III.

Nor did he return; and Marius was alone with old Varro at the door when, rather late in the afternoon, the great lady and her attendant descended from the litter. Julia recognized Marius, for whom she had always felt a liking, and gave him a friendly greeting.

"And where is the master of the house? He is a friend of yours, is he not?"

Marius stammered an excuse, as well as he could: the unlucky artist had not been at home; was not even in the city, when Marius had endeavored to give him the message. How deeply he would regret the favor he had missed! Would the artist be granted permission to sue for pardon himself? He, Marius, had sent someone out in search of him, and had waited until it had grown too late to inform the princess of his disappearance.

"It is well that we do not come on his account," said Julia, smiling. "Of course you can serve as guide yourself?"

Marius opened the door that divided the entrance hall from the ground-floor. The latter, built in a great square around the courtyard, which was open to the sky and decorated artistically with growing plants and fountains, consisted mainly of an arcade with apartments, separate and in suites, opening into it. Space and light were most happily utilized to give the exhibited works of art their fullest possible effect; each one was approachable from every side, separated from those next to it by a considerable interval, either by one of the central columns or by a drapery that supplied a background of the requisite color. Camillus had disposed of his own productions in the side rooms, the doors of which had been replaced by curtains.

Julia was delighted with this arrangement, and listened carefully to the historical elucidations which Marius gave learnedly and glibly as they stood before the antiques. She gave herself up with keen and intelligent enjoyment to the beauty of these things, and then she spoke with true appreciation of Camillus himself. It happened before long that, in drawing aside another curtain, she found, instead of a statue, a door she could not open.

"Master Camillus must keep his loveliest statue hidden here," she said, and passed on. Marius shook the fastened door, called Varro, and asked him to open it.

"I believe, sir, certainly, that Camillus has been working here, but upon something that ought not yet to be seen."

"He will allow us to see it," replied Marius.

"And each time," continued Varro, "he carefully locks and unlocks the door himself. Even I have never glanced in there."

"But you have another key?"

"To be sure," said the butler, "but it has not been used for a long time, and whether I can find it——"

"See that you do find it, without further objection," answered Marius, authoritatively.

Back came the old man, therefore, before many minutes, and shoved aside the inner bolt. Marius announced to the princess, who had been meanwhile admiring an antique faun near by, that the room was open. Out of good-nature, and not to disappoint her zealous guide, she went back with him, and entered. Yet scarcely had she taken two steps forward, when she cried "Emilia!" as if in great alarm, and caught at the half-open door. Her attendant hastened toward her, and still more quickly and not less dumfounded, came Marius. But Julia, covered with deep blushes, thrust him violently back, pulled Emilia over the threshold, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closed and bolted the door. "Look there!" she cried, trembling with an almost uncontrollable excitement.

The room was in fact Camillus's studio, though it had not long been used for that purpose, since only a few tools lay scattered about, and there was but a single statue—a wondrous one—of marble. It stood in the middle of the room, upon such a high base that one had to look up to it a little. The circular pedestal supported an elliptical shell with gently upward curving sides, or better, a calyx, formed of broad overhanging leaves arranged in a simple wreath; and upon this rested the life-size bust of a woman, just as Camillus had seen her on that night, and unceasingly ever since, in all the scarcely veiled beauty of the original. The work was almost completed, and a marvellous resemblance it bore to the woman who stood before it.

She had grown pale again; with misgiving and confusion she looked almost appealingly at Emilia, who also remained silent, but at last said, softly: "How was that possible!"

"Really, how is that possible?" repeated Emilia. "When has he seen you like that?"

"When like that? When has he seen me at all?" cried Julia, crimsoning again at the inconsiderate question. "But I know!"

"You know, Julia?"

"Hush! And he shall atone for his insolence!"

Both were silent once more, while Julia stared angrily at the floor. Emilia, however, gazed steadily at the statue, except that now and then she compared it quietly with the princess. "How beautiful!" she said, at last. Julia threw one rebuking glance upon the impertinent maid; then allowed another and a more searching one to glide over to the marble and remain fixed there; fixed so long that her eye lost its angry fire, her compressed lips relaxed, and she unconsciously repeated Emilia's words, "It is beautiful."

Emilia took this as the signal for enthusiastic praise. Julia let her talk, half listened to her, and meanwhile continued her inspection, pausing here and there to give heed to an indefinable feeling, which rose and vanished again. The charm of the unexpected homage gradually became so fascinating and so delicious, that it was not until a long time after Emilia had ceased chattering that the princess said, hesitatingly: "We must go." Once more she lost herself in a current of thought that gave her eye a mysterious expression; and then she glanced keenly at her attendant, and nodded: "Enough for the present. Now think quick and invent a story for old Marius. For, listen," she said, stopping, with a threatening ring in her voice, "no one must know what has happened."

They found the two men outside, waiting at a respectful distance. Emilia closed the door carefully, and explained to Marius, in a low voice, that in entering the smaller room, the princess had stumbled, and that it had taken all this time for her to recover herself and to rearrange her somewhat disordered attire. Marius looked over at her, acknowledged with a dutiful bow this draft upon his credulity, and approaching Julia, expressed with the utmost politeness his regret for the accident. She had at once renewed her scrutiny of the sculptures, and now made no answer whatever. Apparently her mood had entirely changed: to the old masters she gave only a distracted attention, but more narrowly than before she searched for a certain something in the productions of Camillus himself. But she found nothing, and could no longer force herself to follow Marius farther. Under the plea of weariness, she requested him to call her servants, and quickly took her departure. Upon the threshold she turned once more to Marius.

"I do not know what Emilia may have told you; undoubtedly, it was some equivocation that could not have deceived you. I have seen something in that room which has much—surprised me. I desire that no other person whatever shall look in there; this I beg of you and pledge you by your honor. Be indifferent to my reasons, and to the whole affair. By the bye, Camillus should have no suspicion; I do not wish to wound him. You will answer for your servant?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under the assurances of Marius, she entered the litter, followed by Emilia, and each one of the four sank into silent thought.

After a while Julia said: "Do you know how I came to recognize the attire in which Camillus has represented me? Some weeks ago—there was a full moon at the time—I stood at the window in the park, both lamps burning in front of me. It was bed-time, and I was taking a final glance at the mirror. I looked like that. I was pleased with the picture myself, and grew absorbed in gazing at it. He must have stood directly opposite. But how had he gained an entrance?"

When Camillus returned, Marius addressed him laconically. "The princess Julia has been here. I have tried to repair your folly, have made excuses for you, and have asked permission for you to tender further excuses yourself—— But there will be no need of that," he went on, as Camillus frowned; "there was nothing said about you, and only a little about your work; and the princess had enough of it when she was half through."

"It was well, then, that I was not present," said Camillus, coolly.

"I only hope," concluded Marius, in a similar tone, "that the matter will not result unpleasantly for you."

"Have patience a few days more, Marius; for I am going back to Greece."

IV.

Upon the following day, Camillus was summoned to wait upon the princess, and as it was impossible to decline such an invitation, he obeyed. Julia soon knew her own mind, or thought she did, at least. She must make the acquaintance of this Camillus. If she was disappointed in him, she would inform him of her discovery, and command him either to destroy the bust, or to give her possession of it. However, if he was what she fancied him to be——

And she gave a free rein to this fancy, until it mastered her and led her far afield. She had never met a man who could satisfy her fastidious taste, but nevertheless she longed to find one, and she had meditated often and deeply enough upon the manner of man he must be: different, very different from Camillus, as for a day past she had fancied the latter; but with astonishing swiftness she had come to prefer this new conception, and it now seemed to her that her lover must be like that, shy and yet bold, manly and withal a child; in a word endowed with a genuine artist nature. Her clear mind, practical even in its pleasures, busied itself at once with the necessary means to her end, and for that very reason deceived her about this preconceived passion. She would have been amazed, had she been able to observe herself as impartially and critically as she was wont to observe others. Emilia noticed how changed she seemed in the course of a few hours; how impetuous, wilful, lovable, girlish—albeit scarcely bashful—she had grown!

There were a few preliminary questions to be settled. Emilia was taken into confidence and made use of as far as seemed necessary; as for the rest—she might draw whatever inferences she pleased. Would it be well to introduce Camillus at once to the nocturnal witchery of the park? No, that would have spoiled the surprise, for Emilia had had time and opportunity for secret inquiries, and the sagacity of the two women was not at fault in concluding that Camillus's first visit had been his last. How could Julia best meet him, without losing too much, since so much had already been offered him? At last she resolved to assume the self-contained, calm dignity which befitted her as a princess, and which, as she well knew, would still allow her womanhood to assert its right. What was most essential, namely, a pretext for all this, she had found soon enough: she would entrust the sculptor with some commissions, and together they could determine upon the subjects. There was but one embarrassment: Julia had altogether too prominent a rôle in her little comedy to allow her the full enjoyment of the spectacle. Here she envied Emilia. The latter proposed that Camillus should be received in the great hall of mirrors, but Julia rejected the idea; it would only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disturb the freedom of her own movements; the more she saw of herself, the less would she see of Camillus; and more than all, it was in horribly poor taste.

At any rate, she did not fail to subject him to a critical inspection while he was waiting for her. When she found that thus far he had not disappointed her fancy, she made her appearance, not without a certain shame at the advantage she had taken of his unwariness. The surprise was perfectly successful, and the discomfiture of Camillus was pitiful to see. He too had been studying a rôle, or had at least exercised some control over himself in suffering this unwelcome interruption of his indolent melancholy, and in attempting a somewhat more courtly bearing; and now a single instant made short work of his new composure, of his old depression, and of the man himself! He stared at the princess with wide eyes and open mouth, as if he had lost his senses; when she addressed him, "Camillus, the son of Symmachus?" he said absolutely nothing; and when she added—awkwardly enough, for this previous preparation was quite contrary to her own manner—"The young master, whose genius and fame have ranked him with the ancients," he replied, "Yes."

Thereupon ensued a rather insipid conversation, in which Julia asked rather disconnected questions, and Camillus made more or less ridiculous answers. She regretted not finding him at home on her recent visit; he cried out that he had been a fool! She expressed a wish that he might execute some commissions for her; and for very rapture he could make no answer at all. She mentioned her park, in which these statues were to be placed, and he interrupted: "I am acquainted with it!" It was fortunate that he was in no position to heed what he was saying, and that he had in Julia such a well-informed auditor. Emilia was listening near by, with somewhat malicious pleasure; to any other person the situation would have seemed scarcely explicable, yet certainly absurd. Julia herself, as soon as her curiosity and her delight in punishing him had been fully satisfied, found it uncomfortable and a trifle tedious. She offered to show Camillus the art-treasures with which she was surrounded—for the most part Greek sculptures dating from the choicest periods—and she herself led the way. At last, therefore, Camillus had opportunity to gain possession of himself, or at least to reach ground where he was accustomed, unconsciously and necessarily, to move freely. He soon found his tongue again, and at first expressing his opinion in response to her inquiry, then led on by her gentle contradiction, he finally took and kept the lead in conversation. His words came faster and faster, in an ever more impetuous flow; the presence of the woman he loved, which till now had caught his breath away as with a storm, became an enkindling breeze beneath whose force his enthusiasm rose like a flame, fed by the beautiful works of art before him; and both women hung upon his flashing eye, his glowing cheeks, and eloquent lips with an interest in which, as in his own ardor for his theme, there was a marked personal element. Julia, cold as she was, turned with sparkling eyes and pressed Emilia's hand. Camillus paused when he grew aware of their silence, and apologized. But the daring consciousness of power, which had carried him beyond himself, sank only enough to leave him in a new happiness and perfect self-confidence, and he talked on without embarrassment. Julia found this unexpected alteration of manner almost more attractive than the powerful flight of his imagination. She joined in eagerly, and the conversation, hitherto so one-sided, became a swift—almost a confidential—interchange of opinions. Then Julia reverted to her wish, which she now expressed as a sincere entreaty. She desired him to execute two works: the first—destined for a particularly favorable position in her park—to represent a conflict between a man and wild animal, such as she had lately seen in the arena; and in the second place, there was in this very park a building, and within the building a room, for which she had long been seeking a worthy content. It ought to be a work of art of the most noble style, and at the same time of definite character; she herself had conceived and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grown attached to the idea of a dying Lucretia, only there had been no artist to whose genius she might safely entrust the task. Would Camillus be the one? He must come out the next day and bring his answer.

Camillus asked why he could not give his promise at once, but she insisted upon what she termed a time for reflection, and he gladly assented.

V.

This second visit lasted longer than the one of the day before. Outside the villa, as well as within it, there were many noteworthy things to be seen. They walked through the park, taking many a roundabout way—it seemed to Camillus not of such infinite extent as before, but so much more lovely—and at last Julia led back her guest to the room of the dying Lucretia. It was a small, solitary apartment, of circular shape, the walls decorated with severe simplicity, and overhead a cupola through which the daylight poured in a full stream. At a word from Julia, curtains were drawn, toning down the sunshine to a solemn twilight. Then she brought some tablets, upon which she had attempted to sketch her idea of the subject. Camillus looked carefully at the skilfully executed drawings, and shook his head.

"I should call this the work of a dilettante," he said, "with undoubted independence of conception, but working within that limit beyond which alone lie all the greater efforts of our art; some one inspired with serious purpose to give a worthy expression to his imaginations, and gifted with a happy faculty for drawing. You will pardon my frankness, princess?"

"I had supposed," replied Julia, with some sensitiveness, "that these efforts—this one at least—and this—did not deserve such severe criticism."

"It was honestly meant, and so was my praise. It may be that I am wrong; but ever since you first proposed this subject yesterday, a conception of it has come to me, so definite and exclusive from the very outset, that it has only grown clearer and firmer, and that now—as is always the way with us—I should be blind and deaf even toward a better one."

"These drawings could not be that, of course," said Julia, and handed them to Emilia as if she were getting rid of something unpleasant. "No, no, I am not angry. You shall follow your own idea; that is exactly what I wish, and I promise not to disturb you by any impatience. I shall find opportunity enough in some other way," she added, smilingly, "to take revenge for your rudeness. You must grant me one thing—for I have forgotten to say that this work must not be done at your house, but here; I am as jealous for your plan as for my own; it is after all my production, of which I am proud and which shall exist for me alone; and I will not have it profaned by the presence of those who might come unasked. Permit me and no one else, if you will, now and then to watch the progress of the work—not often; and I promise you once more, that you will not be troubled by a single word. How could I be so obstinate!"

It was hard for Camillus to reply, and Julia ended merrily: "Let us try. You shall be master here in every sense."

Some wonderful weeks followed. As fast as tongue could carry it, the report of the liaison between princess and artist was spread abroad through Rome; it was the inexhaustible theme of conversation in the higher as well as the lower circles of society; and one could scarcely have comprehended why such an uproar should be made over an occurrence so commonplace as to be considered harmless, had it not been that especial emphasis was everywhere laid upon the moral of the story, namely, that the most rigid virtue — or to use a word then more intelligible to Romans—the loftiest pride—would at last find its master.

The imperious spirit of Julia was content to let people talk, loud or low, as they liked; but she wished to guard Camillus from contagion, and some precautions must be taken. When Claudius himself made inquiries of his niece, she simply asked him for the honor of a visit to her villa. He made his appearance there, admired what was not yet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sufficiently finished to be worthy of admiration, and through this sanction silenced the scandal, or at least subdued it to an undertone, and that was enough. His coming again a few times was unavoidable, and so was Camillus's attendance at court; but this was accomplished with simply a slight loss of time. Every remaining instant Camillus devoted to his work and to his love.

These grew apace, and resembled each other even in this: that a deep silence reigned over both. But how was Camillus able at present to create such an image of peace after the storm? he, whose soul was a glowing flood, melting with its silent pressure the shell of her timid reverence? Could he doubt that Julia, calm as she appeared —and she was calm in her way, because she felt certain of her own inclination and of his, and of every favor of circumstance—could he doubt that something stronger than caprice, something more intimate than mere friendship, drew her toward him? But he asked no questions, either of her or of himself, not because the question would be frightened from his lips by the brilliancy of her princely rank, but because his own feeling was so young, and with all its power so naïve as yet, that the mere presentiment of her affection was enough for him. Whether she knew of his love? and what would come of it all?—these were questions of which he thought still less; he bore in his heart a sun which was as yet but in the early sky of a day that it would fill with light.

They saw each other daily. As early as possible, Camillus entered the villa, where he disturbed no one. Toward mid-day came a gentle knock at the door of his working-room, the signal that Julia was going to dinner. She had asked him if he would not give her his company; and after that they found themselves together at the table. Emilia was the only other person present except an occasional guest, by whose presence, when it was unavoidable, Julia did not let herself be annoyed, although Marius, whom she requested Camillus to bring whenever he wished, was the only guest she was glad to see. The meals were enjoyed leisurely, and then the little company scattered again, and Camillus went on with his work. Late in the afternoon Julia was wont to visit him. She watched him quietly, heard him explain the technical side of his employment and what was literally "art" in it, but refrained carefully, as she had promised, from any expression of opinion about the work itself. But what she loved best was in some evening walk through the garden, to hear him speak of the nature of this creative skill, or of those old golden days of his native Greece. This did not happen often, because Julia ceased to invite him to it, and Camillus did not seek for an occasion. It was his highest theme—except that one which he was not yet minded to attempt—but to summon it at any instant was beyond his power, even beyond his wish; and out of the stores of his rich culture and manifold experience in other things he was able to bring forth more than Julia was accustomed to find in her own countrymen, while it all bore the stamp of his own personality.

The model of Lucretia, for whose attitude and drapery Emilia had consented to pose, was near completion. Camillus allowed only a few subordinate deficiencies to remain; everything essential and significant was as delicately expressed in the clay as it would be in the marble that was to make it immortal; for before Camillus touched the latter, he wished to exhibit the whole work to Julia, and to ask whether she was satisfied. She anticipated him.

For some days she had seemed more quiet and thoughtful than before; then, one afternoon, she came into his room earlier than usual and alone. In his eagerness to finish, he worked on, and she watched him a while in silence. But her eye followed his movements mechanically. At last she said, slowly:

"I have kept, my promise, have I not, Camillus? I kept it in spite of myself, for I might have interrupted you before. You have finished now; your marble will be exactly like the clay—and it shall be, do you hear? I wish it! But tell me, is this the dying Lucretia, the high-spirited woman who made an end to her shame with a dagger-thrust in her own breast, and thus gave the signal for a revolution, for the liberation of a whole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people? Here lies a figure so noble, yet so tranquil, that we ought in looking at it to grow forgetful of all the world; and the grief you have placed upon her brow is like the cloud beneath which the ocean has risen in wild fury, but which now is vanishing, low down on the horizon, leaving behind it a sea that is motionless as far as the eye can reach, and that reflects the sunset like a mirror."

Camillus had listened with astonishment. At last he nodded as if gratified. "That sounded as though something worse were to follow than this—praise. You do not recognize a Lucretia? You are right, princess; I have not created one, have not wished to do so; perhaps, if I may speak so proudly, have not been able to do so. I must say," he continued, after a pause, "that Lucretia, as she is represented in the old legend, and thenceforth on the lips and in the naïve admiration of the people—and why not also in the prejudices of partisan history?— that this Lucretia is something for which I feel a strong antipathy. It is my impression only, though it is a very strong one, that a true woman—that is, not Lucretia—would have killed herself before suffering the basest outrage from a man whom she must have hated and despised; and if not herself, then him. Would that have given a less effective signal for the revolt of Rome?"

"Are you so severe? But life has no ideal principles like philosophy, nor intuitions like art; and the deepest insight will often explain and acquit what a more modest experience would condone, and what immaturity alone would accuse. You will yet learn."

"This immaturity is mine, for the time being," said Camillus, sharply, and with a frown; "and I remember with what care it was impressed upon me in my mother's teaching. Moreover, what have I accused? At most only tradition, which I believe paints, whether purposely or not, in false colors. But it seems to me I should never have begun my work, had I been obliged either to represent the historical figure, or to strip off from that whatever I did not fancy, and construct a new one out of the little that remained. This might have been in any case a faithful portrait of an honorable matron—that is to say, a nonentity for art; that other plan would have resulted in such a representation as—well—as that which you have just shown me. I may say that," he cried, impetuously, "for who could understand this defect better than yourself, princess? Exactly as you just now described this woman's form, I have from the first instant intended it to be. No dying Lucretia—be it so! Instead of that, a woman through whose soul has passed an utter humiliation, and who has found in death, even if she has not sought it there, redemption and expiation. Who can say that this is the figure of Lucretia, that this light trace around the eyes and mouth betokens grief over the deepest shame, that this hand covers the wound through which the oppressed spirit forced its own way to freedom? This is a memorial which might be erected over the destiny of many a great soul, which does not remind us of one fate, but of all. And therefore, why could not anyone who cherishes so high an ideal of Lucretia, find a Lucretia in this statue? Call it whatever you please; name it the dying Lucretia, and it is that!

"And do you really think I ought to have indicated through some device, some accessory—granted it was successful—that by Lucretia's death the people were incited to throw off the yoke of their kings? So that the statue might appropriately be set up on the open market-place, to remind Rome of its liberty? Not you, princess, for you have said yourself that in gazing upon such repose we could grow forgetful of all the world. Let art make man, and not a nation, free!"

Julia looked fixedly at him. In any other mood she might have jokingly reproached him with his republican tendencies, as she had done before this, or else besought him seriously not to speak so frankly except to her. She did not think of that now. But Camillus paused, and then continued, quietly:

"I am content in one respect, at least: from the moment when you entrusted me with this task, I have had this conception of it, and no other. It occurs to me just now for the first time whether I still deserve the censure of those who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found my productions too dramatic, too scenic, and thought that for the highest artistic achievement I lacked as yet the deepest experience of life. And do you taunt me with this same lack, and then demand from my art the exact opposite? Or do you not?"

Julia made no immediate answer, and Camillus turned to his work again. But every now and then he stole a glance at her, as she stood there with bowed head, closed eyelids, and somewhat pallid face; and he asked himself what mystery it was which veiled and troubled that clear, resolute nature.

Then she began to speak, and the weight of that same veil was upon her voice. "I have had to repeat to myself our whole conversation, in order to understand your last words. But they were not the right ones, and you have only wished to wound me. Never mind; I am not angry," she said, gently, and for a moment let her eyes, brimming with a strange bright melancholy, rest full upon his face. "On the contrary—" and she resumed her tone of quiet meditation— "what you said has made me feel for the first time what it was that I really wished. I accept your defence most gladly, and still it leaves something to be desired. We must certainly imagine Lucretia to have been very beautiful, a woman whom men—a woman of great physical charm. I do not see why this characteristic is incompatible with your peculiar conception; why both might not have been expressed together. This form"—she pointed to the statue—"is beautiful, but with such a severe beauty that one can think of nothing but a sacrificial death. Why have you not given the woman in Lucretia that which was her due? And—yes, I will say it: why have you not unveiled more of her beauty?"

Camillus stepped back and looked critically upon his work. "Impossible!" he then exclaimed, with a shake of his head. "And it is not so. If I could have foreseen such a criticism, I might have taken pains to avoid it. Perhaps not; for without thinking of it, I have represented Lucretia as you would have her, as a woman of matured beauty. That one does not perceive that first may be true, and shall be! But there she is! To unveil more would have been superfluous, and might have drawn the attention too soon from that which is of most importance to that which is secondary. The severity of the work is there in another way than you imagine; it lies in its unity, and that ought not to be disturbed by anything."

"Very well, Camillus. It may be difficult to determine the exact proportion for the mingling of such elements. And where the mingling is so intimate as it is here, and so carefully considered, a quarrel over such a slight difference is foolish, either between artist and spectator, or between master and pupil. But I have—there was—when I made you that visit and found only your statues, I was struck with something, and I am reminded of it now: I saw gods, heroes, and beautiful youths there, but in all that number there was no woman's form—not one, Camillus."

Camillus was confused. After a while he said, in a low, unsteady tone: That was only because you did not see her. I might have shown you one, and it would have convinced you."

"Ah! your own work?"

"Yes——"

"And why was it not to be seen? Did you keep it hidden? Out of jealousy? Was it too beautiful?"

"Too beautiful, indeed."

"So that you made it all for yourself! But then, of course, after the life? And this is the reason why you will not show that which you hold so dear?"

Camillus shook his head, parrying the question.

"Well, then, may I see it, Camillus?"

"Impossible." He spoke with an effort.

"This is not fair, Camillus. Have you so little confidence in my sympathy? Do you not care more for me than for anyone of the crowd who disgust you with their vapid admiration? Indeed you do not! And you talk of its being your own work; it cannot be anything that has to hide itself in darkness."

"Oh, that I could gather a thousand suns to shine upon it!" he cried, fervently. "But to let you see it—never! The work is unfinished; and that alone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the reason for my refusal. I once came accidentally upon a woman sitting by the public way, scantily clad, of extraordinary beauty of feature and form. She seemed to be waiting for someone, and I had time and opportunity to study her minutely, for I stood concealed near by, and she did not move. From the first moment she struck me as an excellent subject, and the longer I watched her, the more certain I grew. At last she went away, escaping me instantly. Once at home, I endeavored to give her image a form. And I have a right to be contented with my effort. Yet the original is lovelier. More than all, in order to complete it, I must see the original again just as I saw her first. But I have sought her in vain, and my imperfect work shall remain in its darkness."

"Yes?" said Julia; and they both were silent. But she had grown more animated, and before long she began again, with her characteristic decisiveness: "This has led us aside, and since you wish, let us say no more about it. I had not finished either, and the real defect of your work had just dawned upon me. You think you have beaten me, and be it so! But Lucretia was not merely a Roman, and not simply a woman; she was a wife. And this, Camillus, is after all the highest thing in a woman's destiny. Where have you told anything of that? I see nothing. If you talk again about a conscious omission, I shall not believe you. For this defect, also, is no accident, since your Lucretia must lack that which you lack yourself; she, the highest expression, you, the highest experience—tell me, Camillus, have you ever loved?"

He turned away, to hide his flaming blushes.

"Camillus!"

"I—no—how can I——" he stammered.

"And you have never been loved? Oh, liar!"

A peal of joy, a magician's touch, with which his panting soul broke through its barriers! A flood of ecstasy seemed to submerge him; whirled helplessly away by it he turned to Julia, and fell, as in a swoon, into the arms she held open toward him.

VI.

What an intoxication was his, that whole long evening through! What a revelry of memory filled the night, spent in solitary wandering! And when he awoke, late the next day, it had been a blessed vision that had led him on through fields of rapture and through hours of separation, to the time of meeting her again. But he was stupefied still with the joy, which seemed too great; he asked himself whether all were not a dream, and hesitatingly and almost timorously he entered, at a late hour, the park and Julia's house.

No one greeted him; he saw no one. But he did not dare to search, and followed doubtfully his accustomed way. Yet here at least it had been reality!

This was the temple in which the divinity had revealed herself, had bowed and come down to him. Was not the sweet fragrance of her presence still floating in this room? Was it not the same twilight hour, which yesterday had shed its light upon the opening flower of his happiness, and to-day wove its purple rays more quietly and deeply still around the close-worded secret? And there, the sole witness of their bond, was the silent Lucretia, at whose side, before they parted, Julia had smilingly atoned for all her doubts about his art, and had silenced each one of his extenuating words with kisses!—Look, on its bosom lay a rose!

And as he stooped to pick it up, Julia appeared upon the threshold, and there stood still. Alas for him! for he saw her again in the garment in which she had first appeared to him; closely caught together upon the shoulders, which alone supported it, leaving her arms bare down to the golden bracelets, it clung in free and yet obedient folds around her noble figure, veiling it closely, but letting its beauty, though unseen, be easily divined. There was a glow upon her face almost as deep as the flower in her dark hair. She came toward him as if she were not certain of the way; then, as though seeking support, she stretched out her hands to him, and said softly:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My friend."

He could not speak; he did not dare look up; but he bent, and pressed his lips passionately upon her hand.

"You have been waiting long?"

"Not long, no."

Silence again.

"And your work?" she then asked, with some constraint.

Obediently, and as if avoiding an answer, he reached for his scraping iron, and began. But he knew not what he did, he felt that Julia stood near him and was not looking at him, and he threw the tool upon the floor.

"I cannot bear this!" he cried, leaping up, and his hands clasped Julia's arm. "Julia, by all the immortals, speak! What does this mean?"

"It means, Camillus," she whispered, leaning against him, "that I—have seen her whom you keep concealed—and that you may finish your work—as soon as you wish."

"Oh, Julia, have you then come to me as a bride? To give yourself wholly to me? Has heart's-wisdom taught you thus, which holds to be real only what it finds to be true, which lifts like up to like high over all the differences of the world? What could the world offer you, for which you could not find something more glorious in our love? Leave this pomp which hides you from the light and the light from you; my abundance is enough for you! Leave this Rome, so vast and empty, and follow me to my fairer home! There will we celebrate our nuptials, there shall you become a revered, an adored wife! And to draw down the favor of all beneficent gods, I will consecrate in the sanctuary of our love, that image of yourself!"

Julia had grown deathly pale, and lay as if paralyzed in his arms.

"Speak, Julia!"

Then she flamed up, crimson-red; with a powerful movement she tore herself from him and thrust him back; a wild cloud rested on her brow, lightnings flashed from her eyes, and in a voice trembling with anger she cried: "You shall hear from me!" One more glance, as if she would pierce him through; then she turned contemptuously away, and left him.

VII.

The next morning, Emilia appeared at Camillus's house. She brought a letter, in which he found these words:

"Julia, the emperor's niece, informs Camillus, the son of Symmachus, that she has no further need of his services."

She had written it herself.

Emilia was sharp and cool. She declared curtly to the artist that what had happened must remain a secret, and demanded, as security against any improper use, that the portrait-bust of the princess should be delivered to her, Emilia; it was not to be taken to Julia, but simply put out of the way.

Camillus had been shut up in his studio when Emilia came. He had stepped out, and had read and listened without saying a word or moving a muscle of his face. Now he threw open the door, and drew her in. A heavy hammer lay in one corner. He grasped it, and while his left hand crushed and tore Julia's message, with his right he struck a powerful blow, beneath which the marble figure fell shattered to the floor.

VIII.

Two years had passed since then. Camillus had left Rome soon afterward, and as the high tide of first curiosity ebbed, he was swept away with it out of public notice. Later he emerged once more, in the report that he was living near Athens; thereupon the old scandal, grown lukewarm now, was dished up again, then thrown away altogether. Longer and more eagerly, however, were the glances of the court directed at Julia; in some eyes a secret satisfaction, in others a respectful sympathy. Why the majority of women looked at her in one way, and the majority of men in another, neither men nor women could say; in fact, no one knew what had happened, only there was a great deal of guessing and lying. And even that ceased at last.

Julia kept herself entirely secluded for two or three months together, seeing no one, and invisible herself. All at once she appeared again in the city

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and at court; and now she gave herself over to these things as completely as if her previous avoidance of that life had been nothing but a time of ascetical probation, happily withstood. She was changed, certainly. She was as lovely as before, but her admirers affirmed that she was lovelier—more delicate—more piquant. Perhaps there was a heightened pungency, rather than delicacy, to be noticed in the way she now drew her brows together so that the shadow of a furrow rested upon her forehead, in her more restless eye, the play of her nostrils, the drawn lines around her mouth. And yet all this was indicated so very slightly; it gave her Olympian face more animation and expression; and what expression would not have been beautiful upon that face! And how she carried herself! For the first time—so the men thought—she understood how to robe that form as it deserved; and the women added, "Naturally! after an artist like Camillus had taught her!"

Her nature, too, was different. How free she was in conversation, sparkling with wit and spirit! How captivating in this gayer charm! But there was also, in place of her former hauteur, a domineering mood which took delight in provocation and injury; instead of the former meditative repose, there was an eager longing for distraction, which was satisfied with nothing, though she found enjoyment in the excitement of intrigue, and a passion in the terrible spectacles of the circus; and instead of the reserve of earlier years, there ever spread more manifold and more definite rumors of adventures and pleasures, wild as were to be found in all imperial Rome.

Julia had not reached that depth, but she was nearing it; and swiftly did she approach the goal of this new path she was treading, a profound indifference to everything human and divine. And yet the idea frightened her, and one day, after sitting a long time in gloomy silence, she said to Emilia:

"I must search for this man."

"Which one?"

"Camillus." Since those first months she had never mentioned his name. While Emilia was speechless with astonishment, she continued: "I need him; for variety, if nothing better. I shall perish in this desert. And it was my fault, before; I knew him, too, and should have spared him; instead of that, I surprised him in his most childish hour, and then gave him no time to come to his senses. He must have done that afterward—do you not think so?—and repented of his simplicity. What will he say when I come to him! Emilia, we are going to Athens."

"And what will Rome say?"

"Yes, what will Rome say! Let it be your care that it does not track us, or at least that it follows a false clue. Then it may call its roll, and when it finds the ranks of its gilded youth unbroken, it will say that Julia has grown surfeited with its nobler game, and has gone a-hunting for a nameless prey. We shall start day after to-morrow—to-morrow!"

They came to Athens. The journey had been taken under assumed names, and without so many conveniences as would otherwise have been possible. Julia was sure it would furnish many a droll memory, and that Camillus now would certainly appreciate her sacrifice. They were accompanied by one servant, acting as courier, who had at the last moment been taken into confidence as far as was necessary, and who neither asked nor answered any questions. At last they were there. They found it difficult not to excite some curiosity; but soon discovered that Camillus led a most retired life, wholly unconcerned with city gossip; that he had lately begun to mix in society again, but only with the choicest spirits of Athens, who gathered occasionally at his house for informal conversation upon science, philosophy, and art, and thus formed a sort of academy, membership in which was accounted a peculiar honor, though there was no intention of establishing in any sense a school; that Camillus himself acted as host, but that in other respects he was simply one with the rest. Of his Roman experiences no one had any definite information, nor was there any about his art, except that since his return he had exhibited nothing, and had indeed begun nothing.

After they had found temporary quar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters—for Julia planned a sort of voluntary abduction, and counted upon making a speedy end of the matter—Emilia was sent out to reconnoitre. She soon laid her lines of communication. After her second visit to the neighborhood of Camillus's estate, she reported that she had gained over, by a bribe, one of his confidential servants; from the third she returned with a look of peculiar satisfaction, and cried, "Won!"

"Do you mean," said Julia, "that you have seen him?"

"No, but something better than that. Guess!"

"Well?"

"How I should like to keep you in suspense! I shall at least claim a special reward for my message. Your image, in marble, like that first one which he dashed to pieces, only even more beautiful than that."

"You are mistaken, Emilia."

"I tell you I have seen it, have looked it over at my leisure; for Laches took me into the inner sanctuary of his master, who was wandering about, heaven knows where. The bust is far more lovely than the first. And what must especially interest you—Laches told me, and I saw without that—he is still working eagerly upon it—day after day."

"If this were true, Emilia?"

"It is true, upon my life! And you may take your lion to Rome with you, tame as a lap-dog, whenever you please. Or will the game be played somewhere else?"

"I am serious about him, Emilia. Where? That makes no difference. Only let me have him again without delay. Your Laches shall lead me to him. Does Camillus return to-morrow?"

"To-day, even."

"Very well, then, to-morrow! Find Laches to-day; you may pay him heavily, and promise him more."

Camillus was at work. A gentle rustle startled him; it drew nearer, and he scarcely had time to throw a cloth over the bust, when Julia's hand touched him, and Julia's voice cried: "Camillus!"

He turned as if struck by lightning.

"Julia!" he stammered, and gazed upon her wildly, helplessly, as at that other meeting. She remembered it, and was forced to smile, to smile at her new and easy victory.

"You were a fool, Camillus," she said, and put out her hand to him.

Mechanically he raised his right hand and lowered it to Julia's. But ere he had yet touched her, he drew himself up, and said, knitting his brow: "I had almost forgotten myself again."

"But I have forgiven you, Camillus."

"I ought to be grateful to you for that." His tone was harsh and dry.

She blushed. "Camillus," she said, half provoked and half entreatingly, "why do you dissemble? Are you hurt? It would be sweet to ask your pardon. See, I wanted to be reconciled, and therefore I have come to you."

She spoke as she felt, sincerely and seductively. And he was shaken. But in a moment he raised his eyes again, gazed at her with a straight, calm, searching look, and said nothing.

Growing embarrassment, anger, and love strove within her for the mastery, as she began again. "Do you make no answer? Are you angry? Are you waiting till I ask forgiveness? Be it so. To gain my heart's desire, I should at least be able to offer a sacrifice; you are making it hard—yet it will be easy for me. Give me your hand, Camillus, and smile, or else——"

"Or else," he said, with the same composure.

"Or else," she said, passionately, "I shall convict you of the lie!" And she snatched at the cloth that covered the marble.

Camillus caught her arm in his strong grasp. "You deceive yourself!"

"Let go!" she cried, struggling to free herself. "I will end the matter. I know what this covering conceals; if I lift it, you must sue for pardon."

He held her fast for a moment longer. "Well," he said releasing her, "then look here;" and he drew away the cloth himself.

Upon a high base, so that one had to raise his eyes to it a little, stood a wondrous marble figure. The circular pedestal supported an elliptical shell with gently upward curving sides, or better, a calyx, formed of broad overhanging leaves arranged in a simple wreath; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon this rested the bust of a beautiful woman more than life-size, and nearly nude. What an image! In such wise would Nature fashion, were she able not merely to give her creations form and the breath of life, but to infuse them with pure spirit! Not only the height, but the figure, was of more than common proportions; yet the law of its beauty was neither slenderness nor maiden delicacy, but a free, harmonious, noble fulness, still farther removed from any approach to voluptuousness; and one thought neither of the bud nor of the ripened flower but gave himself up to the charm of the bursting bloom. Her arms hung idly, as though her hands were folded in her lap; the shoulders, arching almost broadly, gave an appearance of strength to the whole figure; a garment of finest texture was fastened upon the right shoulder, and in transparent waves, not so much veiling as supported by it, it flowed over the right breast and glided away under the left into the leaves. With a gentle inclination forward and to the right, the slender neck and oval head rose in a magnificent curve. How softly rounded were the chin and cheeks, how full and yet delicate the quiescent lips! The nose, not small but delicately formed and straight in line, was based broadly in the brow. Wide open were the eyes, with no trace of pupils, thus revealing that expression peculiar to statues of the gods, who with just that look gaze on, not into the void, but into the infinite. The eyebrows, curving slightly rather toward the temples than the middle, were finely marked, but not too prominent. Above them rose the broad forehead, vertically at first, then arching over to the crown in almost too high a curve; this would in fact have been more noticeable had it not been for the thick hair, which, sweeping low upon the brow in waves half natural and half designed, was parted in the middle, drawn backward above the beautifully moulded ears, and then allowed to fall in graceful tresses along the neck, thus leaving free only a low three-sided expanse of brow, like the pediment of a temple. For that face was not only beautiful because of its harmony, not only winsome in the gentleness of its contour, but it was also masterful by virtue of the intellect in that open forehead, by virtue of the freedom and force expressed in all its firmness. And yet the enchantment of the whole lay in this: that the deep musing of the eyes softened as to a minor key all the commanding thoughts of the brow; that, resting upon the cheeks and playing around the mouth, there was something like a child's unconscious soul; that the head was bent in such a dreamy listening; and that through all these veils and from every feature the spirit of a pure heart came breaking through like sunshine.

Julia had cast one glance of triumph at Camillus. He stood firm under it, and with a slight movement of his head directed her eyes back upon the bust. She turned to it again, and soon, finding that some of its features seemed different from the earlier figure, and that the whole seemed strange, she became confused. Camillus left her to herself. He had compared her but briefly with the sculpture, and now he also turned to that, examining it long and critically. Then he nodded, as if he had found what he sought, and was content with it.

Not until she took her eyes from the marble and directed them unsteadily at him, did he begin to speak.

"Two years ago, when you left me, after that enchantment, that dream, I found the waking hard to bear. Did you say I was a fool? Insane I nearly was, from the passion you knew so well how to kindle, and from shame—not shame at your rejection of me, but because the priceless moment which you offered me found me so awkward, so paltry. Even now it is a mystery why I did not put an end to this despised and despicable life. That lasted—well, a long time. Then I grew calmer, but it lasted still longer before I came to my senses, and then to my time of probation. Having come so far, I became master of myself, and again found freedom and clearness. Do you wish to hear what grew clear to me?"

He had thus far spoken as composedly, and Julia had listened with as much terror as if she stood, giddy and with no retreat, upon a cliff above some fathomless lake, lying motionless in the calm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that precedes a storm. And now the waves began to rise.

"It grew clear that the Julia whom I loved, not merely with the artist's passion, but with the man's desire, and almost with the veneration of a boy, could never have done that which was done to me; that I had lived in delirium and illusion, and that disillusion in its turn had come, and none too soon; and that the freedom it brought, like the release from a sore illness, was paid for in full with bitterness, yet had left me not quite bankrupt. It is true enough, such an illness revolutionizes us: I am no longer what I have been; it almost seems to me that I shall never be that again; I have no longer what I once enjoyed, and I believe it gone forever. But a kind divinity has come to me, and in place of what I have lost, has given me more than the pitiful boon of resignation; has granted me to find in my art what I was truly a fool to look for in life. And I have found it not in turning away from this dear image, but in absorbing myself so deeply in it that I have fathomed the secret. Here is the portrait of the Julia whom I loved—do you recognize it? Such beauty is yours! But do you recognize it? For this is truth, this is simplicity, this is purity—other than you! I have not yet finished it; but after you are gone I shall give it the last touches with all the love and all the calm with which I began—and you—shall be forgotten."

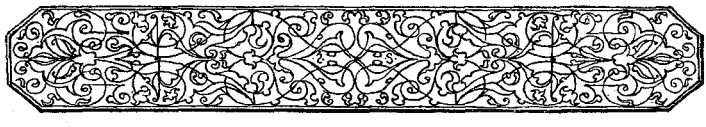
A PRAYER.

By Anne Reeve Aldrich.

A MORROW must come on
  When I shall wake to weep,
But just for some short hours,
  God, give me sleep!

I ask not hope's return.
  As I have sowed I reap,
Grief must awake with dawn,
  Yet oh, to sleep!

No dreams, dear God, no dreams,
  Mere slumber, dull and deep,
Such as Thou givest brutes.
  —Sleep, only sleep!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARLYLE'S POLITICS.

By Edwin C. Martin.

IT is a misfortune that persons touched with the generous desire of making some acquaintance with Carlyle, should be so apt, when left to find their own way, to begin with one or another of five or six pieces that are sure to perplex them and may drive them forever from their design. Of these five or six the most important, no doubt, is "Sartor Resartus;" but that has been so widely advertised as a difficult book that its significance as a pitfall cannot now be great. The most harmful in this sort are "Chartism," "Past and Present," and "Latter-day Pamphlets." These, with an early essay, "Signs of the Times," and a late essay, "Shooting Niagara, and After" (which is but another "Latter-day Pamphlet," somewhat belated), and the essay entitled "The Nigger Question" (which is properly the first of the "Latter-day Pamphlets," though printed in the collected works, not as one of them, but as a "precursor" of them), make up what one may call, for distinction's sake at least, Carlyle's political writings. They are especially enticing to the unguided explorer because, besides being short, they seem in their titles and such chapter-headings as "New Poor-law," "Rights and Mights," "Model Prisons," "Stump Orator," and "Parliaments," to give promise of a plain discussion, if not of a quick solution, of problems that are still of immediate interest.

A completer disappointment than awaits whoever opens them in the expectation solely of such a discussion, or of such a solution, could not be. For Carlyle was no compounder of specifics. "Brothers," said he, "I am sorry I have got no Morrison's pill for curing the maladies of society. It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's pill, act of Parliament, or other remedial measure, which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs. Unluckily we have none such; unluckily the heavens themselves, in their rich pharmacopœia, contain none such." There must be, he held, "a radical, universal alteration" of the "regimen" and "way of life." What he sought to accomplish, therefore, was simply a quickening of the moral sense; and the reward that the reader has for overcoming any difficulties that he encounters and bringing himself into sympathetic attention to Carlyle, is not some complete plan or policy, but ennobled aspirations and a sturdier moral valor.

Nowhere is Carlyle more whimsical, more tempestuous than in these political pieces. Any one who takes them up altogether unversed in Carlyle's modes of thought and expression will be able to see in them, as John Stuart Mill says that for a long time he was able to see even in Carlyle's early reviews, nothing but "insane rhapsody." That the early reviews should ever have looked thus blank to Mill was not their fault so much as his; for they present no special difficulties and are, indeed, just the pieces that one would commend to the beginner in Carlyle, as insuring an easy and entertaining start. But Mill, it must be remembered, was the son of his father, and, what for the time being was perhaps more to his restriction on the imaginative side, the pupil of his father, who saw nothing but insane rhapsody in Carlyle to the end. It is the unfading glory of Mill that he extended the bounds of the rigid school in which he had been reared, and ennobled his philosophy under the teaching of opponents whom his father and other early Benthamites accounted only cloud-builders and dreamers. And one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the influences to which he acknowledged indebtedness herein was these same early reviews of Carlyle's. But there was a radical difference in mental constitution between them that made the appreciation of Carlyle necessarily and always a somewhat plodding business with Mill. This Mill was perfectly conscious of, and he has himself confessed it in a passage that is so suggestive to those who would go about to understand Carlyle that I may be pardoned for stopping by the way to quote it. "I did not, however," Mill says, "deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle. I felt that he was a man of intuition, which I was not; and that as such he not only saw many things long before me which I could only, when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove, but that it was highly probable he could see many things which were not visible to me even after they were pointed out."

The foremost difficulty in the political pieces is the scant courtesy they seem to pay to all of our preconceptions. This was rather too much for the patience of Carlyle's contemporaries and fellow-countrymen, but it is especially trying to readers of our day and nation. Our faith in democracy, very naturally —I had almost said, very properly— amounts to a superstition. The writer who finds democracy ill-adapted to any governmental service whatever must define his position nicely, or he will incur our suspicion of being an aristocrat. And once the stigma of aristocracy is on him, the utmost conciliation will scarcely win us into any but unfriendly submission to his instructions. In Carlyle democracy is apt to seem, to the zealous democrat, to have found its most uncompromising foe; for against infatuation with it he at times fairly rages. The eight numbers of the "Latter-day Pamphlets," or ten, if we count in "The Nigger Question" and "Shooting Niagara," are so many tornadoes blown from so many different directions against overweening confidence in government by count of noses. Little wonder, therefore, that good Americans not a few have turned from him in anger and disgust; for even good Englishmen have been known to do so.

In this day any reader of sufficient seriousness of mind to care to know Carlyle, will have prepossessions in political economy. As an exact and completed science political economy finds perhaps a more tentative acceptance now than it found in England fifty years ago, when "Chartism" and "Past and Present" were writing. But its leading principles are a part of the popular knowledge now as they were not then. A week's reading in the newspapers acquaints one with the phrases, "supply and demand" and *laissez faire*, and with the desirability of "buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market." Add to the instructions of the newspapers those of a flood of pamphlets and handbooks and of all the higher schools, and scarcely any thoughtful person is left without some settled notions in the science. But any one with settled notions in it is in danger of taking quick offence at Carlyle; for he has at first view the air of pronouncing the whole of it utter moonshine.

When the reader tarries a little, however, and presents an open rather than a factious mind, he gets reassurance. He finds, on looking closely, that his preconceptions are not in quite the danger that he fancied them to be. For Carlyle had no hope of getting trade and industry conducted on other general rules than those of supply and demand, and purchase in the cheapest and sale in the dearest market; and he had no desire to employ the hand of government in all the small affairs of individual life. This, indeed, he nowhere gave himself the pains of explicitly saying. It has to be gathered as one runs, by implication, since Carlyle's literary habit always was to rush on, fierce, flaming, wilful, jestful, to his one grand mark, dropping only hints where the reader, with his thoughts all fixed in the temporary, the local, had been expecting, perhaps, full and ordered chapters. How much truth there might be in political economy was not his particular concern. His particular concern was rather to enforce the fact that political economy does not contain the whole code of social life; and that the relations of man and man are not to be settled finally by unrestricted trade and a scale of money wages.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Besides a natural indisposition to the reasoning style, there were special urgencies in the time that may have made Carlyle less thoughtful to concede expressly such value as he did not really deny to economic principles. He found this value already more than sufficiently attended to. Under the influence of Adam Smith, and on the foundations laid by him, Ricardo, Malthus, McCulloch, and other English economists had reared a science wellnigh as absolute as mathematics. Writing about 1836, the French economist Blanqui, though himself trained under the guidance of J. B. Say in all the strictness of the English school, and still remaining in considerable sympathy with it, was moved to this criticism on it: "But the English school has seen in the production of national wealth only an element of national power, and the economists of that school are too much accustomed to consider workmen as simply instruments of production. Scarcely a cry of pity escapes them at the sight of the crowded hospitals and prisons, filled with all the victims of our social inequalities. They close their ears to the complaints and let themselves be dazzled by the prestige of civilization, without asking themselves if this splendid edifice is not cemented with tears, and if its foundation is so solid that there is nothing to dread from shocks."

It is probable that Carlyle never read Blanqui's *Histoire de L'Economie Politique en Europe*, wherein this passage occurs, and which was published in 1837, two years before "Chartism." But his own attitude toward the English economists could not have more exactly reproduced Blanqui's by considered imitation.

Under the same impulse the practical economists committed the same error as the speculative. Beginning with Pitt, the nobler-minded and more progressive of English statesmen took the "Wealth of Nations" for their guide and shaped their course by principle with a constancy unexampled. Thus the legislation accomplished by Parliament from 1815 to 1850 exhibits such a wide and varied application of economic doctrine to actual affairs that economic students have found it ever since their most profitable field of study. But almost a necessary result of such constancy to principle was undue rigidity; and thus we find such unselfish public servants as Richard Cobden and John Bright refusing on principle—that is economic principle—to support a bill to limit the labor of children to ten hours a day. Without the vote of either, three years later, that is in 1847, the Ten Hour Bill managed to become a law, and in the years succeeding the workman's comfort has been the legislator's care no less than has the master's liberty. "We have to-day," says Mr. John Morley, "a complete, minute, and voluminous code for the protection of labor; buildings must be kept pure of effluvia; dangerous machinery must be fenced; children and young persons must not clean it while in motion; their hours are not only limited but fixed; continuous employment must not exceed a given number of hours, varying with the trade, but prescribed by the law in given cases; a statutable number of holidays is imposed; the children must go to school, and the employer must every week have a certificate to that effect; if an accident happens, notice must be sent to the proper authorities; special provisions are made for bakehouses, for lace-making, for collieries, and for a whole schedule of other special callings; for the due enforcement and vigilant supervision of this immense host of minute prescriptions there is an immense host of inspectors, certifying surgeons, and other authorities, whose business it is 'to speed and post o'er land and ocean' in restless guardianship of every kind of labor, from that of the woman who plaits straw at her cottage door, to the miner who descends into the bowels of the earth, and the seaman who conveys the fruits and materials of universal industry to and fro between the remotest parts of the globe."

But none of all this had been accomplished when Carlyle began to warn men that they could not live by *laissez faire* alone, and the most strenuous opponents of making a beginning in legislation of this nature were liberal statesmen, planted, as they professed, on the everlasting rock of political economy. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carlyle felt under no necessity to say precisely how much trust, in his opinion, one might reasonably put in political economy.

It should be noted, however, that the *laissez faire*, the let-alone, from which Carlyle urged departure was not strictly the dogma of the economists. What he strove to shake out of credit was not so much some notion respecting the province of legislation, as a general belief that in human society one can remain free to mind only one's own pleasure and business, and give no thought, sympathy, or guidance to one's fellows; that human society will go happily on with one's duty restricted to the sole province of comfortably looking out for one's self. To induce a rather wider interposition of government than he found practised in England, was distinctly one of the purposes of the political discourses, but it was a subordinate purpose, and neither in this nor in any other respect is there between the discourses and a reasonable political economy any substantial conflict. Such phrases as "noscience," the "dismal science," and "the gospel according to McCroudy," which abound in Carlyle, are to be understood as employed more in jest than in earnest.

Mr. Ruskin has undertaken a systematic assault on the whole science of political economy, declaring, in effect, that every last shred of it shall be tossed out of window; and Mr. Ruskin called Carlyle "Master," and sat rapturously at his feet. But this futile, though nobly inspired, enterprise of Mr. Ruskin's is no necessary, though perhaps a natural enough, consequence of Carlyle's teaching. Nor, indeed, is there the conflict between even Mr. Ruskin and the economists that Mr. Ruskin has flattered himself; for, when one pokes a little into the rubbish-heap under his window, one finds that what has been tossed out is not political economy at all, but something which Mr. Ruskin fancied to be that.

Our politico-economic preconceptions, then, we find not so entirely disregarded by Carlyle, when we look well into him, as at first view they seem to be. With our democratic preconceptions, however, the occasion for apprehension does not so wholly disappear as we go on. It is not to be denied that in democracy Carlyle had slender faith; that in his old age it became almost hateful to him. The inevitableness of democracy he saw clearly enough, and when he wrote "Chartism" and "Past and Present," that is, up to his forty-eighth year, he seemed not unreconciled to it. The earlier measures of parliamentary reform he even in a mild way approves. But from the first, in considering the subject, his thoughts fastened too exclusively on the probable subserviency of the popular assembly to the wishes of the constituency in Buncombe, our American word in which he took great delight. That Buncombe could attain to a very considerable wisdom in its wishes, and that the very fact of getting its wishes respected would of itself increase the disposition and ability to frame such as merited respect, he discloses no hope; and the virtue that lies in the very nature of democracy of itself eliciting sufficient popular reasonableness and moderation to insure, in the main, its fit execution, was not revealed to him. Or, say rather, was but half revealed to him; for he does allow that "in all countries where men have attained any civilization, it is good that there be a parliament;" and that "votes of men are worth collecting," since men's "instincts, where these can be deciphered, are wise and human," and "well deserve attending to."

All that the democratic reader can do with this deficiency is to avoid taking it too much to heart. If he will do this, he can have no difficulty in seeing that any lack of confidence Carlyle may have had in popular government arose from no lack of popular sympathies.

As Carlyle never wearies of telling us that mankind cannot do without the guidance of its kings, its kingly men, its noblemen, the mistake has been made of supposing that the hope of social regeneration which he refused to "reformed" parliaments, he accorded to kings and aristocracies as he found these actually existing. Even so careful a reader as Matthew Arnold has fallen into this error and asserts that "the power most representing the right

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reason of the nation [meaning the British nation], and most worthy, therefore, of ruling . . . is for Mr. Carlyle the aristocracy," meaning the existing English aristocracy. In point of fact, the very best that Carlyle ever said of the actual English aristocracy was that, though it were swept quite out of political power by the tide of democracy, it still could, if it but would, with its large leisure and revenues and its good manners, exercise a wide influence for sobriety and true manliness. Hope that it would, however, he had none ; for, even with political power, he found it capable only of its own pleasure and the preservation of its game. And the kings and noblemen without whose guidance society must, in his opinion, sooner or later plunge into anarchy, are those who shall come to their thrones and estates, not through some chance of birth, but by the divine right of superior wisdom and capability. Even on such kings and noblemen he would impose government, not for their own reward or honor, but as a rigid duty, and that the humbler classes might have their sufferings relieved and their lot made easier. The welfare of the humbler classes was the one end of it all. For them, in their struggles and sorrows, Carlyle's very heart was torn. He was himself of them, and he never lost his sense of brotherhood with them.

There was in Carlyle a certain arrogance of intellect that grew with years, and often asserted itself in fashions that he himself felt to be grievous. This has been mistaken for arrogance of heart. But arrogance of heart he never had. In sympathies and manner of life he remained to the end much of the simple peasant. Seldom a year passed, of the eighty-five that he lived, that he did not spend a month or two among the Scotch heaths and peat-bogs, in or near his humble boyhood home. There, nearer than anywhere else, his restless soul came to the attainment of that peace and composure which it was quite capable of nowhere. To the end, his own poor, toiling, uneducated kinsmen continued the dearest people on earth to him, and rarely came a payment from editor or publisher that, whatever his own necessities, he did not share it with some of them. Had they been stupid, I am not sure that he would not at times have shown them scant mercy ; but their humbleness only bound them the closer. His own mode of life, for London, was hardly less frugal than theirs. He fared mainly on oatmeal and hams, which he would have only out of native Annandale, the London article, in his judgment, partaking of the specious, quack character of its environment. His clothes, too, he would have only from an honest Dumfries tailor, who made them up in lots to last several years, and in forms that put them beyond the mutability of fashion.

To intensify the promptings of nature, there were peculiar conditions in Carlyle's time. In all departments of trade and production it was a period of unprecedented growth. Yet, all the while, the poor-houses were crowded to bursting ; the poor were feeding on nettles, or dying of starvation. Such want had never been known before, nor such plenty. Few were the years when there was not some riotous uprising to smash the hateful new machinery ; to fire ricks and barns, to lock up or burn down mills ; to bear charters, great or small, with their five or fewer points, to the door of Parliament ; or to shield some fatuous popular leader, like Sir Francis Burdett, or some knavish one, like Henry Hunt, from merited, perhaps, but ill-timed arrest. It was, in short, a time of complete distress and dread. The poorer classes lived in open hatred of the richer, and the richer in open fear of the poorer.

Dwelling right amidst all this tangle and turmoil, Carlyle's earnest and bodeful nature could not but be deeply impressed by it. At seasons it laid such hold on him that his wonted tasks fell from his hand, and in a sort of frenzy, and for his private relief, rather than for the instruction or persuasion of others, he flung off some expression of his reflections and emotions. Every one of the political pieces was composed in this mood and fashion. They were a compliance with no editorial commission, a completion of no design to make a book on some chosen subject ; but a setting free of opinions that had taken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such complete possession of Carlyle's mind that he could do nothing else until he had given them utterance.

This accounts, in part, for their manner, which is more perplexing than their matter. It is kept within fair bounds in the earlier pieces, and "Chartism" and "Past and Present," in point of style, are among the best things Carlyle ever did. But in "Latter-day Pamphlets" the bounds are overleaped, and all of Carlyle's faults are at their worst. The enigmatical quality, the habit of disdaining to explain, becomes here especially troublesome, and the tone is that of a man thrown by the sins and follies of his brethren, not into sorrow and sympathy, but into stormy passion. There appears, too, a straining, a writhing, to get the thought expressed, as of one half tongue-tied by anger. I know of no more interesting study in literary mechanism than the contrast presented by "Latter-day Pamphlets" and the book in which Matthew Arnold, some twenty years later, presented to English society a scheme for its regeneration that, well analyzed, proves to be substantially the same as Carlyle's. In "Culture and Anarchy" all is suave, genial, gracious. Even the roasting of a fanatical Dissenter is accomplished without sputter, in cheerful firelight. Even the taking-off of a barbarous game-preserver is achieved with a perfect absence of "scene," as becomes the high station of the subject, and without the "dull sickening thud" that attends all vulgar executions. Exactly the reverse of this marks "Latter-day Pamphlets." There is, however, a nerving, bestirring moral fervor, a sublime earnestness, that amply compensates for any want of gentleness, or of grace.

In the political pieces, though, as everywhere else in Carlyle, the reader must fare ill who cannot see that the extravagances of speech are not to be taken too seriously. With Carlyle, as with all persons of his temperament, the disposition to lay the words on strong is half sportful, and under the gravest over-statement lies a humorous intent. He has no thought of being taken literally. He means much always, but he often means much less than he says, and he trusts to the reader's sense of humor to make the due deduction. If the reader chances not to have a sense of humor, sad misunderstandings arise; but if he have it, he comes to greatly relish the tasks that Carlyle demands of it.

Whims of manner have done Carlyle an injustice really grave in the passages that refer to negro emancipation. His jeers at Exeter Hall and its humane achievement of freeing the slaves in the British West Indies, raise a constant suspicion against him of accounting the freeing of slaves a very small business, if not one much better left undone. The suspicion is altogether mistaken. His impatience with Exeter Hall was due to no tenderness for slavery, but altogether to the fact that, while Exeter Hall found the ear of the nation open to its appeal and Government standing ready to pour out treasure like water, for the relief of a few blacks in a distant colony, thousands of white men, of noble capacity, sat under the nation's very eye naked, and hungry, and besotted, slaves in all but the name, and no philanthropists organized, no government lavished its money for their emancipation. Noting in his private journal the publication of a reply by Mill to the essay called "The Nigger Question," Carlyle adds that Mill has told him therein, nothing that he did not very well know before. One easily believes this when one has got at the real meaning of his deliverances on this head; but a patience beyond the command of many readers is required to get there. This note of Carlyle's on Mill's reply suggests, however, a caution that one does well to carry with one always in dealing with Carlyle, and that is, not to be too quick to conclude that he has overlooked something important.

The full import of Carlyle's political writings is not to be had without some attention to his relations to Benthamism. Mill, writing in 1838, asserted that "there was hardly to be found in England an individual of any importance in the world of mind, who (whatever opinions he may have afterward adopted) did not first learn to think" from either Bentham or Coleridge. Any debt of inspiration that Carlyle owed to either of these masters was owed to Bentham.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But it was the inspiration of radical antagonism. Between a mind naturally sombre, and brooding, and apt to dwell on "the wonders everywhere lying close on us," and a mind assured, and cheery, and regarding man as a little lower in structure than the steam-engine, and susceptible of almost as precise regulation in society as the blocks on a checker-board, there could be no accord. To Bentham the web of human motives, so multiplex and mysterious in the common regard, was the simplest of textures: through it all there ran, really, but one, desire of pleasure or dislike of pain. "Good motives," and "bad motives," were empty phrases; there was but the one, and it had no moral character whatever. As for pleasures and pains; the attainment of pleasure of any sort, the exemption from any sort of pain, was, taken by itself, wholly good. It became bad only as the pleasure attained or the pain avoided defeated a greater pleasure or provoked a greater pain. All you had to do, therefore, in running a society was to keep the pleasures as large and the pains as small as possible. And the surest way of achieving this was to set every individual free in the pursuit of his own pleasure, having care only that in this pursuit he did not jostle or obstruct his neighbor. This, Bentham conceived, would be "to rear the fabric of felicity by the hands of reason and of law." The later Benthamites, particularly Mill, by bringing intellectual and unselfish pleasures into especial prominence, gave the scheme a nobility that makes it worthy always of respectful study, but as it first came from Bentham's hand it was bald and repellent to a degree that this, or any other, outline of it is not likely to outdo.

To Carlyle, on the other hand, "after all our science, and sciences," the world was "still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, magical;" "not an injustice but a justice." All men born into it were made by God, and had immortal souls. They were not, however, born equal, but very unequal, in respect both of opportunities and capacities. Hence, "of all 'rights of man,' the right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be . . . held in the true course by him," was "the indisputablest." Nature herself had ordained it from the first. When, therefore, the men of larger opportunities and capacities did nothing but shoot partridges, or but stand futilely jargoning in parliaments and courts, or but pile up money for vain spending, or but sit in secluded deaneries debating of "prevenient grace," they had "parted company with the eternal inner fact of this universe," and disaster impended for them and their nation. But for all men, whatever their capacities and according thereto, the first duty, perhaps the sole duty, was honest work. "He that will not work according to his faculty, let him," said Carlyle, "perish according to his necessity."

Carlyle's attention fixed on Benthamism very early, and he never uttered himself on what he was wont to call "the condition-of-England question," that he did not have Benthamism distinctly in mind. He mentions it but casually and nowhere sets it up avowedly as his mark; but everyone of his political pieces is consciously aimed at it. Hence Mr. John Morley is impelled to charge that Carlyle is the writer "above all others who has made Benthamism a term of reproach on the lips of men less wise than himself."

The theory of life that brought Carlyle thus into conflict with Benthamism is not likely to come soon into much practice as the basis of a system of politics. But he proved its practicability, at least as a basis of individual conduct, by conforming his own sturdily to it, and his life has thereby become, despite the tittle-tattle it has set afloat, even a more potent inspiration than his works.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPTAIN BLACK.

By Charles E. Carryl.

MR. GEORGE FARNHAM, counsellor-at-law, having devoted ten years of his life to the remunerative toil of entangling certain persons in, and extricating certain others from, the meshes of the law, found himself, at the age of thirty-five, with a respectable balance in bank and a pronounced craving for rest and recreation. Summer was coming on, the courts would soon be closed, and a torpor was settling down upon the field of litigation, and the idea of a vacation abroad presented itself to his mind with alluring force. He was weary of briefs and bills of exceptions; his office was taking on, to his jaded eyes, an aspect of dreary dinginess that promised to become unendurable in the near future, and the long rows of buff-clad digests and revised statutes seemed to glare down upon him from their shelves, like wolves in sheep's clothing, with grim suggestions of long nights of toil. Under these impelling influences he turned his back upon the law, packed a portmanteau, and found himself upon a bright morning in June on the steamer Servia, fairly committed to a three months' sojourn in foreign parts.

As the hour of sailing drew near he stood on the hurricane deck, leaning against the rail and watching with lively interest the animated scene on the pier below. A double line of passengers and their friends was thronging up and down the gangway giving access to the lower deck, a crowd of spectators, idlers, and itinerant vendors of steamer-chairs and other comforts of the sea was swarming below him on the pier, and a number of agile cabin-stewards in blue jackets were rushing up and down a supplemental gangway, bringing aboard an endless variety of steamer-trunks, hand-bags, and bundled rugs. Carriages drove up, discharged their living freight and made their way back through the surging crowd amid volleys of imprecations; while the decks of the steamer swarmed with people chattering, scolding, and weeping farewells with the feverish vehemence peculiar to such occasions. Farnham, enjoying the spectacle with all the relish of a school-boy abandoning his books for a time, turned to a fellow-passenger who stood beside him at the rail, and remarked, "A busy scene, sir."

"I should call it a bedlam," said the other, without looking up. "I never could understand the insane curiosity that impels people remaining at home, to subject themselves to the most unpleasant feature of going abroad."

"Meaning the crowd?" inquired Farnham.

"Yes," replied the other, shortly, "the rabble, the deafening racket, the infernal discomfort of the whole business;" with which he turned abruptly and walked away as if not in the mood for further conversation.

Farnham, at complacent peace with himself and with the world, looked after him with good-humored surprise. He was a tallish man of powerful build, with a full brown beard and hair slightly marked with gray, exceedingly well dressed, and having the unmistakable bearing of a man of the world. By a momentary glimpse of his face as he turned away, Farnham saw that he had regular features, a dark complexion, and a certain self-contained expression that was not altogether prepossessing. As he disappeared in the crowd Farnham turned again and resumed his watch of the scene below.

At this moment the bell for "all ashore" was rung and the crowd on the gangway began to resolve itself into a stream bound shoreward, occasionally broken by a belated passenger hurriedly making his way upward through the living tide. Then the stream dwindled to a few stragglers, and finally to the inevitable last man, scrambling downward while the gangway was swaying in the slings; the long plank was lowered and cast off, a mighty pulse began to throb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beneath Farnham's feet, and the great ship backed majestically out of the slip amid a tempest of shouts of farewell.

It was at this instant that Farnham's attention was attracted to a cab that came rattling along the pier, scattering the crowd in every direction. As it drew up at the gangway opening, a man sprang out and crying frantically, "Stop! stop!" rushed to the edge of the pier and began running back and forth upon the stringpiece as if meditating a desperate attempt to leap out and clutch at the side of the receding ship. A roar of derisive laughter burst from the bystanders as this preposterous intention became evident, and two of the wharf hands seized the distracted man and roughly dragged him back, struggling and protesting, until he was lost to view in the crowd that surged about him. Farnham fancied, from a sudden expression on his face as he was dragged away, that he had recognized someone on the upper deck, and glancing around involuntarily, discovered the bearded passenger standing beside him at the rail, gazing down upon the scene with an angry scowl. At this moment they came abreast of the end of the pier, where a scene of waving handkerchiefs and tossing sun-umbrellas of every hue and shade burst upon them like a mighty kaleidoscope, and at the same instant the belated traveller appeared in the surging mass of people, hatless and dishevelled and clutching wildly at the air, as if he would stay the departing ship. "Intolerable ass!" muttered the bearded man in a savage whisper, and striking the rail furiously with his clenched fist, he strode angrily away.

The sail through the river and down the bay was enough of a novelty to keep Farnham busily observant, and it was not until the Hook had been passed and the pilot taken off that he bethought himself of going below to don his steamer-cap and shoes, and otherwise prepare himself for a week of seafaring leisure. He had secured a berth in an outside room in the double row just aft the saloon companionway, and as he entered the passage leading to it he met his bearded acquaintance just coming out of the room. "Mr. Farnham?" said the dark man, interrogatively. "That is my name," replied Farnham. "I am Captain Black," said the other, bowing stiffly; "I believe we are booked as roommates," and pushing by him, walked away without pausing for a reply.

"I hope you'll pan out better than you promise, my good fellow," said Farnham to himself, philosophically; and entering his room, he was soon busily occupied in making a convenient disposal of his modest belongings.

The door stood open, and Farnham presently became aware of the presence, in the room directly opposite, of a fellow-passenger similarly occupied. He seemed to be of about the height and build of Farnham's room-mate, but his face, of which Farnham caught an occasional glimpse as he moved about, was as unlike that gentleman's as could well be imagined. He was clean shaven, of a pallor that was almost unearthly, and had a hideous scar extending from one corner of his mouth down across his chin. To all this was added a certain wildness of eye that was so distinctly repellent, that Farnham inwardly congratulated himself that Captain Black had fallen to his lot instead of this unprepossessing stranger; and completing his arrangements, loaded himself with cigars and went on deck.

Events proved that if Captain Black was not companionable, he was at least unobtrusive. Except for the mere knowledge to the contrary, Farnham had the room virtually to himself. His companion rose, had his tub, dressed, and went on deck long before the overworked counsellor-at-law had finished his supplemental morning doze, and retired at night so late and so quietly that Farnham never so much as knew when he came into the room. As for the rest, the man was singularly preoccupied in manner, acknowledging with the merest nod and with an absent air Farnham's salutation when they chanced to meet, and keeping aloof from him and, with one exception, from the other passengers as well, with a persistence that was too marked to permit any attempt at a closer acquaintance.

The exception, to Farnham's surprise, was the uninviting-looking occupant of the opposite room. What made this remarkable selection still more surpris-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing was the fact that the acquaintance between the two had evidently been made aboard ship, as Farnham had seen them passing and repassing each other without the slightest sign of recognition during the afternoon of the day of sailing; yet before twenty-four hours had elapsed an intimacy had been formed and matured between these strangely contrasted men, so close that they seemed to be inseparable. Morning, noon, and far into the night they sat and smoked together in secluded corners, the man with the scar constantly talking in a smothered undertone, with a certain fierce vehemence and violence of gesture, and the captain listening with a brooding look upon his dark features and an observant eye upon the other's face. Farnham was puzzled and, for a while, found a singular fascination in furtively watching the two men and mentally speculating as to what strange community of interest had brought them together. The few passengers with whom he chanced to fall into conversation knew as little about the scar-faced man as he himself knew about Captain Black, and beyond the fact that his name was Leath, learned incidentally from the cabin-steward, no information of any kind was obtainable. Farnham's interest in the matter, being rather antipathetic than otherwise, was short-lived, and in the course of a day or two subsided into a mere glance at the two men when he chanced to come upon them.

The weather was fair and promised to hold; but shortly after passing the Banks the ship ran into a rough sea rolling heavily from the southward, evidently the tail of a storm that had passed up from the tropics. As the day wore on the sea continued rising, and by nightfall the ship was rolling heavily, and Farnham, who had thus far fared well, began to experience certain premonitions that impelled him, after a proud struggle against fate, to forego his after-dinner cigar and turn in at an unseemly hour, in the hope that a night's rest would set him right. He lay in his berth, occasionally falling into a doze and then being roused by an unusually violent plunge as the ship labored in the heavy sea, getting up from time to time to secure and make fast the various toilet articles that had drifted from their moorings, and then tumbling into his berth again with a qualmish apprehension that the supreme moment he was fighting against was upon him.

It was just after one of these excursions that the door opened and Captain Black came into the room. The curtain of the berth was drawn so that he was concealed from view, but Farnham, half dozing, was vaguely aware, above the creaking of the ship, of his movements about the room; and an occasional rattle of keys and the snapping of a lock indicated the opening of some article of luggage. These trifling noises not being disturbing in themselves, Farnham finally dropped asleep and was presently involved in a contested will case of extraordinary magnitude, with his most important witness a fugitive in the wilds of Madagascar. The details progressed with astonishing velocity, accompanied by distracting complications heretofore unheard of in law practice, and matters were assuming a portentous aspect with tremendous pecuniary penalties impending, when he awoke and started up with a sudden consciousness that the curtain had been drawn aside and that he had been looked upon as he lay sleeping in his berth. He pushed it back and looked out, and as he did so the door of the room was softly closed and he heard the heavy footsteps of Captain Black going out through the passageway. The incident was sufficiently annoying in itself, but Farnham found it doubly so from the manifest impossibility of resenting it at the moment, and after fuming over it to no purpose he lay down again, resolving to give his room-mate a bit of his mind in the morning; and bracing himself with his knees against the rolling of the ship, tried to compose himself to sleep. But sleep would not come. The sudden awakening and the resulting irritation had excited him, and he rolled and tossed about, dropping off into fitful naps and waking with every violent plunge of the ship, and occasionally muttering unseemly imprecations against the evil chance that had broken in upon his night's rest.

It was just after one of these wakings that he heard the sound of a hurried step descending the companionway, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

someone came aft through the open cabin and turned into the passageway almost on a run; the door of the opposite room was opened, closed again and locked, apparently with feverish haste, and all was still again. Farnham, listening with alert attention, heard two bells strike a moment after, and concluding, from the hour, that Captain Black would soon follow his friend, prepared to speak his mind then and there; nursing which amiable intention he presently fell sound asleep.

. . . .

"Beg pardon, sir," said a voice, and Farnham started up. It was morning, and the bath-steward was standing in the doorway. "Beg pardon, sir," said the man again, with a startled look upon his face; "but Captain Black isn't here, sir, and his berth hasn't been used."

"Well, I'm not responsible for his not coming to bed," said Farnham, testily. "What time is it?"

"Just gone seven bells, sir," said the steward.

"Very good, I'll get up," said Farnham, after a moment's deliberation. "See if you can get me a bath," and the man withdrew.

Farnham, reflecting upon the steward's rather startling announcement, found his irritation giving way to a vague foreboding of evil, with which came a disturbing recollection of Leath's hurried return to his room the night before. Could the man tell anything? He looked out into the passageway, but the door of the opposite room was closed and Farnham could not bring himself to knock and learn—he knew not what; and he dressed with feverish haste, and went on deck with an increasing sense of an agitation which he could not shake off. He made a complete tour of the ship, examined every part of the decks, looked into the smoking-room, and finally went into the dining-saloon, where a vacant chair marked Captain Black's place at the breakfast-table; and then, coming across his cabin-steward, questioned him, and learned that the man had been off watch the night before and could tell him nothing. The matter began to assume an ugly look, and Farnham went direct to the purser, and in ten minutes the ship was being thoroughly searched from stem to stern. Not a trace of the missing man could be found; Captain Black had vanished as absolutely as if he had been absorbed into the atmosphere.

When Farnham related the events of the preceding night it was determined to question Leath at once; and on the steward's report that the man was ill and was still in his berth, Farnham and the purser went to his room and knocked for admittance. Leath unlocked the door without parley and was back again in his berth as they entered the room, leaning on one elbow and glaring angrily at them as he demanded their business. The man was evidently ill and looked horrible. His face, apparently tanned by the sea-air, had taken on a swarthy hue that made his extraordinary pallor even more ghastly than before, and the scar on his chin blazed with an angry flush as though he had been freshly branded on the face.

He listened to the purser's statement, manifesting extreme agitation as the story proceeded, and at its conclusion fell back upon his pillow and covered his face with his hands. "I can tell you nothing," he said after a brief silence, speaking in a smothered voice that was singularly discordant. "I left him, smoking and leaning on the rail near the turtle-back, and came below at eleven o'clock. You must have heard me," he added, appealing to Farnham, who nodded assent. "What followed is as dark to me as it is to you. I had been drinking and my recollection is confused; I only remember that the sea was horrible to look at!" and with a shudder he turned his face to the wall, and Farnham and the purser, exchanging a significant glance, left him.

"We must go to the old man with this," said the purser, with an ominous shake of the head, and requesting Farnham to follow him, led the way to the captain's room. The news had already spread about the ship, and as they passed along the deck, little groups of passengers were discussing the tragedy with repressed voices, and Farnham observed, with great annoyance, that they glanced curiously at him as he went by, and felt that he was being con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nected with the affair in a thoroughly unpleasant manner.

The captain heard the grim story through and reflected for a few moments with a disturbed countenance. "There's nothing to be done," he said at length; "when we get in I shall ask this gentleman and the other to remain aboard until we can communicate with the authorities. If Leath refuses," he continued, fixing on the unfortunate man with the same suspicion that possessed both Farnham and the purser, "I shall take the responsibility of detaining him. Meanwhile, take charge of the missing man's effects and tell the men not to talk."

And now that the dark premonition had grown into a gruesome fact, Farnham began to experience a depression of spirits that promised to put an end to his enjoyment of the remainder of the voyage. As the day wore on, the gloom fastened upon him like a pall, until he was impelled, just before nightfall, to go to the purser and ask to be given another room where he could be free from the disquieting associations of his late quarters, and away from the immediate proximity of Leath, for whom he had conceived an unconquerable aversion. The purser fell in with his humor without demur, and Farnham found himself transferred to a stuffy inside cabin on the main deck with a positive sense of benefaction. His former apartment was abandoned to the goods and chattels of Captain Black, and Leath, locked in his room, was left alone with his secret, if he had one.

It was with a sense of infinite relief that Farnham, coming on deck one morning, saw the Skelligs rising like mammoth teeth from the sea, and soon afterward the green cliffs of the Irish mainland. His spirits rose as the steamer ran along the coast, passed inside the Fastnet Rock, and finally turned into the mouth of Queenstown Harbor; and he watched with lively interest the arrival alongside of the rakish little tender and the transfer of an interminable number of mail-bags to her ample deck. The procession of bag-bearing stewards having finished their labors, he crossed to the opposite side of the ship, and was engaged in serene contemplation of the whitewashed glories of the Roche's Point light, when he was touched on the shoulder, and turning, saw the purser at his side with two strangers.

"We are beginning to get a little light on our affair, Mr. Farnham," said the purser. "These gentlemen are officers from Scotland Yard with a requisition and a warrant for the arrest of Captain Black on a charge of forgery. Mr. Lethbridge and Mr. Darke—Mr. Farnham," and the two detectives touched their hats and regarded Farnham with a professional air, as if longing to take him into custody in the absence of their legitimate prey.

"No statement to make, I suppose," said Mr. Lethbridge, a sharp-featured, fresh-faced man with light hair.

"None," said Farnham. "Mr. Neal knows all I can tell you."

"Very good, sir," said Lethbridge, affably. "Now then, Mr. Neal," he added, turning to the purser, "if you'll be good enough to show us below, we'll take a look at the effects;" and touching their hats again, the two officers followed the purser, leaving Farnham to resume his interrupted observation of the lighthouse. Meanwhile, with a prodigious ringing of bells, the tender cast off and paddled up the harbor, the great pulse began to throb again, and the steamer, turning her prow seaward, went on her way up the Channel.

Farnham, slowly pacing the deck, presently saw the purser and Lethbridge emerge from the companionway and come toward him. "Mr. Farnham," said the former, "I'm afraid you and I, without saying much about the matter, have been doing that poor devil Leath a great injustice. Read this," and he handed Farnham an unsealed envelope. It was addressed "To whom it may concern," and opening it, Farnham found enclosed the following letter:

In the almost absolute certainty of being apprehended upon my arrival, I have chosen the only means open to me of avoiding the disgrace and punishment that would inevitably follow. I had hoped to escape, with the firm intention of never resting until I had made restitution for the only crime that has ever stained my life; but it was not to be. The appearance, at the moment of departure, of a man upon whose blind confidence and dull apprehension I had relied, for such a tardy dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covery of my betrayal of trust as would give me ample time for escape, has told me that the cable would assuredly carry the intelligence abroad long before I could reach English soil.

I had at first no intention of leaving New York. I expected, with incredible fatuity, to delay exposure until some lucky chance should permit me to cover, for all time, the traces of my wrong-doing; but the mental strain consequent upon continued and complicated falsifying of accounts, became unendurable, and in an evil moment I appropriated certain funds from a quarter where immediate examination and discovery were improbable, and ventured all upon that mirage of defaulters—faro. I lost. There was no time for resort to the expedients of disguise and concealed identity which might have saved me. I attempted to deceive my associate by the desperate subterfuge of a forged cable message calling me abroad on family affairs; made up my luggage and boarded the steamer almost at the hour of sailing, only to find myself unmasked at the last moment.

I feel no longing for the life I am about to end, nor do I leave a single soul who will mourn my death. I regret, alone, that restitution is beyond my power. The sea is merciful to me in all else.

LANSING BLACK.

"Poor fellow!" said Farnham. "How bad a matter was it?"

"Extensive forgeries and about sixteen thousand pounds in hard cash, supposed to be with him," replied Lethbridge. "That's all we know. Particulars by mail."

"I am glad Leath is out of it, at all events," said Farnham, heartily enough.

"So am I, sir," echoed the purser; "but I'm blessed if it didn't look ugly for a while." With which reminiscence he and Mr. Lethbridge went below again to resume their examination of Captain Black's effects.

Leath kept his room with extraordinary persistence until the last moment. Farnham, with a vague idea of making amends for his recent suspicions by some sort of friendly advances, looked for him on the tender the next morning, but failed to find him in the crowd of passengers; nor did he get a sight of him until the very last of the number were disembarking, when Leath, wearing a mackintosh reaching to his heels and with a muffler or scarf swathed about the lower part of his face, suddenly appeared at the head of the gangway leading to the landing-stage, and paused irresolutely as if loath to come ashore. Farnham, who was awaiting his luggage on the landing-stage and chatting meanwhile with the two detectives, was about to attract his attention by a sign of recognition, when Leath, as if suddenly mastering his indecision, strode rapidly down the gangway, and began roughly pushing his way through the throng of waiting passengers. At this moment Lethbridge touched Farnham on the arm and pointed significantly to a woman who was standing at the foot of the gangway with her eyes intently fixed upon Leath. She was a sad-faced woman, plainly clad, and Farnham noticed that she was holding her hand tremulously to her mouth, as if endeavoring to control excessive agitation. As Leath passed her without a glance of recognition, her eyes dilated as with a sudden sickening terror, and then, apparently moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she flung herself before him with her hands against his breast, crying, "Roger! Don't you know me?" Leath's face, for an instant, looked as if it had been turned to stone, then, catching sight of Farnham's astonished gaze, he instantly passed his arm about the imploring figure before him and said hurriedly, "I did not see you. Come away," and pushed on with the woman, sobbing convulsively, on his arm.

"Rather a rum meeting, that," observed Mr. Lethbridge, dryly, and Farnham, who had witnessed the scene with an immediate revival of his former antipathy, shrugged his shoulders in infinite disgust, and washing his hands of Mr. Leath and his affairs, went off to look after his own effects.

No further incidents of importance marked Farnham's sojourn abroad. He traversed the beaten road of insular and continental sightseeing for his allotted time, and returned to his legal grindstone with such agreeable recollections of his vacation, that the following June found him again in London with the pleasant prospect of further rambles before him during the summer months. He had heard the particulars of the forgery while at home, but it was simply the old story of securities raised from their face value, followed by the coarser crime of actual theft, and ending with a ruined firm and a beggared

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partner; and the affair had almost passed from his memory, when it was suddenly recalled by an incident of the most startling character.

Farnham, waiting for a friend, was standing at the window of that depressing apartment, the smoking-room of Her Majesty's Hotel, gazing aimlessly into the side street and observing the grimy wall of a noble lord's grounds on the opposite side of the way, when his attention was attracted to two men who came from the direction of the neighboring thoroughfare, and stopped, conversing leisurely, at the entrance to the hotel. With the man who faced him Farnham had no concern; but he was instantly and strangely interested in the other, who stood with his back toward him. The subtle individuality which occasionally asserts itself in the human back told him that he knew this man, and the consciousness sent an unaccountable thrill through his veins. A moment after, the other of the two walked away and the owner of the expressive back turned to enter the hotel. As Farnham caught sight of his face his first impression was that he had been mistaken; then there arose in his memory like a flash of light, a vision of the deck of the Servia a year ago and the two consorting men who had so unpleasantly impressed him, and he recoiled as though he had been shot. The full brown beard had disappeared, and a carefully waxed gray mustache and pointed goatee had replaced it; but if Captain Black ever walked upon the earth he stood in the flesh before Farnham at that moment. As this astounding fact divulged itself the man disappeared through the doorway, and Farnham sank breathless into a chair.

The apparition, for it seemed little more to Farnham's excited fancy, came directly into the smoking-room, glanced casually at him as he sat quaking in his chair, and went out without a sign of recognition. Farnham breathed again. He had grown stouter and wore a beard, and it afforded him unspeakable relief to feel that these changes in his outward man had effectually concealed his identity. He sat still, watching through the open doorway the man who had apparently risen from the sea, and saw him stop for a moment at the office window and then pass through the hall and up the stairs. He was evidently staying at the hotel, and Farnham, presently recovering his composure, sauntered out of the room with as much unconcern as he could assume and inquired of the hall-porter who the gentleman was who had just come in.

"His name is Pelham, sir," said the man; "Mr. Francis Pelham, I think. He's not stopped here before, sir."

"Thank you," said Farnham. "Be good enough not to mention that I inquired; he might consider it an impertinence;" and impressing this injunction upon the porter by a judicious bestowal of a shilling, he went out and, oblivious of his appointment, hailed a hansom and was driven to Scotland Yard as fast as an indifferent horse could take him.

Lethbridge was absent, but upon Farnham's assurance that his business was urgent, he was sent for and presently came in, and Farnham was again reassured by finding that even the detective's keen eye failed to recognize him in his altered personality. A reference to the events of the preceding summer, however, immediately recalled him to Lethbridge's memory, and he told, as concisely as possible, the extraordinary discovery which he believed he had made. Lethbridge heard him through and then shook his head incredulously. "I've come across strange things in my line, Mr. Farnham," he said, "but this is the toughest yarn I've ever heard yet. It can't be, sir, it can't be. Darke and I prodded every corner of the ship, and I tell you the man wasn't there."

"And I tell you that the man is in London at this moment," said Farnham, vehemently. "Apply any test that you please, and you'll find I'm right."

Lethbridge pondered dubiously for a moment, and then asked Farnham to repeat to him, in their consecutive order, all the details of Captain Black's disappearance from the steamer. This Farnham did with scrupulous exactness, Lethbridge listening attentively and checking off the narrative from time to time with affirmative nods of his head.

"Now," said Lethbridge, "go over the business on the landing-stage in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same way, so I may be sure I've got the thing straight in my head."

Farnham complied as before and was carefully reciting the sequence of events, when he became suddenly aware of a change in the detective's manner. Lethbridge was leaning forward in his chair in an attitude of the most alert attention, and with a strange gleam in his eyes that betokened extraordinary emotion; and as the story ended, he brought his hand down upon his knee with a resounding slap and exclaimed exultingly, "By George, I have it!"

"Now look here, sir," he continued, before Farnham could speak; "you can help us if you will. If this is the right man he is an extraordinary cool hand, and we mustn't touch him until we are ready for him. That won't be until day after to-morrow, as I must send a man out of town to bring up another party that we shall need."

"But suppose—" said Farnham, who would have preferred immediate action; "suppose, meanwhile, our man takes it into his head to leave."

"Then I'll stop him at a venture," said Lethbridge, with a grim smile, "but I don't want to move a minute too soon if I can help it. Now, I want you to take a table near him in the coffee-room—say to-morrow at breakfast."

"But I'm not staying there," objected Farnham.

"Take a room there over-night," said Lethbridge, promptly, "and give 'em a wrong name."

"I don't fancy doing that," said Farnham, after a moment's reflection.

"There isn't a bit of 'arm in it," said Lethbridge, "and it will help us a lot."

"And what then?" said Farnham.

"Why, then," continued Lethbridge, with a reassuring smile, "when you're ready to go in to breakfast, just step out of the 'otel door for a moment so I can see you, and then leave word if anyone asks for you, to have him shown in direct to your table. That'll give me a chance for complete observation of your party without attracting any attention whatsoever, and without anybody being any the wiser but me. After that you can go off and leave the business in my hands until everything's ready. I suppose you'd like to see the end of it, sir?" concluded the detective, with a confident interrogation.

"Well—yes; after having gone so far—I would," said Farnham.

"Very good, sir, I'll look you up," said Mr. Lethbridge, cheerfully. "Mind you sit with your back to him."

Farnham went away with a disquieting sense of having been cleverly impressed into the English detective service; but an irrepressible desire to follow up the unravelling of the mystery that lay before him enabled him to stifle certain stirrings of conscience by the self-assurance that he was merely furthering the ends of justice. He wandered aimlessly about, avoiding the vicinity of the hotel until bedtime, when he sneaked in, carrying a satchel, and with a humiliating consciousness of imposture lying heavily on his mind, and was allotted a gloomy back room at the top of the house. Here he passed a horrible night, largely occupied in running down preposterous criminals of all grades, and awoke with a pardonable feeling of repugnance for his self-invited breakfast company.

Pelham was already seated in the coffee-room when he went down-stairs, and having bespoken the adjoining table, he went to the entrance door of the hotel as agreed and looked up and down the street. Not a sign of Lethbridge could be seen, and Farnham, with a cheering hope that the appointment had miscarried, went in to breakfast and seated himself with his back to his unsuspecting neighbor. He had ordered his customary eggs and bacon and breakfast tea, and was looking through the morning paper, when a dark-complexioned man with a profusion of black hair, and wearing spectacles, was shown in to his table, and before Farnham could utter a protest, seated himself, and taking from his pocket a bundle of documents, began, "I have looked into the matter of the mining prospectus, and I have all the figures here as you requested." With this there came a warning pressure of his foot beneath the table, and Farnham knew that Lethbridge sat before him.

Farnham was already sufficiently out of humor to be excessively annoyed by what he considered a useless and ridicu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lous masquerade, and ate his breakfast in sullen silence, while Lethbridge rattled on with amazing volubility, giving the most astounding statistics about the mining property, and keeping meanwhile a stealthy watch upon the suspected man at the adjoining table, until having presumably familiarized himself to the proper standard, he gathered up his papers and took his departure, to Farnham's infinite relief. That thoroughly disgusted gentleman dawdled over his breakfast until he heard Pelham leave the room, and seeing him presently pass the coffee-room window, took his own departure, satchel in hand, mentally vowing never to be caught again in a similar mess.

The next morning, just as he had finished breakfasting at his own lodgings, Lethbridge, fresh-faced and fair-haired again, made his appearance in such confident humor that Farnham's spirits revived somewhat under the buoyancy of the detective's manner, and he inquired what was the next step to be taken.

"I'm going to bait a hook," said Lethbridge, with an expression of infinite relish, "and if your man doesn't rise to it you can call me a Dutchman. It may be a long fish, but if we catch anything it will be as good a day's work as ever I did in my life."

The baiting of the hook, which Farnham awaited with considerable curiosity, proved to be a simple matter enough. Lethbridge merely wrote the words "Captain Lansing Black" in a large bold hand on a sheet of note-paper, enclosed it in an envelope addressed "Francis Pelham, Esq.," and with an air of extreme confidence invited Farnham to accompany him to the hotel and witness the landing of the fish.

They strolled back and forth upon the Piccadilly pavement in a line of observance of the hotel entrance, until Mr. Pelham, gloved and well apparelled, was seen to go out. Then Farnham, acting under Lethbridge's instructions, walked into the hallway, and explaining that he was awaiting a friend, seated himself at one side of the entrance door and became absorbed in perusal of a morning paper. Presently Lethbridge strolled in and, after a brief interview with the manager in that gentleman's private office, placed the envelope in Pelham's letter-box in the hall, and seating himself on the opposite side of the entrance door, became a silent rival of Farnham in the matter of looking up the day's news. The hall-porter, a pompous fellow with a double chin and wearing a black skull-cap, seated himself in his leather-covered bath-chair, all unconscious of the drama that was developing under his very nose, and dropped off into a nap—and the watch began.

It was a long one, as Lethbridge had surmised, and the hours wore slowly on. Farnham having digested the exhaustive details of events in Her Britannic Majesty's realm, and the scant references to other portions of the globe peculiar to the British press, was endeavoring to concentrate his attention upon the advertisements and occasionally relapsing into a doze, when Lethbridge coughed, and at the same moment Pelham opened the door and walked into the hall. Farnham, with his heart thumping like a trip-hammer against his ribs, glanced at his companion, but that imperturbable individual was so absorbed in the news that Farnham, for a moment, feared that he had not noticed that their man had arrived. The next instant, however, Lethbridge's eyes appeared, gleaming like coals of fire over the top of his newspaper, and Farnham, following their gaze, saw that the supreme moment had come. Pelham was at the letter-box.

A lump suddenly rose into Farnham's throat, and he was conscious that he was trembling violently from head to foot as Pelham took the envelope from the box, glanced carelessly at the address upon it, and then opened it. As his eyes met the name on the enclosed sheet he recoiled, glanced like lightning about the hall, and then, crumpling up paper and envelope, he thrust them into his pocket and was in the street again almost before Farnham could realize what had happened. Lethbridge, alert and as agile as a cat, was after him and at his side before he had taken a dozen steps, and Farnham, looking through the window, saw that there was a brief colloquy, followed by a shrug of Pelham's shoulders, and then the two men entered a cab and were driven away. "Now for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it!" said Farnham to himself, and calling a cab in his turn, he followed at all speed, in a curious whirl of speculations as to how the matter would end.

He was evidently expected at Scotland Yard, and on giving his name was shown without inquiry into a well-lighted room, where Lethbridge and a military-looking official, who proved to be the inspector, were conversing in a low tone in a corner. Pelham, who had apparently quite recovered his composure, was looking out of the window with his back toward them, standing with his legs well apart, and swinging his walking-stick with an air of supreme unconcern. He glanced indifferently at Farnham as he entered the room, and then, apparently relegating him to the obscurity of the official staff, resumed his former attitude at the window and gazed steadily into the court-yard until the inspector said, "Now then, Mr. Pelham, if you please," when he turned, showing a face deadly pale, but with features evidently under full command.

"Mr. Pelham," continued the inspector, with extreme urbanity, "it is probably unnecessary to inform you that we have no power to compel you to give us any information. In fact, it is quite within your discretion to preserve absolute silence if you choose, until you have taken legal counsel. At the same time, as it is quite possible that this is a case of mistaken identity, you can readily avoid further complications, and perhaps your further detention, by answering a few questions." Here the inspector paused, and Pelham, after a moment's deliberation, inquired haughtily, "What are the questions?"

"First," said the inspector, "are you Captain Lansing Black?"

"Captain Black was lost at sea a year ago," replied Pelham, without manifesting the slightest emotion. "The papers were full of the affair, and you must have known of it through them, if not through the investigations of your own department. The question strikes me as an absurdity."

"Next," said the inspector, with unruffled composure, "were you a passenger on the Servia, on her homeward passage in June of last year?"

"I was not," replied Pelham.

"This gentleman—" said the inspector, quietly, indicating Farnham by a motion of his head—"is prepared to swear that you were."

Pelham instantly concentrated his gaze upon Farnham, and regarded him intently for a moment with knitted brows, much to that gentleman's discomposure. The recognition that must have followed this scrutiny was, however, effectually concealed. Beyond a momentary flush upon his face, Pelham evinced no discomfiture whatever, and turning to the inspector, said, with a contemptuous smile, "Then this gentleman is prepared to swear to a lie," adding, with a sudden burst of anger, "what rot all this is!"

"Possibly," replied the inspector, coolly, "but our description of the man we want tallies so closely with your appearance that the mistake is pardonable. Read it, Mr. Lethbridge," and Lethbridge, taking a folded paper from his pocket, read as follows, Pelham, meanwhile, fixing his eyes upon the ceiling, and resuming his former expression of nonchalance:

"Height, about five feet ten; erect, military carriage, broad shoulders, small hands and feet; brown eyes, stern in expression, regular features, dark complexion; reserved and haughty manner; wore, when last seen, a full brown beard——" here the detective paused.

"That doesn't help me," remarked Pelham, with cool effrontery; "a man's beard may turn gray in a twelvemonth, and shaving is, I believe, optional."

"Go on, Lethbridge," said the inspector, with his eyes steadily riveted on Pelham's face, and Lethbridge continued—"Had on his left forearm, two crossed arrows in India ink——" when Pelham, removing his gaze from the ceiling, broke in sharply with "What's that?"

Farnham, who chanced to be watching Lethbridge as he read, saw him exchange a significant glance with the inspector, which for an instant puzzled him; but as he turned his eyes upon Pelham and noticed the expression of his face, the truth burst upon him like a flash. The man had been betrayed into surprise by the mention of this mark *in a description of himself.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pelham instantly saw his mistake, and his features moved convulsively for a moment before he could bring them under control. In the death-like silence that ensued the ticking of the clock was distinctly audible, and it seemed to Farnham's excited fancy to be solemnly marking off the few minutes that remained before the closing in of the net. Then, with a sang-froid which under the circumstances was amazing, Pelham began to unbutton the sleeve-link on his left wrist. "That is not necessary, Mr. Pelham," said the inspector, with his deadly gaze still upon the other's face. "Your word will be sufficient *in this case*," with an unpleasant inflection upon the last words which caught Farnham's alert attention at once. By this time the tension on his nerves had become almost unbearable, and as he moistened his dry lips and clinched his hands, he felt that he was perhaps the most agitated man in the room. Pelham, whose angry flush under the examination had given place to his former deadly pallor, had recovered his nerve and, but for the great beads of sweat upon his forehead, was holding himself well in hand.

The inspector spoke again. "We have one more test to apply, Mr. Pelham," he said, with an ominous accentuation of the name; and making a sign to Lethbridge, the detective left the room and almost instantly returned followed by a woman, who stood just within the door gazing at the group with startled eyes. One glance at her showed Farnham a sad, worn face, and a trembling hand shielding the quivering lips, and he recognized the poor creature who stood on the landing-stage a year before, and stayed Leath with her hands against his breast. With this scene thus suddenly recalled to memory, he turned his eyes upon Pelham, who had fixed his gaze with terrible intensity upon the woman's face, and a strange horror came over him as he saw the semblance of Captain Black apparently fading into a contorted likeness of Leath as if a metempsychosis were unveiling itself before his eyes. The inspector's voice again broke the silence, addressing the woman. "Mrs. Leath, do you know this man?"

"Stop!" said Pelham, imperiously, before she could reply. "Don't question her. This lies between ourselves, and you have no concern in it. There is no use in further subterfuge. I shall make proper amends to this injured and deserted woman, and I believe there is no law requiring the detention of a man who has merely absented himself from his home and his wife."

"None whatever," replied the inspector, with a grim smile.

"And this gentleman," continued Pelham, turning with a ghastly smile to Farnham, "will, I hope, pardon the rudeness of a man caught in a hole. The confusion of my face with that of Captain Black was natural enough. We were not altogether unlike, and the lapse of a year might well mislead anyone;" and with this he turned to Mrs. Leath with an assumption of heartiness and held out both his hands. But the woman recoiled with a wild horror in her eyes and with her hands held up to repel him. "God save me!" she cried, tremulously, "it's like him and it is not. I don't know him."

"It's the beard that confuses you," said Pelham, anxiously insisting upon his identity. "See, Margaret!" and separating the hair upon his chin, he revealed the hideous scar running downward from the corner of the mouth. "Isn't *that* enough?" he added appealingly to Farnham, who could only stare in utter bewilderment at this seemingly incontestable proof; and then realizing that his protestations were being received in ominous silence, he turned to the two officers and cried passionately, "What more, in God's name, do you want?"

"Well, if it isn't asking too much," said the inspector, quite unmoved by this outbreak, "it would be a little more satisfactory to have your wife recognize you."

"She does recognize me. She must!" exclaimed the suspected man, with desperate eagerness. "We had not met in eighteen years when she saw me land at Liverpool, and I left her there almost without a word. The woman is simply misled by her absurd emotion. Can't I be allowed even to know who I am?"

"Certainly," said the inspector, cool-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly, "but you have been several persons lately. If you are quite sure who you are *now*, you may expose your left arm. It was Leath who had the mark of the crossed arrows."

Farnham, glancing at the man who had been so adroitly unmasked, saw him recoil as though he had been stung, and averted his eyes to avoid witnessing the distressing spectacle of collapse which he thought was at hand; but the other, nerving himself for a final defiance, turned his back upon Mrs. Leath with brutal indifference and said, with cool insolence, "I seem to have fallen into your clumsy trap, and," he added, with a vindictive scowl at Farnham, "I congratulate this gentleman upon his police work as a spy, in running me down. I am Lansing Black. Is there anything more?"

"Yes," said the imperturbable inspector; "*What became of Roger Leath?*"

Black glared at him wildly for an instant, and then sank back into a chair and covered his face with his hands, while Mrs. Leath, with a heartrending cry, fell heavily to the floor.

. . . . . .

The next morning Farnham was nervously pacing the floor of his breakfast-room, suffering from what may be concisely described as a surfeit of detective work, when Lethbridge was shown in, and a glance at that astute gentleman's face assured him that matters were not altogether as they should be in the affair of Captain Black. "He swears he never touched Leath," said the detective, "and we haven't anything to go on but the circumstantial evidence. I hoped he would break down and confess, but he is as hard as a flint."

"What explanation does he offer?" inquired Farnham. "The business couldn't possibly look blacker for him as it stands."

"Well, his story is pretty straight as it goes," said Lethbridge. "He says his attention was first attracted to Leath by the scar on his chin, having one precisely like it himself. Then he saw there was enough resemblance between them to pass among strangers if he took off his beard. He swears he wrote the note then without any definite plan and put it into his portmanteau simply to have it already there if he had to act without premeditation. Likewise, he says his idea was to buy up Leath to act with him in some way. That may be or it may not. As luck would have it, Leath drank heavily that night, and Black got his keys from him on pretence of going down to get him some cigars or something of that sort; and when at last they went out of the smoking-room, Leath, who was as full as a lord, put on the other man's ulster by mistake; so you see things seemed to work pretty handsomely for Captain Black. Now he says the end of it was that Leath insisted on sitting upon the rail, and, by George, the first roll the ship took over he went."

"I shouldn't fancy standing trial on such a yarn as that," said Farnham.

"No more would I," said Lethbridge, with a fine idiom, "but there it is. When he was locked up in Leath's room, of course he read over his papers and was prepared to meet his wife, and by the way, sir, it was his dropping of Mrs. Leath as gave me the clue. He took her out to a cab and told her he'd go and look after his luggage, and that was the last she saw of him. Having been on the ship, I was called in to look him up, but he seems to have an extraordinary way of making way with himself, and I couldn't find a trace of him. Says he boarded an outgoing sailing ship and went to Copenhagen, which is likely enough. Now," concluded Mr. Lethbridge, who seemed to have conceived a marked admiration for Farnham's detective abilities, "I've another little thing on hand which perhaps you'd like to follow up with me."

"Thank you," said Farnham, dryly, "I believe I've had enough."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE newspapers may be trusted to spring, sooner or later, to the rescue of every imperilled cause or thing, and it is no surprise to find one of them suddenly putting forth its strength in behalf of imagination; for certainly imagination is latterly in danger of falling somewhat out of credit. The newspaper in question commends it as liberally as if it were a new soap, and maintains that but for lack of imagination we should not be having as many suicides as we are. This is, no doubt, true; and, since true, interesting. But if any design beyond mere enlivenment or enlightenment has prompted to the setting of it forth; if, for instance, a propaganda of imagination is aimed at, only chagrin awaits the designer. For when a man lacks imagination, there's an end; he must continue to lack it to the last, even though the last is bound to be suicide.

If imagination could but be worked up, as we work up party spirit, by sending out broadsides, orators, and brass bands, the benefit to mankind in the achievement of such an enterprise would yet be extremely questionable. The statistics of suicide might take on a cheerfuller aspect; but would the statistics of failure do so? For the office of battling with the world, which chances to be that of most men, imagination may easily become excessive. Hamlet was a man of imagination. And a most engaging man he was too, in consequence. He also escaped suicide. He thought much on suicide, talked much of it, possibly even much desired it, but he escaped it. He escaped it, however, not because he saw the folly or the wickedness of it; but because it was too positive an act for one of his temperament. Some persons have fancied, indeed, that scruples of conscience withheld him from self-slaughter; and there has been no end of quoting from his deliverances on this head, for the determent of others. But he merely read into heaven's canon what his heart wished to find there, laying a flattering unction to his soul. Not his conscience, but his imagination—"the pale cast of thought"—stayed his arm.

What a lot Hamlet's would have been, had fortune thrown him upon his own resources for a livelihood! Under his hand nothing would have prospered. Into any vocation that he took up he would have seen too far to follow it eagerly. Changing from one to another, and finding none quite fit, he would have lived as thousands of men of imagination live now, one scarcely knows how. And, in good sooth, the hero of fiction, flung suddenly into the real world to make his own way there, would pretty generally have but such a vagrant, unfruitful career as Hamlet's would have been; for the hero of fiction has pretty generally had imagination poured into him, as it were, by the barrelful, from the store of an author who himself has it so much to spare that his own lot has been one long conflict with practical narrow paths and practical stone walls.

Laertes was the man for business. He would have made trade "hum." The money markets and the stock exchanges

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have lain at his feet. And when the great smash came, as to Laertes it would be very likely to come, and unimaginative creditors refused extensions, he would have retired to his chamber and driven a dagger into his heart with a good, firm hand.

The best man, of course, is one in whom the elements mix in nice proportion, one in whom the blood and judgment are well commingled, one who, like Horatio, can take with equal thanks fortune's buffets and rewards. But being the best, he is of necessity the rarest, Nature turning out masterpieces as seldom as man himself. So we are reduced, for the most part, to a choice of deficiencies; and for the rough-and-tumble of life, the man of scant imagination is better than the man of too much. When we come to heaven, though—well, I cannot conceive of any but a man of the loftiest imagination being capable of a life of perpetual rapture.

THE English-speaking world seems at last not only aroused to a sense of present shortcomings in its once fertile field of dramatic literature, but also to be actively stirring itself in search of a remedy for the defect. In the outspoken "Impressions and Opinions," which have the merit of making the reader think, however much the thought may incline him to qualify for himself the writer's views, Mr. George Moore has a great deal to say about the Paris Théâtre Libre, its undoubted success, and the need of repeating the experiment in London. He admits that its performances are private theatricals before an audience of enthusiasts; but according to him the English enthusiasts have found their M. Antoine, and the London Independent Theatre will soon open its doors. On our side of the Atlantic the first signs of awakening, as might have been expected, come from Boston, where the amateurs, going a step or two farther, have held their preliminary meeting, and have actually produced a five-act play. The energy may be misdirected, as certain sagacious critics declare; but that such a force should be seriously at work is a very hopeful symptom, and the discussion already provoked by it proves that the public at large, less apathetic than has been supposed, would gladly welcome the endowment of a theatre devoted to work of a high order—a Théâtre Libre in its most liberal significance, open to all schools.

The most encouraging feature in M. Antoine's scheme, regarded from the standpoint of the general public, has been the occasional performance of a play so genuine and fine as to please the most exacting censors, and justify its reproduction at one of the older theatres. For the most part, however, the plays he gives, though favorably received by his special audience of subscribers, lack what may be called the "theatre-sense," and to a man steeped in that, like M. Sarcey, for instance, seem inartistic, barren of incident, without form and void. Their peculiarities of theme and of treatment are not enough in themselves to commend them to the popular taste; a mixed audience would often find them positively unpleasing. They are caviare to the general, without that redeeming quality of good digestion in the scenes, which Hamlet recalled in the Trojan's tale to Dido. The reason is obvious. The first law of play-writing prohibits dulness. To the general mind eccentricity for eccentricity's sake is a dull thing, though presented with all the frankness of dialogue conceivable. So long as this motive controls the dramatist of the Théâtre Libre, his work will never touch the public heart.

But caviare the enthusiasts demand in London, and it is with caviare that they have been served in Boston. The taste is acquired, and some of us cannot learn to acquire it. Nevertheless, the article has its appreciable value; and an endowed caviare theatre is better than no endowed theatre at all. Directly or indirectly, good will come from this expression of discontent with the existing order of things, and some curious spectator who can afford it will be moved to construct a theatre upon broader lines. "In this world all is echo," says Mr. Moore, to emphasize his opinion that Manet was another Velasquez. Granting that, some great notes still wait to be heard again. There were English dramatists once who could provide a feast which all sorts and conditions of men found to their liking. Remembering this, we should taste our caviare or pass it by with a good grace; all the courses cannot be alike; let us hope for something better to follow, before the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seventh and last one leaves us, "Sans taste, sans everything."

SINCE Laurence Oliphant died, and Mrs. Oliphant wrote his biography, there has been a good deal of newspaper lamentation over his wasted life. His biographer herself regards his allegiance to the mysterious Thomas Lake Harris as an inexplicable infatuation. To her, and to many commentators upon her work, it seems to be a thing altogether lamentable that a man who might have been a leader in English politics and English society, should have chosen to be something not only different, but, from the stand-point of a conservative Briton, of no value whatever.

Oliphant's choice of a career was odd, certainly, but there is something to be said for it before it is utterly condemned. For one thing, it seemed to suit him. He was the most unconventional of men, and had a right by temperament and education to be mortally bored by continuance in the ordinary rut, and by success of the ordinary sort. There is no reason to believe that, if he had come to be prime minister of England he would have liked it, or have felt that he had fulfilled his destiny. In following the extraordinary line of action that he chose, it appears that in some measure he was satisfied, and felt that in a blind and inadequate sort of way he had done what it was intended that he should do. Surely, conventional worldly success is not so satisfying that a man who turns his back on it is necessarily to be set down as a failure.

There is basis enough for the argument that to be constantly reaching out after something just beyond one's reach, is a condition of unstable equilibrium that is favorable to the elusive desideratum called human happiness. Oliphant's goal was always ahead of him, and in spite of all his disappointments and trials, he never lost his interest in reaching it, or relinquished his endeavors to that end. If he was deceived in his hopes, and his aspirations were impossible, at least he never knew it. Much has been said about his misplaced confidence in Harris, and he has been pictured as the dupe of a vulgar impostor; but few of Oliphant's friendly critics seem to have had the particular knowledge which would have made their opinions of Harris valuable as expert evidence. Oliphant himself, though he became dissatisfied with Harris and left him, seems never to have conceded or believed that his prophet's inspiration was bogus. People who know the most about Harris concur in thinking him an extraordinary person.

A great point about Oliphant, which is fit to make one have some patience with his extraordinary performances, is that he never lost his character. He never even lost his friends. Whether he was his own man in London, or Harris's man in Brocton or Paris, he was always a person of integrity and of fascinating qualities. He was trusted, and was fit to be trusted, up to the day of his death. That he should have retained through life the affection of those who knew him best, the lively interest of all who knew him at all, and this in spite of the extraordinary things he did, means a good deal. For all that he lost a good deal of his money, and much agreeable society and domestic comfort that should have been his; in spite even of the fact that his latest books are all but incomprehensible,—it is not clearly established that his life was such a pitiable waste as some commentators upon it have thought.

It takes all kinds to make the world. Oliphant's kind is very scarce; and perhaps we should be grateful to him for keeping the specimen that fell to his charge from developing into the ordinary Briton.

THERE is an old belief of the masculine Anglo-Saxon mind that a woman to be lovable should have no marked individuality. "Shakespeare saw that it was the perfection of woman to be characterless. Every one wishes a Desdemona or Ophelia for a wife—creatures who, though they may not always understand you, do always feel you and feel with you." So wrote Coleridge many a year ago, and we can fancy that to this day some men might be found who are old-fashioned enough to agree with him. With a very slight effort we can also picture to ourselves the wrath in which certain emancipated women of our acquaintance would arise, if this little *hors d'œuvre* from Coleridge's "Table-Talk" were suddenly set before them.

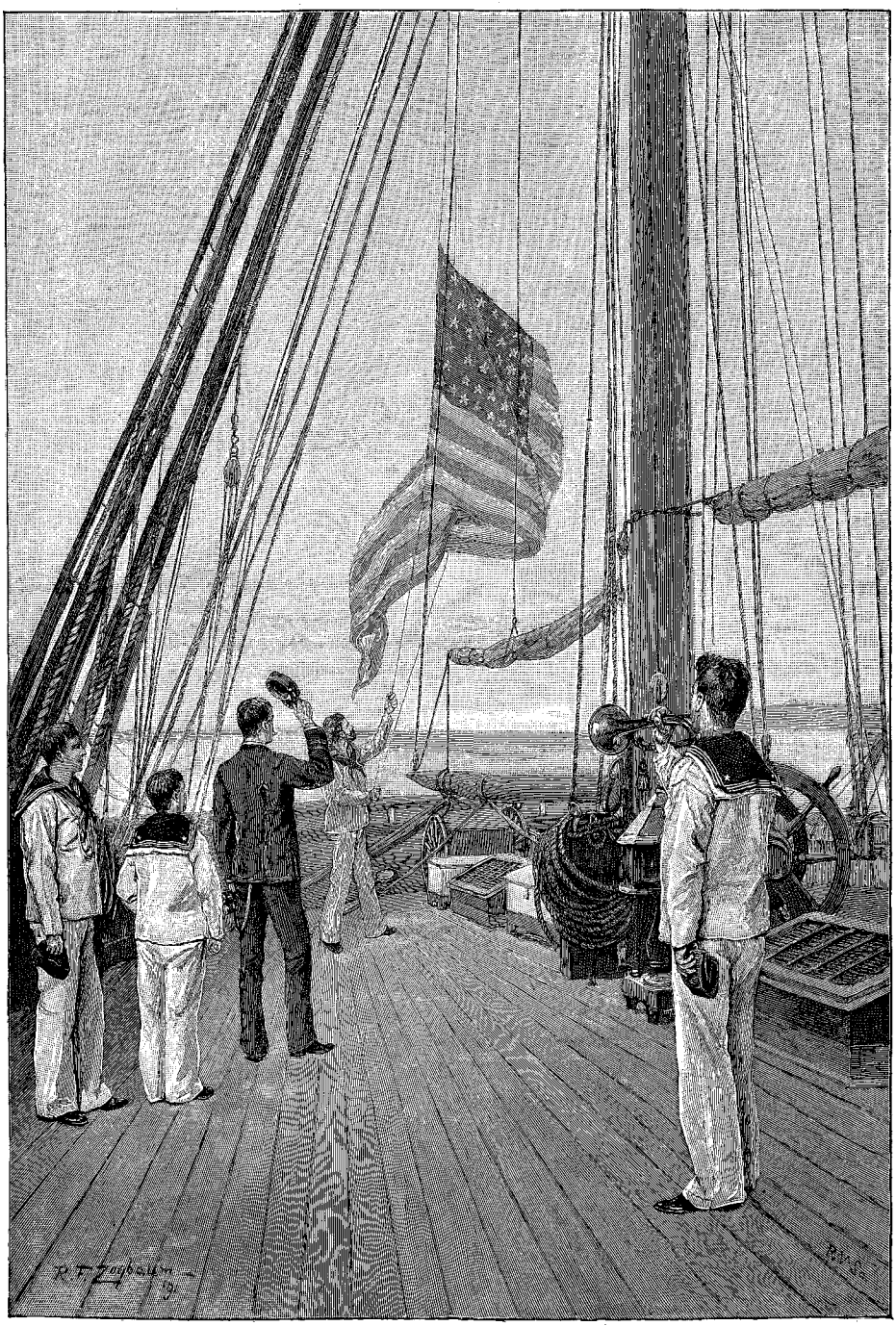
But with the world's rapid advance through the Victorian age, woman has be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come more than ever perplexing to the male atom who poises himself for a moment to make a study of her. She no longer needs man's apparel to practise a profession or to journey forth on foot under the green leaves of Arden. She has grown self-reliant and cosmopolitan, equally at home in the White House or on the banks of the Neva. She never plucks daisies and buttercups nowadays, to test her lover's affection by pulling apart their petals. You find her, instead, arranging orchids in a glass, and making cynical reflections upon the worthlessness of the entire race. Individual love or hate in the opposite sex is apparently all one to her.

One may assure himself with a smile that this polished indifference, this superfluous knowledge of the world, is a mere passing attitude, assumed for purposes of bewilderment, like the last new humming-bird costume of iridescent gauze. But if he is wise, he will do his smiling in his sleeve, or it will go very hard with him indeed. For among the women he meets emancipation is just now in fashion; the European court standard of propriety bears the hall-mark of correctness. Crowns have come in already, and why not ostrich feathers also? Sweet simplicity is done for, and done away with, until its day comes round again. Dark as the hour seems, the dawn, perhaps, is therefore all the nearer. Meanwhile the old fogy may comfort himself by remembering how Marie Antoinette fled from the Œil de Bœuf to the Trianon, and all her court followed after; and if, like Mr. Sapsea, he thinks that one woman's life should be passed in "looking up to him," he may turn down the leaf at Pope's remark that "most women have no character at all," and go quietly to sleep with the conviction that the particular she whom he fancies will, in the end, discard all affectations, one after another, to discover and adopt the character which suits her best.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM. ENGRAVED BY R. VARLEY.

EVENING COLORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED